

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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44 PAGES



Debutante

You have waited for this since school-
room days,
The grand, triumphal night
When you
Would make your bow to the world
and life...
Dainty young women arrayed in
white.

And the world is yours for the con-
quering,
To-night a stage it seems,
With an
Audience watching entrancedly...
And the play is a play of dreams.

And here is a wish for you
debutantes,
Lovely girls in white,
May the
Fingers of Fate on the strings of your
life
Be as kind as they are to-night.
—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.



WHILE THEIR city sisters are chiefly concerned, during a heat wave, with finding the pleasantest way of keeping cool, country women are often called on, during the fiercest heat, to fight raging bush fires which are menacing their homes and families. The task taxes the resources of the strongest men, and is a fearful strain on women, who, nevertheless, attack it with the grim determination characteristic of the true pioneer spirit.

WHAT HAPPENS to YOU During a HEAT WAVE

Some Little-known Facts About Hot Weather

Australia has just sweltered in unprecedented heat for this period of the year.

People know how it affected their personal comfort, yet it is surprising how few know anything about the effect of abnormally hot weather on the human body.

The Special Commissioner of The Australian Women's Weekly investigated the subject during the week, particularly with regard to the reactions of different types to heat.

By Our Special Commissioner

THE fashion stores had already commenced to hold their parades of autumn goods when the heat wave burst on us.

Melbourne and Adelaide established records in high temperatures for March. Not for 64 years has Adelaide had such a heat wave in March. In Sydney and Brisbane the temperatures have not been abnormally high, but conditions have

been extremely uncomfortable owing to excessive humidity in the atmosphere.

I DISCUSSED the recent happenings in Adelaide with an eminent medical man who has made a specialty of health in relation to heat.

When informed that two girl tennis players had collapsed while playing in a temperature of 110 degrees, and that Vivian McGrath, the Davis Cup star, had also been affected by the heat, the specialist said that it was absolutely

dangerous for any untrained men to take part in strenuous games under those conditions. With women, he added, the risk was even greater, and they were foolish to attempt it.

Explaining the attacks of fainting and weakness, the medical man said that tremendous loss of perspiration produced a condition of distress similar to that known as "hikers' cramp."

This was due to the loss of body fluids and the loss of salt from the human body, which produced a kind of cramp. The symptoms were high temperature, labored respiration, and red, suffused skin.

This was usually followed by a condition of shock with a clammy skin, and the hands and feet got so cold that often hot water bottles had to be used to raise the temperature.

I PUT it to the specialist as to whether Australians should not be in a better position to stand the climatic conditions than their grandparents, who emigrated from a colder climate, and frequently had to undertake the strenuous work of pioneering in great heat.

His answer was that it only takes a short time for an immigrant to become acclimatised to Australia, although it takes longer in such a climate as that of Northern Queensland.

Acclimatisation, he explained, was really a rearrangement of the body functions in which the skin takes over some of the duties which were previously performed by the kidneys.

When the temperature is at about 50 degrees the body gets rid of its heat—produced by muscular action—by conduction and convection. When the temperature reached about 70 degrees, insensible perspiration commenced. Although it was not visible to the naked eye the skin became moist.

With the temperature at blood heat, the body can get rid of no more heat by conduction or convection and cooling must be brought about by perspiration. The body works on the same prin-

ciple as a waterbag, which gets cool simply because water evaporates from the outside.

WITH the temperature at blood heat the question of humidity becomes very important.

When the air is saturated with water vapor the body cannot evaporate sweat, as there is no more room for water vapor in the air.

Under those circumstances a condition of fever occurs in the human body, and unless some means are taken to reduce the body temperature death will follow, from what the medical man calls heat hyper pyrexia.

The modern scientific means of estimating discomfort is the wet bulb thermometer. When the wet bulb thermometer rises to 88 degrees in still air, the human temperature starts to rise, and it goes on rising until death ensues. When there is a breeze or small air currents, the body temperature does not start to rise until the instrument reaches 93 degrees.

ON the question of whether heat affects women more than men, the specialist expressed the opinion that probably women have not as good a sweat system as men, and, in addition, the surface body fat of most women is considerably thicker than that of men.

Although a woman would probably feel the heat and be able to stand it less than a man, women in Australia have shown their wisdom by modifying their clothing to a few ounces, and thus

evened up the natural disadvantage under which they suffer.

Put the average woman in the ridiculous clothing worn by men, added the doctor, and she would not be able to stand up to these heat waves nearly so well.

DISCUSSING the influence of clothing on comfort, he remarked that all clothes should be loose so as to allow free circulation of air to the body that it may get rid of heat after perspiration.

The native races of Australia never covered their bodies with clothes, and their sweat glands always worked perfectly. If a native wanted to perspire his waistline was as useful as his forehead for the purpose.

Civilised peoples have covered themselves with clothes, perpetuating the custom of their ancestors, and for their modesty they have to put up with a sweating system not nearly as efficient as that of the savage.

THE doctor emphasised the great necessity for improvement in the conditions of most of the kitchens in Australian homes.

In the kitchen high temperatures prevailed, and pots and kettles put off steam under conditions which made for great discomfort.

Home-builders in Australia to-day, he added, should pay much more attention to the ventilation of the kitchen, as the kitchen and the bathroom were the two most important rooms in any home in a climate like ours.

ATKINSONS



black tulip
FACE POWDER.

To endow your skin with loveliness

of such exquisite texture it transforms your skin yet remains invisible itself. Eight natural skin-tones.

1/6 and 2/6

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Frenchman Libels Canberra Women

Australians in Paris and Frenchmen who have known Australia are up in arms at the ridiculous series of articles appearing in the French weekly, "Gringoire," by a French journalist, Ferri-Pisani.

The second instalment has appeared, in which Ferri-Pisani gives some extremely distorted impressions of Canberra.

Mr. Clive Voss, Australian Trade Commissioner in France, has written heated replies to these absurd statements.

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

THIS is the third time within the last two years that long series of "reports of Australia" have appeared on the front pages of leading French newspapers, full of misleading figures and inaccurate statements.

The articles on Australia are entitled "Antipodes," and start off pleasantly enough, as follows: "Australia is the most vast, the most in debt, and the most heavily taxed on earth. Australia is Socialist and religious at the same time. Australia produces the most beautiful wool and the most beautiful wine on the globe."

"Australia is the last country in which may be found 'unknown regions' hiding relics of stone-age man. The Australian

men and women occupied different hotels because it was "more respectable." This, of course, sounded very strange to a Frenchman.

"And what happens if a man and woman worker marry?" he asked.

"Alas!" answered she, "marriage is impossible for us. Rightly or wrongly, public opinion blames the women workers for unemployment among the men. Having learnt to work and keep ourselves during the war, we find work to-day in business, manufacturing, and in State situations which would otherwise fall to the men. There is only a step from dismissing married women from State situations, and it is only because women have a vote that this has been prevented. Thus there has grown in Australia a legion of free women."

Here follows a gross libel on the moral standards of these so-called "free" women.

The statements are so patently untrue that it is a scandal they should be circulated in France as being an eye-witness' story of life in our national capital.

We wonder what will be the "revelations" of next week, and what can be done to avoid such fatuous and misleading reports.

Let's Talk Of
**INTERESTING
PEOPLE . . .**



—Rembrandt, Adelaide.

FOR PARIS CONFERENCE

MRS. T. SLANEY POOLE has been nominated as a South Australian delegate to the International Council of Women Conference in Paris in June. Mrs. Poole is Press secretary on the South Australian executive and is a member of the laws standing committee.

Besides her work with the National Council, Mrs. Poole is active in the interests of the Mothers' Union, of which she is vice-president. She has been a member of the council of Woodlands Church of England Girls' School since it was founded ten years ago.



WORLD BROADCAST

RUTH PORTRATE, who was assisted to go abroad for study by a committee of four people in Brisbane's musical world, and who "made good" seven months after her arrival in London by being chosen as one of the leads for the Carl Rosa London and touring grand opera companies, has the honor of being the first lady artist from Brisbane to be broadcast from London through the B.B.C. and relayed all over Australia by the A.B.C.

She was a broadcast find of 4QG Brisbane manager, and a pupil of a Brisbane teacher now in England.



WOMAN PRODUCER

MISS RUBY MORRIS, recently arrived from South Africa, is the only woman to be brought to Australia by J. C. Williamson to produce a show. In England she is quite famous for the work she has done in producing amateur shows, which are often more elaborately costumed than professional performances.

Miss Morris produced "Rose Marie" in South Africa, where she went straight from Drury Lane.

In Australia her first work will be to take charge of the ballets, groupings, and ensembles of "White Horse Inn," which, with new German lighting and a huge revolving stage, is the most spectacular show to be attempted by "The Firm" in this continent.

SCIENCE'S Gross Neglect Of WOMEN'S Many Ailments



WOMEN out-patients at a public hospital.

From Our London Office

ONE of England's most brilliant scientists, Professor Haldane, in an interview with a London paper, has expressed the opinion that woman has been grossly neglected by science.

The average woman suffers considerably more from ill-health in the course of a lifetime than does the average man. Nervous and functional disorders, various ailments which impair her vitality and the suffering usually accompanying child-bearing, seem to make at least some measure of pain and ill-health the peculiar heritage of woman.

These are, holds Professor Haldane, "Nature's injustice to women," and, so far, science has done little to free her of the physical handicaps of her sex.

"CAN science do more for women? The answer is 'yes.' It could enable us to overcome Nature's injustice to her. Very little is being done about feminine ailments," says Professor Haldane.

"The world has always taken the view that all sorts of disturbances are natural to women and that they are lucky if they manage to get through life without pain.

"Because of the many sufferers, the medical profession will not deal with them any more than with common colds. It seems grossly unfair."

The prevalence of pain in a woman's life is, the Professor holds, a challenge to medical science.

Efforts are being made to prolong a woman's youth, and bio-chemists believe they are on the verge of perfecting a rejuvenating substance in pure crystalline form.

The New Woman

Professor Haldane has an interesting contribution to make to the question of emancipated woman. He says:—

"Woman to-day has more opportunities, but whether she takes them I don't know. All sorts of still-unthought possibilities are open to her. We must have centuries of emancipation before we can see whether or not women are getting a real advantage from it.

"Thus far she has had such a short time in which to do things, and many of her jobs are too closely muddled with man's.

"Any class of people, left to themselves, after long restraint, are bound to make fools of themselves. So it is with women. Although many are behaving in a silly way, poor darlings, it is not fair to condemn them for 250 years!"

He foresees a time when motherhood will be subsidised and "Subsidy with a minimum Standard—providing one to



come up to a certain classification—will preclude the breeding of defectives. In this natural way, we will begin to get eugenics and come nearer to breeding the super-man.

"And the Super-woman? I picture her among many extremely diverse types. By that I mean to-morrow's women will be of a great many different sorts.

"I don't see any contradiction between being brainy and emotional. The contradiction is between some brainy people who run away with 'intellectitis' and have little energy for anything else, or those completely absorbed with the animal side of life."

There is plenty of time, continues the Professor, for both the intellectual and the emotional sides of life and, to his mind the intellectual woman combines them more successfully than does the intellectual man, who is apt to veer to asceticism.

"Actually," concludes Professor Haldane, "one has time for emotional life as well, because we cannot spend much more than eight hours a day on intellectual work. The truth is most people waste such a lot of time."

GENTLEMEN Prefer—?

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative In Europe

LONDON.

Sir Arthur Keith, whose lifetime studies of human skulls have made him internationally famous, and whose research work has shown remarkable facts about our pleistocene ancestors, has some interesting notions regarding the women of the future civilisations.

TO the question of what type of woman will survive a million years hence, Sir Arthur answers:

"I cannot see the time when Minerva

was (great gifted women) will survive as sole representatives of womanhood.

"The incalculable type, the emotionally unexpected type will survive. Those women who enjoy life will outlast their brainy sisters. Emotions play a much bigger part in woman's life than reason."

"Women never have colossal brains, but they have keen intuition. Purely rational women would never be able to exist for long. We must not be misled by passing phases."

When he was asked whether men preferred intellectual women, Sir Arthur shook his head.

"They prefer the highly emotional one. But it is better for a woman to have a little intellect for her own sake, as well as for man's."



TOP: Will woman use science to help herself? So many are now taking up Science as a career.

LEFT: Professor Haldane says women with large families are exploited. Here is an extreme case. An Italian woman with children and grand-children totalling 40.

Listen to the tale they tell



Bubbles of toasted rice—popping and crackling in cold milk or cream. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles! Bursting to tell their story of goodness. Calling attention to their tastiness.

What a delightful, delicious breakfast to set before a child. What a light, digestible supper to encourage sound sleep. Full of nourishment, too. Have them for your lunch. Saves you cooking. Always oven-fresh. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Bubbles by name.

Sealed inside in the WAXTITE bag



Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES

Made in Australia by KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY., LTD., Sydney

RECORDS PREFERRED to LOCAL ARTISTS ...and the Reason Why!

Women's Weekly Radio Poll Proves Broadcasting Commission Wrong

After several weeks, during which readers have been invited, through our "So They Say" page, to express their opinions on radio programmes, our Radio Poll has now been closed because the result is so obviously a foregone conclusion.

The Australian Women's Weekly, by holding this poll, set out to test the trend of public opinion, and especially the opinion of women, on certain aspects of radio.

In a leading article some weeks ago, headed "Artists are Made as well as Born," The Australian Women's Weekly pointed out that local artists, on national stations, did not receive the "building-up" they deserved. The argument has been strikingly endorsed by our Radio Poll.

PARTICULAR attention has been paid to the programmes of "A" class stations because the public pays for these. With the "B" stations the position is entirely different.

No good purpose would be served by continuing the Radio Poll beyond its present point.

The votes recorded on the four questions presented in the Poll coupon have provided all that is necessary to show what readers think of radio the way it is to-day.

The following list presents the four questions as asked on the poll coupon, with the number of votes recorded against each.

QUESTION ONE

Which do you listen to most—"A" or "B" stations?

Listen most to "A" ... 119

Listen most to "B" ... 215

QUESTION TWO

Are you satisfied with the musical programmes of the "A" class stations, particularly the evening concerts and revues?

Not satisfied ... 161

Satisfied ... 96

QUESTION THREE

Do you listen more to the (1) recorded items from the "A" and "B" class stations than to the (2) local artists from the "A" class stations?

Listen more to records from "A" or "B" ... 208

Listen more to local artists from "A" ... 47

QUESTION FOUR

If you prefer records, is it because of (1) the quality of the performances, or (2) the more interesting variety of items rendered?

Prefer records because of quality of performances ... 84

Prefer records because of interesting variety of items rendered 184

HERE are the results, worked out in percentages, which give the position on a standard basis.

36 per cent. listen most to "A"

64 per cent. listen most to "B."

63 per cent. are not satisfied with "A" musical programmes, especially evening concerts and revues.

37 per cent. are satisfied.

81 per cent. listen most to records from "A" or "B."

19 per cent. listen more to local artists from "A."

POETS and artists never weary of calling our attention to the flower-like charm of young maidenhood, but one does not need to be either artist or poet to appreciate the youthful loveliness the photographer has pictured here, fittingly set in a bower of fragrant blossoms.



31 per cent. prefer records because of quality of performances.

69 per cent. prefer records because of the interesting variety rendered.

THE Australian Women's Weekly started this Radio Poll in direct challenge to the Broadcasting Commission's claim that the public was pleased with its work.

Under the heading "Future Policy," in the first annual report of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, dated June 30, 1933, the following words appear:

"Briefly stated, the Commission's policy for the future is the improvement, in every sense of that word, of its service to listeners.

"No radical changes are contemplated, since the encouraging increase in licenses for the year sets the seal of public approbation on the work that is being done."

To assume that the increase in licenses is a sign that listeners are pleased with "A" class programmes is as unsound as it would be if a "B" class station went round trying to book up advertisements on the same claim.

There are many reasons why more licenses are issued to-day than before. For one, the public is becoming radio minded; for another, sets are better and can be obtained more cheaply and on easier terms. These reasons alone would account for the increase in licenses without there being any "A" class stations at all.

OUR criticism was not a mere destructive attack on the "A" class programmes.

We suggested fundamental changes,

including the appointment of a celebrity musical director, and the adequate building-up of local artists.

The fact that the smallest percentage on our list of Radio Poll figures is for listeners who tune in to local artists from "A" stations might at first be taken as a reflection on the artists.

It is, however, inconceivable that the local talent in Australia's capital cities is so poor that only 19 per cent. want to listen to it.

As everybody knows, the local artists are of a very high standard, and consequently it is not they who are to blame for this lack of interest, but the Broadcasting Commission and its methods of building up and putting on programmes by local artists.

OUR poll of readers has fully justified all we said. Had we been wrong, we would have been overwhelmed by letters from "A" class supporters.

Naturally, it has not been possible to publish every letter sent in to the "So They Say" page.

Readers can judge for themselves whether the poll has been conducted fairly or not, and the actual percentages of course speak for themselves.

The path for the Broadcasting Commission, if it does not accept our figures, is to conduct a survey of households on the lines adopted by American specialists.

A HAPPY HINT

by
"STEVE"



What are YOUR chances of escaping "B.O.?"

(Body odour)

NEVER trifle with "B.O." (body odour). Sooner or later you're almost certain to offend—and pay the penalty! Why risk a set-back socially ... in business ... in love? Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap; the pleasant, extra clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you. Its rich, hygienic lather deodorizes pores—stops "B.O."

Be sure you do
get LIFEBOUY

... because the special Lifebuoy scent never clings (like imitations)—it rinses away with the lather, but leaves protection behind.



A LEYER PRODUCT

2.197.26

CHILDREN'S EVIDENCE in Parents' Divorce Suits

That children of parents contesting divorce cases should be protected from giving evidence, is a matter to which the Country Women's Association in other States is giving attention.

At the conference of the Toowoomba (Queensland) branch, the divisional president spoke very feelingly on this matter, and said it was a terrible thing for children to be made to give evidence and to turn from one of their parents.

THE C.W.A. is a very powerful organization and it has very often happened that a motion of this kind has later developed into a law of the State. It is widely hoped that this one will be heeded by legislators, as some of the most harrowing scenes in the court of matrimonial jurisdiction in Queensland have been the outcome of sons and daughters being required to give evidence against a parent.

Divorce evidence is denied to the public because the law will not permit publication thereof, but the children a mother has borne are often brought into court and hear all the sordid details (of which they may have previously been ignorant) and have had to testify to having witnessed misconduct. Often it is very unwilling evidence that is wrung from the children of the respondent, whether father or mother, by counsel in divorces.

A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

You will find adventure and romance in every instalment of this fascinating new novel.



THIS week's instalment of our brilliant new serial introduces **LADY MIRIAM LAKE**, a society woman, who is arranging a big party to welcome the "Prince of Good Fellows" back from New York. Jenny is entrusted by her employer with the floral decorations, and, while engaged at her work, Toni arrives and insists on Lady Miriam treating the flower girl to a glass of champagne.

You have met

JENNY FOSTER, the 19-year-old heroine, is assistant in *Chez Fleurette*, a fashionable florist's. The shop is situated opposite the Odeon Theatre.

EVE FOSTER, Jenny's golden-haired sister, is seeking a job at the Odeon, in Toni Gerrard's new production. Her sweetheart, **MAURICE RANDALL**, is also trying for a job in the show.

TED FOSTER, Jenny's brother, is a saxophone player, but too hot-tempered to keep his job. He is in love with **ANNE CARROLL**, another assistant in the flower shop. **Ivy** and **Pamela** are the other two assistants.

MADAME FLEURETTE is the business-like owner of the shop. Jenny has an uneasy feeling about her.

CLIVE FREEMAN is a regular customer at the shop. He is a staid city man, but is inclined to be in love with Jenny.

TONI GERRARD... wealthy producer at the Odeon, who has just returned from America to produce a new show, "Golden Girl." While at the florist's he meets Jenny, and can't get her out of his mind. Not even when he is with

CHRISTINE BEAUMONT, one of his stars, a blonde, ravishing beauty, who wants to marry Toni, and who is much cleverer off the stage than on it.

Eve Foster and Maurice Randall manage to secure an engagement in the "Golden Girl."

Jenny receives an invitation to dine with Clive Freeman, and, although her heart beats in another direction, she is troubled as to whether or not she should make Clive the solution of her financial problems.

When her part in the "Golden Girl" is announced to her by Toni, Christine hides her disappointment at the small part allotted to her, being content to sacrifice her theatrical career for the hope of enticing Toni to marry her.

Now read on—

ALTHOUGH Toni Gerrard called every day at the shop, Jenny did not see him to speak to again for two days. Once he came when she was out on a decorating job, once when she was busy with another customer.

On the third day, however, he came in the late afternoon and the shop was empty. The others had gone to do the flowers for a big dance in Curzon St. Madame was in the workroom that led out of the shop, reading her French papers, the only relaxation she allowed herself. Jenny could see her in the mirror. She remembered this very clearly afterwards.

"Hello, Jenny, where have you been hiding yourself all these days? You're never out when I call."

She smiled back at him. "You never call when I'm on duty."

"You seem determined to blame me for everything. Now—" he leant confidentially across the counter, "I want something very extra special for a lovely lady's birthday."

"How rash for a lovely lady to have birthdays," said Jenny, looking round for the most expensive thing she could suggest.

"Don't you have birthdays?"

"Oh, yes, but I'm not a lovely lady."

"Who says so?"

"Everybody. My sister says I look like an advertisement for one of those wholesome hygienic soaps."

Toni Gerrard threw back his head and laughed, and for once the laughter had a genuine ring. "Oh, you're a great kid," he said.

She reached for a bouquet that had been made for an American debutante



Clive Freeman himself recognised strange stirrings in his blood. He began to think of Jenny as a girl rather than as a proposition.

Illustrated
By WEP

who had fallen ill at the last moment and been unable to use it. "How about this?"

He barely glanced at it. "Splendid," he said. "Now, here is the important part of the ceremony." He drew a slim case out of his pocket and produced a very fine gold bracelet studded with tiny turquoises, very light but of exquisite workmanship. "Do you like that?"

"It's lovely."

"Now we'll put it round the flowers, so you'll do it up and when she takes off the paper she'll see it. Don't you think that's a good idea? I've got to go off on a five-thirty train and I'll be away a couple of nights seeing Dixon's provincial discoveries, so I'll leave it at the theatre for her. She's rehearsing at six."

Jenny held the thin gold chain in her hand and slipped it gently around the flowers. You could not fail to see it the moment you opened the paper.

"I'll write a card," he said, pulling out his presentation pen.

"With all my love, Toni." She watched him write and saw a pear-shaped blot of ink fall on the paper beneath. This time she made quite sure of the card, putting it on a

and me have to learn to be philosophers."

He looked at her with a smile. "Jenny, you're a gift from heaven! Be good to yourself till I come back."

He nodded, and very carefully he picked up the flowers—Christine's flowers. Jenny watched him cross the road, holding the bouquet in one hand, and shielding it with the other, lest anyone should brush against it, all unconscious that he was a brand to be plucked from the burning. She saw two schoolgirls stop him for his autograph at the stage door. He gave it to them, with his presentation pen, still holding the flowers with the greatest care, and then the theatre engulfed him.

Ten minutes later she saw his fawn Buick taking him towards the train.

For the moment she thought no more of the incident. Clive Freeman was coming up to fetch her at seven, and she felt that a dinner party arranged so far ahead might have a certain

to expect. He must love her enough to accept many things which she knew would find no favor in his estimation. If he cared enough for her to do that, then perhaps they could make a success of the dangerous experiment.

It was with all this in mind that she said, "If it's all the same to you, I'd like to go to the Coq d'Or. My brother Ted plays the saxophone in the orchestra. I've never been able to afford a meal there myself, but I'd like to see Ted at work, and he says Russell le Roy, their conductor, is a marvel."

"Why, certainly," said Clive Freeman, politely. He did not greatly fancy the idea of a future brother-in-law who played the saxophone in a restaurant. He had an absurd feeling that it wouldn't have been so bad if it had been a violin. But his mind, which was always strictly fair, accorded credit to Jenny for admitting the relationship.

"It's no distance. We could walk," she said.

"Oh, you must be tired," he said

From time to time the limelight man plunged the diners into semi-darkness or illuminated them in strange colors. The orchestra was playing a "hot" tune, that to the layman sounded merely disharmonious. The waiter had some difficulty in finding them a table.

"There's Ted," said Jenny eagerly. "The third on the right," and she indicated a large young man very busy with a saxophone.

"Well, that seems a very hard job," said Clive Freeman, rather at a loss, for he was not used to being introduced, no matter how indirectly, to young men who played the saxophone.

"It is," said Jenny. "It's hard and uncertain, and he's thinking of getting married, which is foolish. I'm afraid we're a very reckless family."

Clive Freeman made a mental note of the information and turned to attend to the waiter. "You'll take the dinner, sir?"

"Shall we, Jenny?"

"Oh, yes, it saves thought." Clive Freeman considered this quite the wrong attitude to take towards one's food, but Jenny was his guest and he acquiesced.

The wine waiter was suggesting "Champagne, sir—that's a good dry one." Clive Freeman normally drank Burgundy with his dinner, but somehow the Coq d'Or didn't seem the right place for it. He agreed that they should drink champagne. In any case drink was always sadly wasted on Jenny. She had an heretical belief that a cup of tea was as good a beverage as any other.

Clive Freeman was hungry, and both the food and drink were better than he had expected. He warmed to this restaurant in which Jenny took an almost proprietary interest. She seemed more at home in these surroundings than in the exclusive but rather solemn little restaurant in which they had last dined, a Jermyn St. house that took such pride in its cooking that it rather expected you to eat in silence, so as to give full attention to your palate. Jenny was at her ease and chattered away, telling him anecdotes of a life of which he knew as little as she did of bulls and bears and cantongoes and commitments. They voyaged timorously into each other's territory, and came back surprised but not displeased with what they found there.

Please turn to Page 41

SERIAL STORY by MONICA EWER

longish piece of wire so that it hung down and could be seen at a glance. Then she took the glazed paper and did up the flowers. It was only just as she was giving it a last twist that she remembered the blot, but it did not show.

"Thank you, Jenny. I'll take them across myself."

"Yes, Mr. Gerrard."

She took his note and moved to the cash register to get change. "Did you have a nice party at Lady Miriam's?" she asked.

"Frightful—Fondness without benevolence, and familiarity without friendship—Who said that, anyway?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"One of those eighteenth century sages. Well, it exactly describes that crowd. Still, having toyed with their bread and salt, I suppose my lips are sealed."

"Yes, they too—God love them—have their point of view."

"I've never been able to find it."

"Nor I—but that's because we're not philosophers."

"No, I'm a song and dance merchant. I never set up to be anything else."

She handed him his change. "Yes, but in the end, serious people like you

solemn significance. It made her nervous and unhappy.

Clive Freeman was, as always, punctual, but he found her ready. He looked at her with pleasure, for he seldom saw her save in her official overall. Now she was wearing her only party frock, a little affair of flowered mignon, simple but becoming, and her picture hat was transparent and framed her face like a halo.

"Where would you like to dine?" he asked politely.

JENNY had always been particularly anxious that there should be perfect frankness on her part in all her dealings with Clive Freeman. She had nothing to conceal, but she guessed that he was extremely conventional. Things that might not occur to her or her family as cause for shame or surprise might seem so in his eyes. If there was a worst to know she wanted him to know it right away.

If perhaps—as she sometimes imagined—he were going to ask her to marry him—he must do so on her merits alone. He must know just what

gently, "I think we'd better take a taxi." He hailed one. "You've been standing all day."

His consideration was faultless. Jenny got in. "Not all day. There are sitting jobs, you know. Making up bouquets. There's a big Queen's Hall concert to-night. The poor soprano is getting so many flowers it will cost her pounds in taxis to take them away."

"You enjoy your work?" he asked. He was always anxious to pin her down to some expression of opinion that would supply him with the necessary data for drawing conclusions. He regarded her as he might a doubtful client. Could she offer him the necessary security? In his profession he was an expert at the tactfully conducted inquiry.

"Yes—as much as one enjoys any work. I mean, short of being a creative genius most kinds of work have a snag to them—getting up in the early morning, for instance."

The taxi stopped outside a brilliantly lit doorway and Jenny led the way in. It was not the kind of restaurant at which Clive Freeman would normally have chosen to dine. It was full, hot, and noisy. A small space was cleared in the middle of the floor for dancing.

Nobody knows what exciting things may happen—

When a GIRL ELOPES

Illustrated
by
Boothroyd

By
KATRIONA
GRANT



THE letter to her family, telling them that she'd decided not to marry Jeremy Keith after all, but to elope with Tony Crabbe, had been simple to write. Her family, Edwitha felt, wouldn't mind much either way, since Tony and Jeremy were equally rich.

But it was much more difficult breaking the news to Jeremy. Considering that she didn't love Jeremy at all, had never pretended to, you would have thought that she would find it easy to dismiss him gracefully in a few airy, inconsequential but grateful sentences. Yes—grateful. For, after all, Jeremy had been topping to her.

EDWITHA sat still at her desk and thought of all the jolly, friendly times she'd had with Jeremy. She'd never loved him, but she'd liked him. She'd always been content to be with him—until Tony appeared. After that, Jeremy bored her. He bored her so much, and she thought of Tony so constantly while

"After all," answered Tony, still red, driving furiously fast, "why shouldn't I think so? The—kind of girl who thinks much of marriage doesn't usually go about kissing one man while she's openly engaged to another, does she?"

a rich match. That idea had been driven into her head since childhood.

WELL, that was that. And now she was making it—and she was going to get a lot of fun out of it all, too! With sudden decision, Edwitha scribbled a few lines to Jeremy, re-read Tony's letter—just to make sure that she hadn't made any mistake about what she was to do—then slipped Jeremy's expensive and beautiful ring off her finger, thrust it into the envelope, sealed it in, snatched up her attache case and ran. A quarter past seven struck on the steeple clock as she pushed the letter into Jeremy's letter-box.

At 28 minutes past seven she was in the train on her way to London, where Tony had decided that they should meet and begin their adventure. Funnily enough, it wasn't of Tony that she was thinking now, but of Jeremy. She had a perfectly agonising vision of Jeremy's face twisted with pain, as he read her letter. For, after all, maybe he did care for her. It might have been more honest of her to have told him herself . . . but there hadn't been time for that. Tony's letter had only come last night, and Jeremy had been out fishing and Edwitha couldn't have confessed to him, if she'd wanted to.

To forget about Jeremy and his probable agitation, Edwitha opened her handbag and looked for Tony's letter. It was reassuring to read it over again. Tony's letters were very like him. They called up at once the laughing boy who'd met her a month ago, fallen in love with her at first sight, laughed with her, played with her, kissed her, and finally written to her—just this one romantic, exciting letter!

The romantic, exciting letter wasn't in her handbag. Edwitha felt for it in her one pocket, searched for it eagerly among the neatly folded clothes she'd packed into her attache case the night before. But there was no trace of the letter. She racked her brains, tried to remember whether she'd left it under her pillow or on her desk—probably that, she had read it that morning—or if she'd dropped it as she paid for her ticket at the station. Horrible thought! Anyway, wherever she'd left it, she didn't have it now.

IT'S loss upset her. Suddenly she felt a chill of fear over the whole business. Suppose her family took it very much to heart and disowned her? Suppose Jeremy, under his placid exterior, had really been very much in love with her and was so miserable that he shot himself? Suppose Tony changed his mind? . . . These horrible suppositions haunted Edwitha all the way to London. Her confidence

oozed still more as she was swept along the crowd at the terminus. She wished that Tony had suggested meeting her there. She wished that anyone she knew would appear and speak to her and help her to lose her feeling of misery.

Someone did. As she approached the ticket-barrier she saw Jeremy himself. At the sight of him, she felt sick and faint. Why, why, why was Jeremy here? Had he been in London overnight, instead of away fishing? Had he never got her letter? Had he got it and come up by car to intercept her and take her home? What was he going to say to her? What on earth was she going to say to him?

Jeremy's pleasant brown eyes were searching the crowd. He didn't seem to notice Edwitha. At first, she might have got past without being seen, but a country woman, frowning past, thrust her against him.

"Good lord! Edwitha!" he exclaimed. His face lit up. He caught her hands in his and held them. "If I'd known you wanted to go to town, I declared, 'I'd have run you up.'"

"Di-didn't you know?" asked Edwitha feebly. "I sent you a letter about it."

"Oh?" said Jeremy vaguely. "I'd arranged to meet a pal of mine off this train and go out with him. But he hasn't turned up. Jolly glad—now that I've met you, instead."

He tucked Edwitha's arm through his own. "You're looking as if you'd left home without breakfast same as I did," he told her. "We'll go and have coffee somewhere, shall we?"

Jeremy's, which was red, and always unruly, and looked as if it hadn't been brushed that morning.

"I'm starving," Jeremy went on. "I'll bet you are, too—that you can't bear just to watch me eat and drink."

Edwitha couldn't. In ten minutes they were sitting together at a table in a sunny window and Edwitha was pouring out the coffee and enjoying the smell of the crisp brown toast and the bacon and eggs.

"I suppose," said Jeremy tentatively, when the edge had worn off his hunger, "you couldn't waive your shopping and spend the day in town with me?"

"Oh, Jeremy, I'm sorry—I'm meeting a friend," said Edwitha guiltily. She must confess to Jeremy now, must get it over. Oh, dear, how much easier it would have been if he had only got her note. This was difficult, this was terrible. She lost her appetite for the bacon and eggs, and laid down her knife and fork gently on her plate.

Jeremy shook his head at her. His brown eyes rested on her hands. Suddenly he leant forward and touched her left hand, indicating the bare finger where, till that morning, her engagement ring had sparkled, white and green.

"Did you leave in such a hurry that you forgot to put on your ring?" he asked lightly. His gaze, whimsical and tender, shifted to Edwitha's face, again white with misery.

"No!" she gasped. "I—I didn't. I didn't forget. Jeremy—I—I—"

Jeremy's hands closed over hers protectively. Jeremy smiled at her reassuringly.

"Lost it—is that it?" he questioned. "Maybe it never fitted you very well? Anyway—don't worry. Child, you mustn't worry like that! It isn't worth

self again by the time Jeremy had paid it.

"You'll let me drive you home to-night, won't you?" he begged her when they got outside. "It's going to be a glorious moonlight night."

"No thanks, Jeremy," said Edwitha. "My friend will look after me."

"Well, I hope she's a good driver!" said Jeremy. "Look here Edwitha—if you change your mind—if you want me for anything at all—I'll be at my club for the rest of the day. You know the phone number? Ring me up and I'll be with you in no time."

"It's very good of you," began Edwitha politely, "but you see—"

JEREMY laughed. "Anyway, that's where I'll be," he said. "As a matter of fact, I'm going there right now to have a sleep. This early rising doesn't agree with me!"

"Jeremy—listen," began Edwitha, desperately. "I—I've got something to tell you. It's important."

Jeremy had his hand up at his mouth. He was yawning. Apologetically, he smiled at her.

"Better tell me some time when I'm more or less awake," he advised her. "I mightn't understand you just now. I say, this is my bus coming. I've got my car parked near the club. D'you mind if I rush off now . . . topping of you to spend so much of your shopping time with me, anyhow."

The solicitous, gentle Jeremy was gone. This was the casual one, Edwitha was accustomed to him. She felt she could bear to leave him. As the bus approached, he swung himself on to it. Then, precariously, he leant from the step to shout something in Edwitha's ear. All London might have heard him.

"I adore you!" he said.

But perhaps it was only Edwitha who heard him after all. No one else took the slightest notice. The bus carried Jeremy away and Edwitha was left staring after it, feeling half angry because Jeremy had done his best to make her conspicuous, and half joyful because of the reassurance in his words.

She was frightened, now that it was so near the time for meeting Tony and giving herself to him for ever. But under the circumstances she ought hardly to look to Jeremy for comfort.

At lunch time she met Tony. Tony, laughing and carefree, Tony in a new suit with a flower in his buttonhole, Tony, with his black head shining, his grey eyes sparkling. Ardent Tony, so like the ideal lover of her dreams that all thought of Jeremy vanished for a moment from her head.

"You've come!" Tony greeted her ecstatically. "I hardly dared to hope you would. Let's have lunch first, precious, and then we'll start on our big adventure."

Lunch! Edwitha smiled to herself as she preceded Tony into the restaurant he had selected. How fond men were of their food! Jeremy had insisted on breakfast and now here was Tony talking about lunch the very minute he had met her.

HE was excited all the same. Edwitha noticed that his hands were trembling. Jeremy's hands never trembled. They were big, kind hands, useful looking hands. Tony's were a little too elegant. They reminded her somehow of the phrase, "A kid-glove man."

Tony was leaning towards her, speaking in a lowered voice, eagerly.

"I've made all the arrangements, Edwitha, you little sport," he was saying. "After this—we start. And we go to the end of the world."

Please turn to Page 8.

Complete Short Story

"Oh no, thank you!" said Edwitha, hastily. "I—I'm afraid I haven't time."

She had lots of time. She wasn't meeting Tony till lunch time. She'd only left home by the early train in order to get away before her family were about. . . . But somehow it didn't seem to her quite right to be accepting coffee from the man she'd just jilted quite heartlessly.

"YOU'VE plenty of time," said Jeremy persuasively. "Come along, darling, you know the shops are hardly open yet, so you can't do very much for an hour or so."

Jeremy smiled down at her with such understanding and affection that she wondered for a moment what she'd seen in Tony. His eyes weren't as kind as Jeremy's. Even the way his sleek black hair grew seemed less kind than

it. I'll get you another ring if you can't find that one. A ring doesn't matter, anyhow."

Edwitha struggled for words. Jeremy's attitude was making explanations quite impossible. She gripped his hands hard, trying to find courage for what she must say.

"It's the love that matters," Jeremy was going on. "You know that, don't you, Edwitha darling? I'm not angry. . . . I couldn't be angry with you, when I love you so much. You do believe I love you, don't you?"

Edwitha gazed hard at Jeremy through tear-filled eyes. Loved her! Did he? Did he? Poor Jeremy . . . and she was going away with Tony for ever.

If Jeremy had held her hands a little longer, or said one more word of love to her, she might have confessed everything. But a tactless waiter chose that moment to approach the table with the bill. Edwitha was her-

she was with Jeremy, that she was haunted by a dreadful sense of her own dishonesty.

Well, now she wasn't going to be dishonest any longer. She was running away with Tony—dear, darling, gay, irresponsible Tony. It was like him to suggest this romantic adventurous elopement. It wasn't necessary perhaps, but it was fun. Tony loved fun. Jeremy had been perfectly content with the slow, humdrum preparations that Edwitha's family were making for as expensive a wedding as they could afford—and that wasn't much, poor darlings!

The clock struck seven. Time Edwitha was going, if she wasn't to meet any of her family on her way. Betty always got up early to help Mum with the housework before she went off to work. After that, Edwitha carried on. She wasn't clever or artistic, like Betty, or businesslike and efficient, like Kny. But she was very beautiful, and the only thing she could do to retrieve the family fortunes was to make

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A ROUGE THAT EATS LIMELIGHT

All very well for those newspaper writers of Beauty Notes to tell a poor girl to change the shade of her rouge four times a day, and every ten minutes on Sundays, but your popular modern girl has the "dotes" so closely spaced there's no time whatever to switch. The Modern Girl wants the one rouge to stay put all the time—right through Daylight, Sunset, Light, Theatre Light, Dance Light and Moonlight. So we present Rose Petal Rouge by Kathleen Court. It's beautiful. Goes on in all lights. Has no and looks well in all lights, and doesn't clash with any colour scheme. Rose Petal is the rouge of jet and personality. It puts the limelight and forces approval! But of the doted audience. Then, shortly, ever to pick your own. Blonde, if you're fair, Rosette if you're dark, and Phantom had to Big Occasion, when an added touch of brilliance is in order. All toilet-groom counters have Rose Petal Rouge in most boxes at 7/- (four-colour), all smart toilet counters have it! Be sure it's—



fascinating rose petal rouge

WHEN a Girl ELOPES

Continued from Page 7

"TONY!" breathed Edwilda, looking at him admiringly. "Glad?" he questioned her.

"Very glad, Tony," she answered gently. For that moment, as his gaze swept over her, devouring her beauty with an open pleasure, she was in ecstasy. But, as the meal proceeded, her mood changed. She didn't like the things Tony had chosen to eat. She wasn't hungry. And Tony, drinking glass after glass of wine, frowned at her.

"Finish your drink, Ed," he commanded her.

"I can't, Tony," she faltered. "I've got a headache."

"A headache—nonsense!" he said. "Don't imagine things. You can't have a headache to-day."

He looked sulky. Edwilda with a headache wasn't going to be much fun. Edwilda glanced at him, apologetically and was struck by the contrast between his weak, rather petulant mouth and Jeremy's kind, firm one. She shrugged impatiently. She must stop thinking of Jeremy.

Lunch was over at last. In Tony's superb Lanchester they set out together. London was left behind. Trees and fields appeared, shady vistas of cool road. Edwilda refreshed, leaned back contentedly in her corner.

"Where do we go, Tony?" she asked.

"You'll see!" Tony grinned at her. "I've got a room booked in a hotel where we can have a dinner and then spend the night. In the morning, we'll carry on... we'll go wherever you think you would like to go. That please you?"

"Sounds good," agreed Edwilda dreamily. Her eyes wandered from Tony's face to her own ringless left hand.

"It's going to be rather funny being Mrs. Anthony Crabbe," she remarked. "I—I didn't expect that two days ago!"

"No?" said Tony, somewhat grimly. "But you do expect it now?"

"Tony, of course!" said Edwilda bewildered. "Isn't that what you meant—when you asked me to come away with you?"

Tony grew slowly red. He didn't answer. Edwilda's bewilderment changed to cold horror.

"Tony!" she said pleadingly. "Tony—you didn't think I was that sort of girl, did you?"

"After all," answered Tony, still red, driving furiously fast, "why shouldn't I think so? The—kind of girl who thinks much of marriage doesn't usually go about kissing one man while she's openly engaged to another, does she?"

"Tony!" gasped Edwilda in horror. Shame filled her, threatened to overwhelm her.

"And besides, you said you were only marrying Keith for his money," went on Tony. "If it's money you want, I'll always let you have plenty of that!"

HE stopped the car suddenly, put his arms round Edwilda, forced her face up to meet his, and kissed her... a long, long, passionate kiss, the kind that made Jeremy's seem dull. Or, rather, the kind that had once made Jeremy's seem dull. Tony's kisses had seemed glorious and desirable to Edwilda once. Now they merely made her feel so unclear that she wanted to go and have a bath.

"And it's my own fault!" she said to herself. "It serves me right. I've asked for this."

Tony restarted the car. He kissed her again, a briefer kiss, but equally revolting. He drove with one hand, his left arm possessively round her.

"What shall I do—what can I do?" thought Edwilda, desperately. "I can't run away... I haven't enough money. And anyway, I can't go home. They'll have got my note by now. They'll want me. And Jeremy will despise me."

Logically, that shouldn't have mattered at all. She had pushed Jeremy out of her life. She hadn't loved him. But it was of Jeremy that she thought now. It was to Jeremy that she made up her mind to appeal for help. After all, he had offered to drive her home. When they got to the hotel, she would make some excuse to leave Tony, she would telephone for Jeremy... and somehow, somehow she must manage to live through the hours until he came.

And after he came? That was the bit! What would he say? What would Tony say? And what would happen?

That didn't matter very much, after all. The thing was to get hold of Jeremy. Edwilda found her chance to phone when Tony was having a bath after their arrival at the hotel. There was an agony of waiting while the call was put through to Jeremy's club, another terrible pause while a search was made for Jeremy, and then, at last, his voice—calm and reassuring.

"You Edwilda? What's that? You'd

like me to take you home, after all? Well, where am I to find you? You've travelled some this afternoon, haven't you? Never mind, I'll find you all right! I'll be there in an hour or so, hard going. You'll have a nice moon to look at from the terrace... that'll keep you happy till I come. Oh, and Edwilda," his voice changed, became less casual. "You—you aren't forgetting what I said to you at the bus this morning, are you? I meant it."

HE rang off. Edwilda dashed upstairs again, seized her belongings, and went in search of a bath. She contrived to make it last till dinner time. Tony scarcely had a glimpse of her before the gong went for the meal.

"Let's have it up here, shall we?" he said to her.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she replied quickly. "I love crowds, and music and noise. Let's go down. Oh, Tony, don't kiss me. You'll disarrange my hair."

She pushed him from her, and started for the dining-room. The lights, the noise, the laughter, the presence of so many other people soothed her considerably. She was almost amiable to Tony during the meal. But secretly, feverishly, she was noting how time was passing and wondering how far Jeremy had got on the road. What if he had an accident by the way? If he didn't come she would have to dispose of Tony all by herself—and she didn't in the least know how to deal with the situation.

Fortunately, it was Tony himself who proposed that they should go out on to the terrace and have their coffee and look at the moon. It was a warm night, perfect for such an occupation; but, all the same, Edwilda shivered as she sat there among the roses, sipping her coffee and flicking the ash thoughtfully off the cigarette Tony had given her. She was desperately anxious about Jeremy's safety. He hated fast driving—thought it was a mug's game. And he had said that he was going to hurry down to her. What if he were killed by the way—killed, or even hurt? In her misery at the thought Edwilda realised how much in love with Jeremy she was, after all.

But he wasn't killed. Quite casually, after an hour or so, he strolled out to them as they sat on the terrace. He was still wearing the tweeds he had had on in the morning. His red hair was still ruffled. There was a hint of a smile in his brown eyes.

"Good evening, Edwilda. Hello, Crabbe," he said casually. "Pleasant night for a drive in the moonlight. You nearly ready for home-going, Eddie? Put on your coat. I'll wait for you here."

Edwilda slipped away. Jeremy and Tony were left face to face. The smile spread from Jeremy's eyes to his mouth. Tony's baffled expression was distinctly amusing.

"Look here, Keith, what does this mean?" he articulated at last.

Jeremy lit a cigarette. He put one foot on the chair Edwilda had vacated, rested his chin on his hand, and stared thoughtfully across the table at Tony.

Tony blustered. "You can't go taking Edwilda away like this," he raged. "Hang it, Keith, she knows her own mind—"

Edwilda had reappeared, was coming towards them. Jeremy straightened up. "That's just it, Crabbe," he agreed pleasantly. "I really believe she does know her own mind now. You've probably helped her. If it weren't for that, I believe I'd be ready to sock you on the jaw. Once, or even twice."

Edwilda was close beside them now. Jeremy linked his arm through hers. "Night-night," he said to Tony. "It's been a jolly day, hasn't it, Edwilda? Let's go."

THE miles sped by. Jeremy was driving now with his usual caution, but it seemed to Edwilda as if the distance that lay between her and home was being all too rapidly covered. Once home, everybody would be horrid—as she deserved. Once home she would lose Jeremy for ever—again, as she deserved.

"I want to talk to you!" said Jeremy suddenly. He slowed down the car, ran it on to a grassy strip overhanging with beech trees. As the engine stopped, he turned to Edwilda.

"You've forgotten something, I think," he said gently.

"What?" asked Edwilda. Her voice was a husky croak. Her eyes, big and haunted, fixed themselves on his face.

"What I told you at the bus," replied Jeremy.

"But if you knew—if you'd got my note—you'd never have said that," said Edwilda huskily.

Please turn to Page 38

HORT Holbrook says: The Holbrook Queen OWENS are the most popular. They are always so tasty and crisp...



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WHY LOWER GAVE UP GOING WRONG

His Short Life of Crime Ended in Reformation

By L. W. LOWER

The advantages of a life of crime are so obvious that it is a wonder I did not take up burglary earlier. The chief trouble is the hours you have to work. Another drawback is the risk of accidents.

It has been said that burglary is a safe job. This is untrue. On my first burglary I smeared the safe with gelignite, or "soup," as they call it in the trade, threw a match at it, and then went for a long walk. When I came to there was a rather deep and ragged hole where the safe used to be, and that was all. I advertised for the safe, without result. I suspect that some dishonest person had found it and kept it for a bird-cage or something.

Burglars make very good husbands. Through constant practice they become adept at getting home at all hours of the night without bumping the furniture, or arousing the goldfish. This annoys some wives.

As a matter of fact, any woman whose husband has got away with something without giving her the opportunity to nag him about it has a legitimate grievance which should be sufficient grounds for divorce anywhere.

I think burglars are not fairly treated in this country. There should be a Kindness-to-Burglars Week. Even if a man does break into a bank vault, after all, it's not his vault. (Order!) Then



LOWER believes in killing them with kindness

again, they have a very strict code of honor. When pinched they never dump their buddies (meaning, of course, that they never split on their cobbles).

This explains the term "Silence in the caught," which you have all heard at one time or another—and don't try to deny it.

A courteous and considerate burglar should be treated at least decently. Why, I went to a place one afternoon, and saw a notice pinned to the door. "Please leave two loaves." After I'd cleaned the place out and removed the furniture and linoleum and wallpaper, and door knobs and things, I had to go right along to the end of the street before I could find a house that had two loaves of bread in it. I brought them back and left them on the doorstep. I got a letter from the people some time later, thanking me for my generosity and enclosing a cheque for ten shillings, which the landlord had given them.

(thinking they were short of money, as they had not paid the rent for eight years. (You don't tell me!))

BAG snatchers have a hard life. I know one poor chap who was doing real well about three years ago, but

L. W. LOWER

Australia's foremost humorist, entertains readers every week on this page. His articles are illustrated by the brilliant young Australian artist and sculptor, W. E. Pidgeon.

met with a frightful bit of bad luck. He tried to snatch a bag from a woman, and she hung on to it. He couldn't get the bag away from her, so he had to take the woman as well. Even then she still clutched it, and the finish up was that he had to marry her.

Now he's practically on the bread line. He works his fingers to the bone all day, snatching bags, and she picks his pockets while he's asleep. Enough to drive a man to teetotalism.

This, by the way, provides me with a morsel which will save any aspersions casting. My character is crumbling slightly at the edges already, and I cannot afford to have any further damage done to it.

When you have made your money, quit the game and reform. Learn to play a harp. Buy a caterpillar tractor and distribute tracts. Get into good society. Cultivate the company of wealthy and distinguished people. Then, if you're ever feeling a bit penurious, you've got the stuff laid on.

Don't forget that retribution will overtake you. Take the case of Hank Waters. In eleven bank hold-ups he managed to get about four hundred thousand dollars. He deposited it for safe keeping in the National Prudential Western Trading and Commercial Rural Trust Fund and Banking Corporation, Inc. . . . The very next day a scoundrel of a manager robs Hank and a few other people of no account and leaves for foreign parts, and the bank is broke.

Which just goes to show . . . I mean to say that it proves beyond all shadow of doubt . . . anyhow, it just shows you. Doesn't it?

RIGHT TIME to Lead TRUMPS

Contract Lessons from Ely Culbertson

The following article on contract bridge by Ely Culbertson emphasises the necessity for drawing trumps at the earliest opportunity, so as to prevent opponents making their trumps independently by ruffing.

This is the eighth of a series of articles dealing with the elementary principles of bidding and play. In this series every necessary element of bidding and play will be discussed by Mr. Culbertson, with explanatory notes by Dr. F. V. McAdam, Australia's foremost authority on contract bridge.

BY DR. F. V. McADAM.

A KNOWLEDGE of the essentials of trump management should be part of the equipment of every contract player. One must recognise, as declarer, the following three main situations:

1. When to lead trumps at once.
2. When to stop leading trumps.
3. When to defer leading trumps.

The necessity to lead trumps immediately occurs most frequently, and failure to do so generally ends in loss to the declarer. There is an old story of the large number of indigent card

players wandering over Europe who had been reduced to penury through their failure to lead trumps. This story was extant in the days of whist, but its lesson still holds for bridge.

GLOSSARY.

To ruff is to trump the lead of a side suit of which the trumping, or ruffing, hand is void.

Cross ruff. When the hand of each partner is void in different suits, and each partner can lead a suit which the other can ruff.

Over ruff. To over trump a player who has ruffed.

By ELY CULBERTSON: Article VIII.

Trump Management

THE play of a suit contract entails all the technique described in my previous lessons, but it also entails an additional feature which does not occur at a no-trump contract. This feature consists of ruffing. At no-trump contracts the controlling cards are always the high cards of all four suits. At suit declarations, the controlling cards are the trump suit itself, and a lowly deuce of hearts may often take precedence over an imposing Ace of spades.

The eventual Declarer and his partner will almost always hold more trumps than their opponents, and for this reason it is usually advisable for them to draw the opponents' trumps so that they will be able to hold complete control with their smaller cards. Trumps can be drawn either by leading the high cards right out or by finessing—the choice being dependent upon the number of high cards held. Generally, whatever trump action is decided on should be taken immediately.

S: 10 7 3 2
H: K A 9 8 7
D: A 6 3
C: 8 4
S: Q J
H: 10 9 8 7
D: 10 2
C: A Q 10 9 8 7
S: A K 8 6 4
H: A Q J 6
D: Q J 10
C: 5

IN the above hand South is the Declarer at a contract of four spades, and the opening lead is the five of hearts. This trick he wins in his own hand with the Ace of hearts. Let us say that he now leads the Queen of diamonds, and when West plays low, finesses. He follows this up with the Knave of diamonds and finesses again. This time, however, the Knave does not hold the trick. East trumps with the Knave of spades and returns a heart, which West ruffs. West's third round of diamonds is again ruffed by East, and East's third round of hearts is again ruffed by West. By this time the opponents have taken four tricks

with their four trumps, and can also take the Ace of clubs, defeating the contract two tricks.

By his refusal to lead trumps immediately, Declarer lost four tricks. All that he had to do was lay down the Ace and King of spades. This would have eliminated all the opponents' trumps, and he could have followed this up with the diamond finesse. Subsequently he could have cashed all his hearts and made six-odd. Thus the importance of drawing the opponents' trumps immediately can readily be recognised.

WHEN the opponents hold but one trump, and this the high one, it is not usually necessary to draw this card. For example, take this situation:

8 6 3
Q J 10
A K 9 5 4
7 2

Declarer, faced with the problem of drawing trumps, leads out the Ace and King. The only card now remaining in the opponents' hands is the Queen. This will win a trick in any event. Therefore it is not necessary for the Declarer to take two of his own trumps to take out the opponents' one. The best policy is to lead other suits and force West to trump with his Queen.

The situation is somewhat different, however, when two high trumps are outstanding. For example:

3
Q J 10
A K 8 7 5 4
9 6 2

Here the Declarer leads two rounds of trumps and sees that the Queen and nine are still outstanding. Now his best play is to lead a low trump in the hope that both of these cards will fall together, otherwise the opponents may make these cards separately and thus take two tricks instead of one.

Cases in which the Declarer should not lead trumps immediately will be treated in a future lesson.

(Copyright, 1933, by Ely Culbertson)

MORE TRIPPERS for Overseas

Happy times must already have returned for some thousands, if there is anything at all in figured fact.

This week the liner "Otranto" cleared the Australian coast, en route to England, with 1000 passengers—the first ship on the Australian run to reach that figure since 1929.

THIS week The Australian Women's Weekly learned, on inquiry of all the lines carrying passengers, that except—and to a limited extent—in the third-class, there is scarcely a berth to be bought in any liner sailing this month or next month.

"Here's the waiting list—as long as my arm," an official of one company said. "All these people want to be in Europe for the spring. It's years since we were faced with the happy difficulty of finding would-be tourists accommodation."

A few days ago, as if to bear out the shipping companies' reports, the Commonwealth Statistician issued figures which showed:

(1) That even last year the tide had turned, for, whereas only 13,002 Australians left their country on holiday in 1932, and 13,098 of our own tourists returned, last year 18,019 Australians travelled abroad on holiday, and 18,917 returned. (That is, about 5,000 more Australians could afford an overseas trip last year than the year before.)

(2) That last year nearly 3500 fewer Australian residents left their country, with the intention of staying away permanently, than deserted us the year before.

(3) That the yearly quota of overseas tourists to visit Australia is now just on 20,000.

Now the Motherland and America are sending us an annual contingent to help us by spending their money here, and speaking a good word for us when they return home.



THEY are the Banks, the Insurance and the Executor Companies—trusted custodians of the people's savings.

The Executor Companies administer estates which represent life savings left for the support of dependents.

Insurance Companies collect and invest the savings of the hundreds of thousands who are providing for old age or misadventure.

The Banks in addition to receiving deposits from the thrifty of the community in every walk of life, provide those essential banking facilities, apart from which Insurance and Executor Companies could not render their vital services to the people.

These institutions are owned by thousands of our citizens, the majority of whom are of moderate means.

It is from the accumulated savings of the people entrusted to financial institutions that producers of all kinds obtain the funds to develop the country's resources.

Bank of New South Wales.

An Editorial

MARCH 17, 1934.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FILMS

WHEN people go to the talkies they go for entertainment.

There seems to be some puritanical impulse in our race, however, which makes the pursuit of entertainment one of the lesser virtues. The purveyors of entertainment are, therefore, always under the scrutiny of the community's moral censors — both the self-appointed and the paid varieties.

That kind of censorship is really a branch of police work, like the prevention of illegal gambling, and illegal drinking. These are all distasteful tasks, but with the progress of enlightenment the police will, no doubt, find less and less cause for interference.

The same conclusion must be reached in regard to the proposals of those well-meaning people who have no patience with the present so-called moral censorship of films, but would like to see instituted a censorship of quality. Their idea is that crude and vulgar and ignorant scenes and dialogue should be cut.

Experience of the "moral" censorship, however, makes it certain that a "quality" censorship would be subject to all sorts of cranks and faddisms. The only solution is a better informed public, a public with a developed and a civilised taste.

That principle underlies the film reviews on our Film page. Our paragraphs are intended to assist people in building up a more discriminating taste.

We are not highbrow in our outlook. We take as our standard what we consider to be the taste of an ordinary intelligent man or woman when he or she goes out for an evening's entertainment.

Most films, obviously, are of good average quality. Some will be outstanding; some will be inferior. We give our classification in each case; and give our reasons.

The public is so used to seeing every film described as a super-production that our attitude of frankness and commonsense has come as a surprise, but it is a much appreciated surprise.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

Silent Bird

Singer of God, the sun is your world
And your life is clean and whole.
Then why, when the gold is upon your wing
Has the winter become your soul?

FELT IN NEED OF
A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP



SO TURNED IN EARLY



BUT WOKE UP WITH
A START WHEN MY FOOT
TOUCHED A COLD AND
CLAMMY



HAM-BONE!



POINTS OF VIEW

Compleat Garment Label

COMMONWEALTH authorities are finding the marking of goods on the selvage, to show their place of origin, unsatisfactory. Fine fabrics, such as laces, cannot be marked, and for piece goods, made up in factories into garments, the selvage marking is useless. Piece goods are now being marked at the ends of their length, but, obviously when they are "topped and tailed," markings will disappear. America has found the compleat shopping label for the garment trade in the little blue eagle which is now being stitched to made-up garments. This label, bearing the insignia of the National Recovery Act, and a number, indicating the manufacturer of the garment, is a guarantee to the shopper that the garment has been produced under good working conditions, in a thirty-five-hour week factory, which pays a minimum wage for skilled and unskilled labor. Such a label tells a story which no woman shopper can ignore, and is infinitely better for garment making than any system of selvage stamping.

Pashometer Procession

THE strangest procession the world has seen since the days of the Pied Piper trooped into Sydney Town Hall last week. Young girls, old girls, fat girls, lean girls, pretty girls, plain girls. And the men! "Gray old codgers, gay young friskers," and a vast crowd, which could only be classed as "miscellaneous," or, as my young friend put it, "not so hot!"

The piping which lured the motley throng was a "pashometer"—an electrical machine purporting to measure the charm of the subject for the opposite sex.

I heard one girl elucidate it for the benefit of a boy friend:—"It shows your sex appeal. Score a hundred and you're a menace. Score eighty and you're no angel, either. Score fifty and you'll probably be happy though married. Score one, and you might as well be dead!"

Without doubt, a very neat idea—and six policemen were hard put to control the crowd waiting to consult the machine.

Many, of course, regarded the whole thing as a huge joke, but many, especially of the younger clients, undoubtedly were impressed by the ju-ju. With its quasi-scientific backing, this idiotic machine has probably done more emotional damage than a horde of the clairvoyantes the law so rigorously prosecutes.—N.M.

Barnyard Warnings

A BROODY hen saved the lives of some Westralian grape pickers, last week. The men were sleeping in a hut, unaware of oncoming flood waters, when the hen jumped on to the bed of one of them, flapped her wet wings in his face, and so awoke him to his danger.

This is not the first time in history that our barnyard friends have been saviors of human lives. The classic instance is, of course, that of the sacred geese of the Capitol of Rome, who, by their cackling, aroused the sentries to awareness of an enemy attack.

As a woman, the writer of this par is struck by the coincidence that, in each of these cases, it was the female of the species that gave the alarm.

We do not read of ganders hissing a warning to Roman soldiers, nor of a rooster announcing that floods were afoot. Probably, they, too, were awakened, but put the whole thing down to female nervousness, and just tucked their heads farther under their wings and continued to snore!—M.J.K.

JANE'S JOURNAL — The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

Dress and Duty

IT is not surprising that a Methodist clergyman should have remarked from his pulpit recently that dress, besides expressing character, is in direct relation to religion, because religion is social.

Modern science, preaching the gospel of the dynamic power of thought, brings authoritative support to the primitive idea of the value of dress. The savage, who clothed himself in the skin of a lion, believing that, with the skin, he also invested himself in the courage of the lion, is no longer the butt of our jests.

Dress affects our thoughts, and, as we think, so we tend to become. Armed with his brave idea, the skin-clad savage was in better fighting trim than his naked adversary.

Religions have always recognised the ceremonial value of dress. The sackcloth and ashes of mourning and repentance, bridal white, festive wear, the robes of ritual—these have colored all history.

It has been left for modern science, however, to enjoin upon woman that good dressing is a duty she owes herself and society. Since every



COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH, head of the Salvation Army in America, whose visit to Australia has been postponed. See article in next column.

frock has its aura of good cheer or the reverse, who knows on what far shores will break the waves of thought a woman's dress sets in motion?

Price of a Face

WE learn from a recent Workers' Compensation case that the Insurance Act attaches no sentimental value to the ring finger of a woman's left hand.

A girl from Orange, who slipped and damaged her ring finger while working, received only £4 plus medical expenses.

From an insurance point of view a woman's face is still her fortune. Even her legs are not worth more. If a man and a woman are hurt in a motor accident and both sustain damages to the legs the man gets the higher compensation, but if the face is damaged the woman gets more.

Excluding film stars, actresses, artists' models and mannequins, the most valuable face is that of a young unmarried girl of 18 to 28. Hers is worth anything up to £500. Insurance men value a young bachelor's face at only £100.

When a girl marries her face drops in value. It falls at the rate of about £10 a year, after she has reached 30.

A Great Salvationist

Commander Eva Booth

By the Rev. G. C. Percival

The reported illness of Commander Evangeline Booth, who was to have visited Australia, and who is in supreme charge of Salvation Army operations in the United States, recalls the record of one of the most remarkable families of modern times.

WILLIAM and Catherine Booth and their eight children were all devoted workers in the organisation. Only four of these children are now living, and of these Evangeline Booth is the most outstanding figure.

William Booth, founder and first general of the Salvation Army, was born in 1829. His place in one of the minor Methodist bodies in England—they are all united now—became too small for a man of his temperament, and the times were narrower than they are to-day. His church objected to his eccentric methods of evangelism, and he would not modify them.

AT the official meeting where his case was being judged, his wife was in the gallery. When asked if he would desist and conform to the conventional order, he glanced up towards her as if for a cue. It came in the one word, "Never!" Booth took his hat and walked towards the door, where he met her coming down the stairs, and they faced forth together.

Together they started the Christian Mission in East London, which ran from 1865 to 1877. This merged, the following year, into the Salvation Army, which is found practically all over the world to-day. He was born to rule. Headstrong, determined, he yet had a tender heart for want and sorrow. He lived for the saving of "souls."

His wife was his born helper. Strong—though latterly weak and pain-stricken physically—devoted, of noble Christian character, she literally lived to second him in his lifelong effort to bring the best to his fellow men—especially to what were deemed the worst of them.

BRAMWELL BOOTH, born in 1856, was the eldest son and succeeded his father as general. Though he was one of the few officers who would "stand up to this fiery spirit and occasionally reproach him for want of appreciation," the two were deeply attached. It was after Bramwell Booth's death a few years ago that the controversy raged which issued in the abolition of the appointment of generals by nomination by the living holder of the office.

Ballington Booth—tall, handsome, fiery—could not bend to his father's autocratic rule, and left the Army. After good work in Canada he settled in the United States, where he introduced the use of the stage, and latterly, pictures, on the ground that the eye responded more readily than the ear, at least when assailed by the more stately or thoughtful style of address. He also concentrated on social work.

Yet another son, Herbert, proved autocratic and headstrong. He possessed musical gifts and composed a number of hymn and other tunes. His appointment as Commissioner of Great Britain was not favored by some of the older officers. He felt himself a misfit, and withdrew from Army operations. He conducted evangelistic missions in New Zealand and Australia. He died a few years ago.

Of the daughters, Catherine, known as the Marchale, pioneered the work of the Army in Germany and France, and later in Switzerland. She has remained loyal to the organisation, though opposed to her brother Bramwell's policy in the dispute previously referred to. She has wrought finely for Army extension.

Emma—Mrs. Booth-Tucker—died some years ago. Her husband sacrificed a prominent position in the British Army in India, and gave his life to Salvation Army work.

Lucy became Mrs. Booth-Hellburg, and Marian, the sixth child of the family, was prevented by persistent ill-health from continuing in active Army work.

COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH was the fourth daughter. She is Commander-in-Chief of the Army in the United States, having charge of all four "territories." She was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal in recognition of the Army's war-time service, and the Fairfax Medal for eminent patriotic service. She conducted an S.A. campaign in Japan in 1929, and in Europe in 1931.

She addressed a great gathering in the famous Hollywood Bowl during the recent Olympic Games' season in Los Angeles, and opened the National Democratic Convention in 1932 with prayer—the first woman entrusted with the duty.

GREAT Fun for ETHEL



PAULINE SHAND had suffered the strictures of eccentric parents long enough. For weeks she had felt as though she were sitting on a peak and would at any moment be obliged to jump off into space.

At just the proper moment Teddy Holden had presented himself as a saviour. He had said:

"Why not bunk?"

Pauline had asked "Bunk where to?" "I don't know. Anywhere. Who cares? I'll bunk with you."

Pauline had looked at him investigatively. Her eyes told sudden secrets and her lips were sans peur et sans reproche; the warm breeze stirred her hair.

"We'd start away one night," he had said, "and not a soul would know. The safest scheme for not giving plans away is not to have any plans. We'd buzz off into the open and drive all night. At last we'd come to a jolly sort of church and say, 'Yes, this is the place,' and go in and get married. You have to get some special dispensation, but we'd find out about that later. True, we wouldn't have much money, but it would be great fun, and afterwards we'd toodle back by a different route and get the family blessing."

Then they had looked at one another. It had come to this! He had put his arms about her and had kissed her without haste or hindrance on the mouth. In what other people might have thought a very experienced manner.

So they had fixed it up. And on the evening of the day on which this story opens they were going to run away. But it opens with Pauline sitting at the cinema with another man—a man regarded favorably by the parents—and Pauline was worried and excited. She was wondering how to write a note.

Now, people who cannot draw pligs with their eyes shut cannot expect to

A Complete Short Story

"Excuse me" when he arrived; "Thank you" when he halted; and "Sorry" when he sat on someone else's knee. And nobody had a voice like George's.

AS soon as her note was written, she pretended to do something to the back of her little skull-cap of a hat, and cleverly flicked her note on to George's lap.

Now, it is even more difficult to read than to write in the dark. George felt for matches but had none. He looked to either side of him, to find that he was flanked each way by a female of censorious appearance, each of whom had seen the note and was inquisitive. No good asking for a match from them. The picture had only just begun and lights would not go up for at least an hour. He must sneak out.

He did so, and climbed the stairs towards an illuminated exit, after passing through which he was able to inspect the note at leisure. It looked like a child's first effort to write Greek with paints. He held it to the light, and away from the light. He turned it over, and finally he sat on a divan with his chin in his hand, and settled down to wrestle with it seriously. What he made of it in the end was this:

"Must see you desperate will try dispose boy friend please stay around."

To say that George was flattered and excited would be to understate the case, for even to walk along the street with Pauline made him feel well-dressed and full of vitamins. How much more so to be summoned to her aid like this! Curious, he thought, that women always turn for help to those who love them rather than to those they love.

But there was one outstanding snag. He had come there with someone else.

In fact, with Ethel.

Arriving at an unfavorable hour, Ethel and he had been asked to stand for a little while, and then to accept pro tem two single seats. Ethel was no companion of his choosing. Aunt Matilda had telephoned to say that she was going to the theatre and would be very pleased if George would take Ethel—who was staying the week—to the pictures. Aunt Matilda had a mint of money, and it was naturally incumbent on George to oblige her.

Distinctly awkward, this.

He would go back to his seat first, anyway.

He pushed along his row, only to find someone else in his place; and as he crouched there, peering, whispering and posturing, the other patrons of the cinema began audibly to resent George's comings in and goings out. However, as one of the two had to give way and the new occupant of the seat was a dear old lady, George hiked his hat and coat and rolled umbrellas out from beneath her and crept away. At the gangway he turned to look for Pauline, and could discern her pale face which, he knew, would be looking lovelier than tongue could tell, turned anxiously towards him. With his hat he tried to signify that he was undisturbed by this first check; and then, back at the rear, he stood leaning on the barrier, looking first for Pauline and then for Ethel, and seeing neither.

ALSO he took in very little of the picture. As his eyes became accustomed to the light, he saw Pauline rise and leave with her companion. George followed and caught them up in the vestibule below. Pauline was pretending she had left something. Ah, the moment he was sent to find it! The moment he had gone, Pauline rushed at George and he at the same time rushed at Pauline.

"Oh, you dear!"

"Pauline! What's wrong?"

"I'm in a dreadful hole. Oh, will you help me, please?"

She was stream-lined; a shade expensive at first glance, perhaps, but these things are comparative, and he on the other hand was needy. When she spoke, the whispering note of pleading in her voice made one believe there was a future for the Talkies yet.



She was stream-lined; a shade expensive at first glance, perhaps, but these things are comparative, and he, on the other hand, was needy.

Illustrated by
WYNNE
W. DAVIES

As soon as her escort had left her, Pauline rushed to George. "Oh, you dear!" "Pauline! What's wrong?" "I'm in a dreadful hole. Will you help me?"

here with anybody else at all? Quickly he put the matter right.

"I'll go. That is, if the fellow with you now can't be of any use."

"Oh, George, I couldn't possibly tell him. There's nobody but you I can tell, and you do know Teddy."

George put one final poser:

"Why are you marrying the chap?"

"I love him, George."

"Oh! That's bad."

Poor George seemed hopeless now.

"Yes everyone's against him, because he hasn't a ha-penny. Only I can depend on you, George, can't I?"

One second later she had left his side and was industriously looking at framed photos on the wall. The other man had rejoined her, carrying her purse, and off he went with her, chatting busily (and incidentally, in doing so, he leaves this story), while George was left like a willing exclamation-mark at the end of a staggered row of dots.

The most extraordinary thing about the girls we love is the way they like the men we hate. What could Pauline see in Teddy Holden? He had no money. Besides, he was too fond of

have to dodge out for a moment. If so, I'll be back in no time. Will you be all right if I leave you?"

"Why, yes, of course."

He was inclined to add: "Don't mention it to Aunt Matilda," but instead he sat and fidgeted apologetically, then turned and, muttering incoherences, left her.

The staff were by now looking at him with suspicion, but he didn't worry. Making a mental list of places in which he could look for a young man spending his last hours before marriage, he went through the swing doors at a lops and vanished.

ETHEL had taken umbrage. It was now nine p.m.

Twice since she had been parked here by George, he had come creeping back to take a quick look at her, as if she had been left to stew and he had been entrusted with the cooking. Each time he had leaned over her and had breathed some promise of a swift reunion before going off again, and he had not appeared at all for the last forty minutes. Meanwhile she had seen the whole programme through, and to her disgust it was beginning afresh.

Aunt Matilda had intended this to be an evening's revel for her, but George had not exactly treated it as such so far, and she was fast coming to the stern conclusion that it was time she looked after herself.

There were two particular disadvantages about staying with Aunt Matilda. One was the difficulty of going out alone without a lot of explanation, and the other was that Aunt Matilda's taste in foodstuffs tended to make meals sparse in quantity if delicate in substance. She overlooked the fact that Ethel was a buxom girl of rosy cheeks and that a soufflé merely teased her. Ethel had looked forward to this evening as an opportunity to have at least one really good feed.

Return

You came suddenly into the room, Of long shadows and firelit gloom; And watched me knitting in the flickering light . . .

I knew you had been walking in the wet night; And I knew why. My heart within me ailed . . . Had I not loved you so I would have cried.

I waited until you knelt beside my chair, The fire gleamed on your wind-ruffled hair;

Your face was damp with rain, And furrowed deep with pain . . . You did not speak, but I . . . I knew Another woman held the heart of you. Your hurt eyes told me so. I should have said . . . "Then go, I do not want you if your love is dead" . . . I only sighed and turned away my head.

You knelt there while the unfed fire burned low; And could you think a woman would not know, That love and duty tore your heart in two.

The young, impulsive heart of you? I understood The passions that drove you walking in the rain, And the stronger tie that turned you home again.

To where I sat in the fire-lit room, Knitting with tired hands Those wee, white garments in the gloom.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

write notes in the dark. However, a battle had been waged since infancy between Pauline and "things you couldn't do." Having tried a lipstick with little success, she proceeded to employ an eyebrow pencil, and, peeping shyly at the man beside her while looking also at the film he had brought her to see, she surreptitiously wrote a message on the back of an envelope.

By a stroke of good fortune that would probably have to be paid for by seven years' hard luck, there had arrived in the row behind her a man (the third in this story), who could be of great help to her now. She knew it was George Scribner, because he had said

GEORGE simply looked at her, the sweet, slim creature that she was, with eyes that were a

By HYLTON CLEAVER

scandal, lips that asked favors and returned them not, and the illusive scented breath of Chanel lingering in the air because of her.

"George, sweet, you'll do it, won't you? Find him, and make him understand."

She had a way of asking. Oh, indeed she had. George said:

"But listen, I've come here with someone else."

He realised as soon as he had spoken that this was an evasion she would ridicule. What could anybody else matter at a time like this? Besides, if he was fond of her, what was he doing

selfish pleasures. An amusing fellow, in a sense, and he went well at parties, but he was undeniably one who thought well of himself.

George turned and bearded off upstairs three steps at a time, re-entered after explanation and looked blinking for Ethel. What the deuce was he to do with her? Also, a seat at her side was now unoccupied. He clattered down a gangway and landed in it, breathing heavily. Here he sat for a while.

"Ethel," he said.

She offered him an ear, without moving her eyes from the screen.

"I've been on the telephone. I may

Please turn to Page 36

WAYS

SMART INEXPENSIVE Styles



An INEXPENSIVE COAT that lacks nothing in style, cut, or finish. All-Wool Velour in shades of Brown, Royal, Navy or Black. The large Coney collar adds cosiness and a dressy finish. Raised seams, lined to waist. Sizes, S.S.W. to O.S. SPECIAL VALUE .. 37/11

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Styled for the Little Woman! SMART GOOD-FITTING FLANNEL SUIT in Navy or Black with fine stripes. Coat cut with long roll lapels, fastens two buttons. Two pockets. Neat, well-balanced skirt. Sizes, S.S.W., S.W., and W. SPECIAL VALUE .. 19/11

TAILORED SUIT that cleverly combines Black Suede-finish All-Wool Flannel and Black and White Check. Faultless in fit, and distinctively smart. Roll collar, with check trim and cute little pockets are features of the coat. Skirt shows smart panel front. Sizes, S.S.W., S.W., W., and X.W. SPECIAL VALUE .. 39/11

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Combat JEALOUSY With LOVE

ADVISES LOUISE MACK

Louise Mack, well-known Australian author, discusses a human failing that has wrecked happiness in many homes.

A WORRIED husband writes: "I wish you could advise about a jealous wife. She has no call for jealousy, yet she never stops making my life miserable, and her own, too. It is getting worse and worse. If I stay out too long talking to our manager and his wife she puts on a freezing face and won't speak. She never asks a woman to the house. She does all the work herself though we could well afford help. All I want is peace, and my home, and my work. She spoils all by everlastingly working herself up into jealousy over NOTHING!"

HOW sad, how futile that seems to the onlooker. But does the onlooker really see most of the game? I sometimes wonder, don't you? From the outside, jealousy looks the maddest, saddest, most wasteful, most dangerous phase of married life.

Why be jealous? What good can jealousy do you? What good can it do anyone? Why not attack it and root it out like a noxious weed. It is ugly, cruel, withering, blighting, as destroying of fair sweet beauty and happiness, as weeds of young, tender flowers.

That's from the outside. But from the inside jealousy seems a satisfying flame that burns with the intensity of a comet, and the jealous one enjoys the scorching heat of her own subconsciousness. She gets a sense of excitement that is partly exhilaration and partly pain. She is a pathetic study by then, outside her own control. She lets herself go to revel still further in that scorching flame.

The French and the Italians both

It is a curious thing, jealousy. I have met people who can logically and dispassionately discuss jealousy, emphasising the pity it is that so-and-so should be jealous of so-and-so.

And then the very next moment there they are, giving a pitiable exhibition of some form of jealousy that has suddenly overwhelmed them.

great love, making it sure that mother loves it as much as anyone—more, perhaps—and that mother thinks the world of it, and so does father.

Then peace will flow into that worried little heart, and the inferiority complex will gradually disappear, leaving no trace behind, if the parents' love goes deep enough and is sufficiently expressed.

To cure a jealous wife or a jealous husband, the only methods likely to be successful are those recommended to cure children—an immense and untiring expression of love.

But what if there is no love? What if love is dead?

Then there is indeed deep cause for pity and forbearance, and the jealous soul should be continually assuaged, not irritated, by every balm of kindness possible to concoct. A hard task? Yet millions undertake it and carry it out successfully for the sake of their sacred family life.

About a Kiss



The kiss is a queer business, isn't it? Of no earthly use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing; the young man has to steal it; the old man has to buy it.

To the young girl—faith.
To the married woman—hope.
To the old maid—charity.

legally recognise jealousy as a disease, and French law differentiates between crimes in cold blood and crimes of jealousy, even murders. These are termed "crimes passionelles" and are treated more leniently, the law taking the attitude that the jealous person committing the crime is beside himself!

SO many people are jealous, and then again so many are not, that one knows there must be deep-seated reasons for the existence of such a malady in intelligent, grown-up men and women. It cannot be that it's just a haphazard condition. Something has caused it to begin, just as something causes cancer to begin, or tuberculosis.

Scientists have decided that the beginning is in the very small child.

Its origin there is jealousy caused by an inferiority complex grown out of parents perhaps conversationally neglecting it, or taking more notice of another child.

So, parents, be on your guard with your little ones; watch out for the early appearances of this disastrous evil, and carefully eradicate it. Go at it, get it right up, and out of the way for ever. YOU CAN!

You can convert and finally uproot the growing jealousy in that infant's heart by convincing it of your

Brainwaves

Conducted by
L. W. LOWER

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

LADY: Would you like some cakes?

Tramp: Yes.

Lady: Yes, what?

Tramp: Yes, dear.

"COME back for something you've forgotten, as usual?" said the husband. "No," replied his wife, sweetly; "I've come back for something I remembered."

JANET: He said he'd love me for ever and ever—

Nell: Ah, men!

BILL: I haven't seen your Uncle Pat for ten years. What's he been doing all the time?

Jim: Ten years.

VISITOR: Do you go to school my little man?

Boy: No, I can't read, I can't write, and I can't draw, so what's the use?

BLINK: Does your wife talk much? Blank: She does all the talking in our family. If I were suddenly struck deaf and dumb it would probably be six or eight weeks before she found it out.

"I KNOW a girl who thinks her husband is simply wonderful," said a man.

"Ah!" replied his companion, "so you've just come from a wedding?"

"HIS!" whispered the villain as he crept away.

"I expected you would be," rejoined the stage manager, with curling lip.



"I haven't used a scrubbing board for 40 years..."

If you have never used SAPOLINE try it on your DIRTIEST clothes. Don't scrub them into holes on a washing board, but let Sapoline do the work for you, and see for yourself how this remarkable powder washes clothes REALLY CLEAN.

SAPOLINE contains coconut oil, generally used in high grade toilet soaps, also borax, which makes white clothes whiter, at every housewife knows.

Simple to use — one tablespoon to a bucket of water and boil the clothes 15 to 20 minutes. No rubbing, no soap, no soda.

Sold by all grocers and stores for 1d. per 4oz. packet (cheaper by the dozen). SAPOLINE does not harm your hands. Australian women have used it for 40 years.

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Washing-up (try it for a big, greasy washing-up), floors, tables, sinks, walls, tilework (cleans without scratching).

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NIGHTS OF...

SYLVIA WELLING

and Magnificent Company of Supporting Artists

MATINEE WEDNESDAY

AND SATURDAY at 2

and then

FAREWELL to

COMING EASTER SATURDAY (MARCH 31) "WHITE HORSE INN"

Stringing Millions : King's Garden : Hiking Here!



A CAT AND DOG life, they call this! There are very few rats on the farm where these two friends live. Bill, the Alsatian, and Bob, the tabby, have been close associates in the rat-catching business for years.



A BULLFIGHTER and his bride. Senor Victoriano de Laserna, with his newly-married wife Virginia, an American girl. Laserna, one of the most daring bullfighters in Spain to-day, is on his way to Mexico, where he has an appointment to keep with a bull.



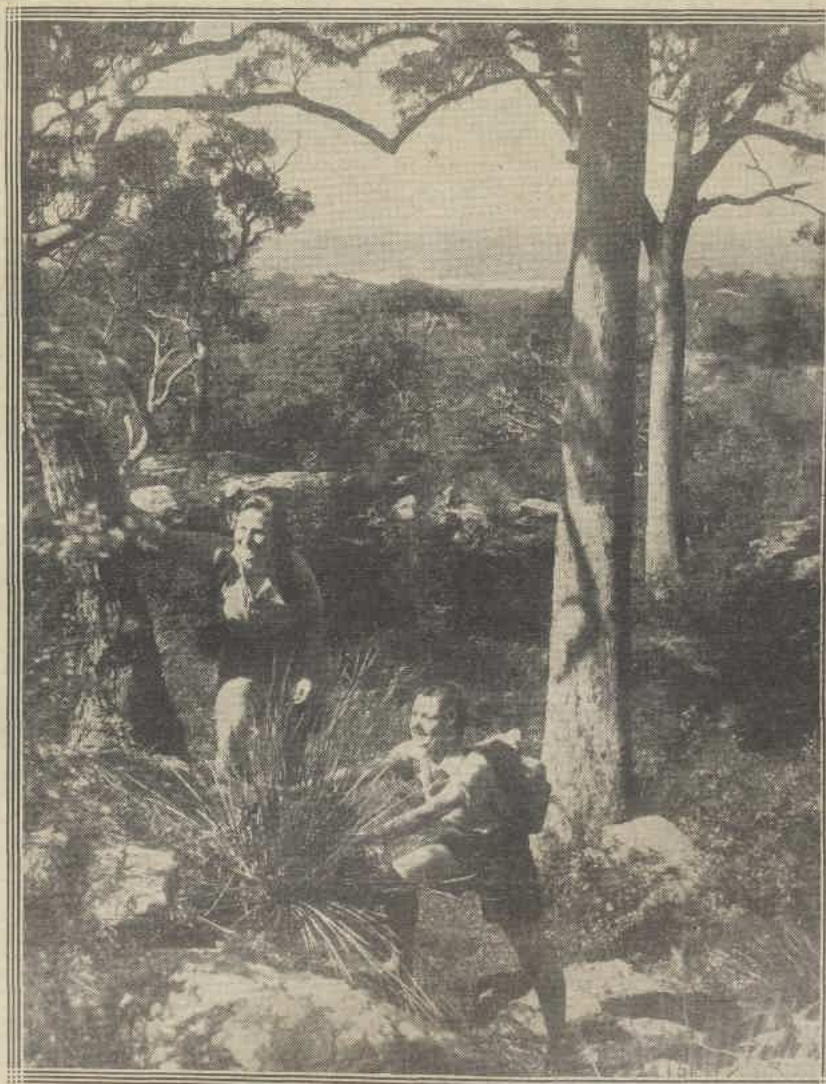
THE KING'S GARDEN. His Majesty the King is a keen gardener. He is never happier than when walking in one of his gardens, advising the workmen. Here is his private and best-loved spot at Windsor Castle. The garden is hundreds of years old. It is the King's very special place when he wants to forget he is a King—and be a gardener.



SHE HOPES to swim the Channel, this husky English lass. Miss Florence Prockter, 17, of Ramsgate, England, who is training for her attempt to break the record. Digging is one of her main exercises.



THIS LITTLE German girl was given this enormous biscuit last Easter, by a friendly baker, who promised her a bigger one this Easter, if she had not eaten it all by the time the feast came round again. It is, or was, the biggest biscuit in the world.



LEFT: Captain Cook's cottage being packed in special numbered boxes for transportation to Melbourne for the Centenary.

JOIE DE VIVRE, or the eager hikers. Now that warm, balmy autumn days are here, haversacks are being resurrected from cupboards, and shorts and woolly stockings and strong, comfortable shoes, are being put into commission again for the week-end hikes. These two girls are setting out eagerly to climb the top of a seaside mountain. The Australian countryside offers pleasures to bush walkers which are unsurpassed in any other country. You can get away, so absolutely, from everything civilized.



The Bent PIN



MERRITON'S MILL is on the lower part of the river; three miles away is the village of Copley, and the tall spire of its ancient church can be seen from all the country side. The mill itself has fallen into decay, cobwebs hang across its doors, and from the oaken rafters of its rooms; bats have nested in the shadowed corners, and outside the trees and scrub have grown to the very door. But the fishing is good in this part of the river, and now and then an angler or a poet will disturb the solitude.

An old man came here one day, and a young boy. The boy had walked out from Copley, his lunch in a brown paper bag stuffed in his hip pocket, a penny-dreadful in his shirt pocket, and a long, thin fishing rod in his hand. He was a nice boy, with a shock of untidy hair and a grubby, cheerful face, and he whistled as he walked. The old man came from the other direction, where there is no town, only miles upon mile of road that winds and stretches through black woods and open fields. He wore a worn army haversack slung across his shoulders, his shoes were heavily soled and dusty, altogether he was dusty, but he did not belong to the road. He fitted better in gentler surroundings, gossip over fine, white china tea-cups, comforting the weary soul.

A library, most of all a library with the greater Victorians upon his shelves. An interesting, thin, old man whose name was Silas.

He stopped beside the river bank, dropped his burden, and unlaced his shoes. When he had taken them off he dangled his feet in the cool water. He had not come to fish, so perhaps he was a poet. He looked round at the mottled sunlight and shadow of the morning, at the quiet ruin of the mill and his eyes became a little heavy with reminiscence. Then the boy burst suddenly through the thicket, his very presence shattering the silence. He looked at the old man and Silas looked at him. A girl of two generations lay between them, but in a second's flash of intuition each saw himself in the other, the one looking back along the years, the other into the dim dread of age.

"Well, my boy," said Silas, "have you come to fish in the old mill stream?"

"Yes," answered the lad... his name, by the way, was Jonathan... "It's a holiday, you know."

"And you like to come alone to fish?"

"Well, it's good sport, and no one else was coming. Where is your line?"

"I am not fishing, sonny, but go ahead."

He took an old briar pipe from his pocket, lighted it, his thin, gnarled hands sheltering the flame, and watched the boy throw his line far out into the stream.

"This is a good line," said Jonathan, "my father gave it to me for my birthday. I'm to take home a fish for dinner."

A deep puff at the old pipe and: "When I was a lad," Silas said, "I used to fish with a bent pin at the end of a piece of string."

"Did you catch much with a bent pin?" Jonathan asked. "I've tried, you know, but I never could."

"Ah, it's surprising what a bent pin will catch if you know the way to throw a line. And in life, too, I can tell you a story to prove it."

"Can you?" said the lad. "I would like to hear it. Is it true?"

"Yes, it's true, Sonny, and about this very mill, too... or part of it is."

"Go on," said Jonathan, taking his lunch from his pocket and putting it under a dock leaf to keep it cool. "Go on."

Silas took his feet out of the water and dried them on his handkerchief, then he lay back on the long grass, his hands clasped under his head, his eyes looking up into the tangle of branches and blue sky overhead.

"It was years ago," he said, "long before you were born, and when I was only a lad myself. This mill used to grind the grain for the farmers for many a mile around, its wheel going without pause day and night. The miller grew wealthy; a fine big man he was, and his wife a fine big woman.

A Ten Minute Story... By P. DUNCAN-BROWN

with the strength of two men, who used to labor beside him, run a house, and bring up the children. There were five children, and only one was a girl. The boys are scattered at all ends of the earth now, but the story is about the girl, Susan—Susan Merriton.

"She was a pretty witch of a thing, small and elflike, and as happy and innocent as the day was long. But she was ambitious, too, and her heart was set upon the city. When she went into the village with her mother or her brothers to shop, she would sometimes see the quality folk go riding by in their carriages on the London road, and

smoke, of unaffected charm to its unending fashion parade.

"Madame Corzon, who was really Greta Smith, knew a profitable investment when she saw it, and she no doubt saw one in Susan. It was always Susan who attended to the unattractive daughters of wealthy and designing mothers; when the latter saw a pert little hat sitting becomingly on her head, they pictured their own daughters wearing it with the added benefit of true blood, a subtle and indefinite benefit in which red blood, the common or garden variety of blood, seems to be so deficient. They invariably bought the hat.

"Madame Corzon's other assistants were very sophisticated young women with more knowledge of the world than was, perhaps, quite necessary. Sometimes their conversation revolted little Miss Innocence from the country; sometimes it intrigued her, and sometimes she never understood it at all. But she never showed her real feelings... she was just a little too clever for that, and they liked her well enough to leave her alone, which is perhaps the best thing that can happen to any one of us. She lived in a lodging house near the shop, and spent

DORIS: How did Mabel's boy friend get such a flat nose?

DAISY: His parents are to blame. They named him Cuthbert Algernon!



she would clasp her hands and open wide her eyes.

"The young curate fell in love with her, and asked for her hand. They used to do it that way then, no making up your own mind in those days. The miller was as pleased as could be, for a clergyman was just the kind of a man he needed in the family, prestige, you understand, because what was the good of money if you had nothing but flour at the back of it? So he said 'Yes' gladly enough. But young Susan had other ideas in her pretty head, and a few weeks before the wedding she vanished. No one knew where she had gone, and they even had the mill stream dragged in case she had been drowned.

JUST when they were beside themselves with worry what should arrive but a letter from London. From Susan, of course. I can see what she wrote to this very day, trying to be so prim she was because she had been brought up that way, but not able to keep her own native laughter and mischief out of the letter... oh, not in her words, but underlying her lines, you felt it. She wrote:—

"Dear Mother and Father,—I am so sorry to have left like I did, but I could not marry anyone unless I loved them. I found where Father keeps his money under the flooring boards in the kitchen, and I took twenty pounds. I am in London now, and like it very much. I do not think I shall come home again, because you will whip me if I do, and for that reason I shall not give you my address. I am working in a hat shop in the meantime, selling hats to fashionable ladies.—Your daughter, SUSAN."

"That is the letter, word for word. When the miller read it he ran into the kitchen with his family behind him, and lifted up one of the boards. Sure enough, twenty of his pounds had been taken.

"As though it weren't bad enough to lose my daughter," he said, "but I must lose my money as well."

"He wrote to his brother, who kept a book shop in London, and asked him to keep his eye peeled for young Susan, but, of course, he never saw her. However, that's beside the point. Susan, as she had said, had managed to be taken on in a fashionable West End milliner's establishment. It was marvelous luck, of course, but more probably her guilelessness, the country roses in her cheeks, and the country sunlight in her hair—she brought a breath of pastoral beauty into London's

her evenings reading the books she was able to borrow, and generally improving her mind.

"IT was about this time that young Clive Warrington started coming to the shop.

"He would come in languidly, an immaculate, handsome young fellow with the Varsity stamp just wearing off and the world's stamp wearing on. Mildred Parnell was his companion on these visits, and she was the toast of beauty of the day. They were not engaged, but the Press and popular gossip believed it was only a matter of time, and a short time at that, until they were. Both their families were anxious for it, and the young people seemed very keen, too, especially the girl. You couldn't be sure about Clive, he was a blasé fellow who kept his feelings well out of sight, but if a man goes with a woman to choose her hats you know which way to lay your money in a bet.

"Of course Susan fell in love with him from the start. It was inevitable. She was too romantic, too unworried, not to... besides which, she had been reading novels. She was sent to attend to Miss Parnell, and she did her best. She tried on hats, she displayed hats, she checked and twisted hats; hats with great brims and hats with none, with feathers and flowers and frills and veils, French toques and English tweeds. And how she loved them all, how she loved life itself, every second of it, and her eyes sparkled, her voice laughed, because she loved it so.

"Miss Parnell was satisfied, and she came often. She always brought Clive Warrington with her, doubtless because it flattered her vanity to know that the most-sought-after man in London, certainly the richest, the dream of every eligible girl and each designing parent, should trudge round with her so dutifully, and it wasn't until he wanted to go himself, kept on suggesting that she needed another hat, that she realised she had made a mistake. When she refused to go back, he went alone.

"Choose me a hat for Miss Parnell," he said to Susan. "She is unable to come herself to-day."

"I'll do the best I can," she answered, "but she might not like what I do choose." She showed him all the ones she thought the other woman might like... no, she never brought out the most unbecoming. Susan wasn't like that, and while she displayed them he talked to her.

Please turn to Page 32



MISS JOAN HARTIGAN, schoolgirl tennis champion in 1928, Australian champion in 1933, who is going to England by the "Orford," to play in the big English championships. This brilliant young player will write exclusive articles of her tour for The Australian Women's Weekly.

JOAN HARTIGAN To Write for Us!

Joan Hartigan has won so many titles in Australian tennis that it would be difficult to give a complete list of her laurels, but to-day she holds almost every major title in Australia.

As holder of the Australian women's singles title, she has sailed for England and Wimbledon, the Mecca of every tennis player's dreams, and has every chance of being counted a world champion in the class of Dorothy Round, Peggy Seriven, and Helen Wills-Moody.

During her trip and on her return, this brilliant and very charming girl will write exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly.

READERS will receive her impressions of the many famous people she will meet overseas, personal accounts of her trip, and the various events in which she will compete, culminating with Wimbledon, and, of course, as a spectator, the Davis Cup.

"I am proud to be associated with The Australian Women's Weekly, which has pioneered such a wonderful new field," she declared with enthusiasm. In the mixed doubles she will be paired with Viv McGrath, who has just won the South Australian championship as a final coup before he, too, embarks for Wimbledon. In the ladies' doubles she will be fortunate in having the Queensland champion, Mrs. Molesworth, as a partner.

"I know I will be very nervous at first among so many strangers, and playing under such different conditions, but it will certainly give me added confidence to have those two stalwart Australians with me," she said.

WHEN the Australian Lawn Tennis Association, in conjunction with the N.S.W. Association, booked Joan Hartigan's passage by the "Orford," which sailed for England on Wednesday, March 14, they were making tennis history.

Various Australian women have played at Wimbledon, foremost among them being, of course, the late Daphne Akhurst (Mrs. Roy Cozens). She was graded third in the world grading list as the result of her performance.

Her last tour took place in 1928, and marked the last occasion on which an Australian woman was sent to England by the Australian Lawn Tennis Association.

More than the usual interest will, therefore, attach to Miss Hartigan's performance.

The decision to send her abroad was not made without extended discussion of the wisdom of the course, and the young player, who has just celebrated her majority, feels that a big responsibility rests on her shoulders.

"Personally, I don't know what to think of my chances!" she said. "Much has been said of what the Englishmen, who recently visited Australia, thought of my play. All I can say, they didn't voice any opinion to me. I hope I can conclude that silence is golden!"

MISS HARTIGAN's favorite and most effective shot is a powerful forehand drive. As would be expected, she

prefers a fast court, though she did not appreciate the "en tout cas" courts in Tasmania. This preparation she will also be playing on in France, and expresses herself as being definitely confident and uncertain.

On the other hand, the English courts are reputedly softer than the turf in Australia, and give a slower game as a result. This will suit Mrs. Molesworth, whose game is essentially one of tactics, and together they should make a combination that will give strenuous opposition to all-comers on the other side.

"My only experience with an overseas player was on the occasion of the American team's visit the year before last!" Miss Hartigan explained.

"Mrs. van Ryn and I played to-

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Monday "Clever Ideas"
Tuesday "Homemaking"
Wednesday "Decorating"
Thursday "Shopping Talk"
Friday "Special Recipes"

gether in the women's doubles, and reached the finals. Mrs. van Ryn was not included in the grading list, however. I am looking forward to seeing this charming little American again. Her last letter to me says she is hoping to be in England when I arrive!"

IF Miss Hartigan's progress in the past is any criterion of her future she will return champion of champions. In 1928 she won the schoolgirls' championship of N.S.W.; in 1930 she was seeded ninth in the Australian grading list; in 1931, second; and in 1932-3, first.

So that in the short space of five years the schoolgirl champion has become Australian champion. Since 1928, when the late Daphne Akhurst was seeded third in the world grading list, there has not been an Australian woman mentioned on this scroll of fame. But a glance at the meteoric rise of Joan Hartigan's name on the Australian list augurs that the omission will shortly be repaired.

She sails away with such hearty wishes from Australia that we wish her horses, in accord with the adage, Joan Hartigan would certainly gallop to the front rank.

The NEW Dance SENSATION



FOX-TROT STEP

THE "Carioca," which is danced by Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in the forthcoming R.K.O.-Radio film, "Flying Down to Rio," is of South American origin, taking its name from a term meaning the heart of Rio de Janeiro.

The music is by Vincent Youmans, famous composer of "Hallelujah," "Tea For Two," and a score of other hits. The lyrics explain the movements and technique of the dance in the same way as did the lyrics of the "Charleston," "The Black Bottom," and other novelty dances.

The Steps

It is bad form to leave your lady's brow when you dance the "Carioca." It is danced throughout with the foreheads touching, so watch those brows.

The routine is as follows:—First you do a fox-trot step... then you whirl gracefully into the heel-and-toe slide, tap first the heel and then the toe, tapping leg swinging rhythmically to the



HEEL-AND-TOE SLIDE

right and left; bring the rear foot forward a few inches at each tap.

Then you roll into it... swing from the partial side-to-side position into the full side, take three fox-trots forward and three backward, the gentleman leaning forward as the lady backs, and the lady leaning forward as the gentleman backs.

Next comes the cross-step and toe-beat—regular old cross-step with an after beat by the alternate toe after each cross.



THE ROLL (Fox-Trot Step)

Then you do the circular rock—arms extended—fox-trot in circles, dipping right and left.

Conclude with the "beat." Take a fox-trot step, strike toe to heel then another trot, and another beat, and so on.

Then do it all over again.

It is a real tete-a-tete dance and should prove very popular among dancers who like the close proximity of their partners.

That brow-to-brow touch is something entirely new.

ONCE again The Australian Women's Weekly is first with the news of the latest dance craze.

The feature of the coming dancing season will be the introduction of the "Carioca," pronounced "Kar-e-o-ka," which is danced with the brows touching. The music will be played for the first time in Australia by Lyn Christie and the A.B.C. dance orchestra from station 2BL on Saturday night, March 24.



CROSS-STEP and TOE BEAT



CIRCULAR ROCK (Fox-Trot Step)

Study the position of the feet from the strip of drawing at the top of the page, then copy the movements shown in the pictures and you will have it right.



HEEL-AND-TOE CLICK

Leisure-time INTERESTS In MODERN Education

THE general tendency of present-day education, according to education authorities, is to

give more emphasis to subjects which will provide leisure-time interests in after-school years.

"The best use of leisure is a question which arises naturally from our changing social conditions," is the interesting commentary of the joint principals of an important girls' school. "We hear a little less than we did about vocational training, probably because its need has become recognised, and we hear a great deal more of avocational training, or training for the hours spent away from the vocation."

"It is significant that world conferences have been held on 'education and recreation.' The two subjects are certainly becoming one in the minds of our foremost educationalists."

"In colleges whose pupils are likely to have considerable leisure when school days are over there has been for many years recognition of the responsibility to awaken and encourage interest in general and cultural subjects and the arts; there is now a tendency, slow, perhaps, but sure, to develop leisuretime skills, which is having a real influence upon the curriculum."

Music and Art

"Music, art, and handicrafts are more and more provided for all pupils. Domestic subjects are less readily finding a place, although there is some small movement in this direction. Commercial subjects are not generally regarded as within the province of the girls' college."

It has been their observation that most girls expect to train for an occupation outside the home after leaving school, but that they looked upon home-making as the natural and desirable career of a woman if she married and had a family. They were very definite in this opinion.

Some girls had developed a sense of responsibility earlier than they would have if circumstances had been easier.

ONE thousand and ten francs was paid at the auction rooms at the Hotel Drouot recently for a wig of Sarah Bernhardt's hair. Years ago the famous actress had sent this golden hair to one of her best friends, Mme. Emilie Leroy, of the Comedie Francaise.

It was an actress who paid such a large sum for the souvenir.

CURLYPET MAKES BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

But Curlypet on baby's head instead of washing each day to make baby's hair grow from straight to naturally curly. Curlypet is antiseptic too and helps to prevent dandruff and "cradle cap." There's 30 days' treatment in each tube. 1/6 at all chemists and stores, or send stamp or postal note to Curlypet Laboratory, Box 2817, T. G.P.O., Sydney, to bring Curlypet to you by return mail.

MAKE YOUR BUST BEAUTIFUL

Thousands of society women who have formed their scrumptious, undeveloped and flabby breasts and throat into the firm, round, smooth, virginal loveliness of youth, as Miss A.L. (age 23), of Killara, Sydney, has done.

"I am very pleased with Mamogen," she says. "I have tried everything to try and develop my breasts a little but nothing did any good until I began to use Mamogen. Mamogen is prescribed by doctors to rejuvenate and develop the breasts, and is prescribed from the prescription of 21 1/2 inches, and now, after four or five months' use, my bust is nearly an inch larger. I am absolutely delighted with Mamogen. It's marvellous. I am going on with it until my bust is 31, as it ought to be, because I am 31, isn't it?"

If your breasts are undeveloped, scraggy, shapeliness, and a little of Mamogen, send for this marvellous cream into your breasts each night with your finger. Mamogen is prescribed by doctors to rejuvenate and develop the breasts, and is prescribed from the prescription of 21 1/2 inches, and now, after four or five months' use, my bust is nearly an inch larger. I am absolutely delighted with Mamogen. It's marvellous. I am going on with it until my bust is 31, as it ought to be, because I am 31, isn't it?"

You can get large tanks of Mamogen for 10/- per tin from W. JAMES ROGERS LTD., DEPT. 3, 355 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY; C. LLOYD & CO., DEPT. 3, 343 L. Collins St., Melbourne; D. MACLEAN & CO., DEPT. 3, Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane; and Mamogen will reach you by return mail, plainly wrapped, with full directions for use.

MARVELS OF SCIENCE

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Thousands of men and women in business today depend for their positions on their ability to keep a smart and youthful appearance. Grey-haired employees generally have to make way for the younger and more vigorous.

After years of research, a new and marvellous Raydene process has been perfected which restores the natural colour to any white or grey hair, and it contains no mercury, arsenic, or any other harmful substance.

Raydene is an absolutely harmless antiseptic, and cleans up dandruff almost overnight. It can be used on permanently waved hair, and even on hair that has been dyed. If you are far from a chemist, a postal note or stamp for 2/6 sent with your name and address to Raydene, Dept. 1, Box 2877, G.P.O., Sydney, will bring Raydene to you with full directions for return mail.

LOSES 98lb. UGLY FAT

With Youth-o-Form, Without Diet or Exercise

To prove how safe, effective, and permanent YOUTH-O-FORM Tonic Reducing Capsules are for reducing ugly surplus fat, read this lady's report:

"I was 19st. 3lb. before I began to take Youth-o-Form, and though I am past 50 I have reduced to 12st. 3lb. with Youth-o-Form."

"My doctors found my blood pressure was very high, and my head ached constantly, so they suggested that I reduce with Youth-o-Form. The result has pleased and astonished myself and my doctors, for I am 5ft. 9in. tall, and 12st. is about my normal weight."

Compare Your Weight with this Medical Weight Chart—

Hgt. (ft.in.)	15-19	20-24	25-29	30-34	35-40
4 ft. 11 in.	11 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2
5 ft. 0 in.	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2	16 1/2
5 ft. 1 in.	13 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2	16 1/2	17 1/2
5 ft. 2 in.	14 1/2	15 1/2	16 1/2	17 1/2	18 1/2
5 ft. 3 in.	15 1/2	16 1/2	17 1/2	18 1/2	19 1/2
5 ft. 4 in.	16 1/2	17 1/2	18 1/2	19 1/2	20 1/2
5 ft. 5 in.	17 1/2	18 1/2	19 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2
5 ft. 6 in.	18 1/2	19 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2	22 1/2
5 ft. 7 in.	19 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2
5 ft. 8 in.	20 1/2	21 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2
5 ft. 9 in.	21 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2
5 ft. 10 in.	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2	26 1/2

Add 3lb. for every five years over forty.

This is only one of the many hundreds of wonderful reports received from grateful men and women who have lost their ugly, ageing fat with YOUTH-O-FORM Tonic Reducing Capsules.

It is no wonder that doctors regard YOUTH-O-FORM as the greatest effective medicine for reducing in the world today, for not only does it reduce surplus fat, but its medicinal effect remedies HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE, RHEUMATISM, HEADACHES, CONSTIPATION, and INDIGESTION in a few short weeks.

Permanent, safe and easy to take. YOUTH-O-FORM reduces ugly fat from waist, hips, bust, chin without dieting or tedious exercise.

If you are a little or much too fat, go to your chemist and get a full six weeks' treatment of YOUTH-O-FORM for 3/-, or a handy saving for 3/6, and watch your youthful figure reappear and your tired feeling vanish. If you prefer a postal note with your name and address to RAYDEN LTD., Dept. 3, 355 George St., Sydney; D. Maclean & Co., Dept. 3, Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane; C. F. Lloyd & Co., Dept. 3, 343 L. Collins St., Melbourne; or Raydene, Australia, Dept. 3, Theatre Royal Bldg., Hindley St., Adelaide, will bring your YOUTH-O-FORM by return mail.

*To the woman who is Not
Satisfied with her figure,
her health, or her looks!*

WHY SUFFER?

**WE GUARANTEE —
TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT**

RIGHT TREATMENT

for
Nervous Diseases
High Blood Pressure
Neuritis, Arthritis,
Rheumatism, face
Lifting, Reducing

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

**AND
BENEFICIAL TO HEALTH**

If you value your Health & Beauty

**WE GUARANTEE YOU WILL
Feel Better, Be Better.
LOOK BETTER!**
at a cost cost you a penny

Fill in and Mail Today

CANTRELL AND CO
72 PITT ST. SYDNEY N.S.W.
Please send me trial
15/- Full Course 20/-
of Treatment
For

DON'T DELAY!

Hundreds of women have
reduced this new way.

FILL IN AND MAIL TO-DAY

IT is understood that if I do not reduce under your
treatment you will REFUND MY MONEY IN FULL.

My Surplus fat is confined to:—

HIPS ARMS ANKLES NECK BREASTS OR IS
WAIST THIGHS LEGS ABDOMEN GENERAL

Name Address



*Figure by
Cantrells*

World-famous PERSONALITIES for 2UW FANS

A unique radio feature, and one which is exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly and 2UW, will commence next Friday afternoon in the 2 to 3 session.



BERNARD SHAW
(with hat), John
Masefield (Poet
Laureate), and
Margaret Bondfield
(British M.P.), who
will be heard from
2UW.

By a turn of the dial on your radio set you will be able to tune-in world-famous personalities and hear them talk to you in your own home.

Who has not heard of John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, but who can say they have heard him recite one of his own poems? 2UW listeners will be able to say this if they tune in on Friday afternoon.

By special arrangement with Fox Films, 2UW has obtained exclusive right to a vast library of living voices. Fresh ones are being added every week.

On Wednesday, March 21, you will be able to hear Bernard Shaw in the 2 to 3 p.m. session, and at 4 p.m. you will hear Margaret Bondfield, the famous English woman M.P. Further details will be found in the daily programmes supplied on this page.

It is intended each week to introduce other world-famous personalities to 2UW listeners.

Our HOLIDAY TRIP To KOSCIUSKO An Extra Special Tour

Telephones have been buzzing all the week with inquiries about The Australian Women's Weekly-2UW Easter tour to Kosciusko. There is every indication that the limited accommodation will be booked out in record time, for this tour is going to be something very special.

Kosciusko is a big place. There is a lot to see and a lot to do. On your own, you could not get the best out of it in four days, but with an efficient guide it is a different matter.

AND so The Australian Women's Weekly and 2UW have combined to offer, through the Government Tourist Bureau, a conducted tour of this famous pleasure resort on the roof of Australia.

Kay Russell, who can be heard from 2UW every morning at 10 o'clock has been appointed official conductor for the tour.

The party is due to leave Sydney on Thursday, March 29 and it will return to the city early on Tuesday morning. Readers who are interested should communicate with The Australian Women's Weekly, Station 2UW, or the Government Tourist Bureau at once.

CONSIDER what you are getting for the small sum of £6/6/1 Three and a quarter days' accommodation at Hotel Kosciusko, and a special rail carriage for the trip and back. Meals are provided on the journey. You will not need a penny. All those little extras which usually make such holidays expensive are absolutely free, even morning and afternoon tea at the hotel.

Station 2UW is going to look after the amusement side for the party. Executives are already busy making plans which are expected to surprise everyone. Immediately on arrival at the hotel Miss Russell will convene a meeting and elect sporting committees to look after various activities to ensure that everyone will

have a thoroughly good time. All sporting accessories will be absolutely free. You will be able to play golf, tennis, croquet, or go riding without the usual hire charges.

On Saturday or Sunday motor cars will convey the party on a magnificent trip to the Chalet, Charlotte Pass, and the summit of Mt. Kosciusko. This trip alone usually costs £1 per head return. Picnic lunches will be provided, and served by attendants from the hotel.

Our 2UW Sessions

FRIDAY, MARCH 16

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly recipe competition. £1 prize each week. Listen to Myra Dempsey.

At 10 a.m.—Kay Russell on our Special Easter Trip to Kosciusko.

At 11 a.m.—Mrs. Littlejohn will describe various scenes in Brussels. The recent death of King Albert of Belgium, and the still more recent utterances of the Prime Minister on Belgium's new attitude to Germany, have focussed much attention on the cockpit of Europe.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier, News, Interesting People, a talk by Fey Kirby, principal ballerina from "The Du Barry" (she was with Pavlova before this great star died), "So They Say" topics, "Peeps at the World" with special sound recording by arrangement with the State Theatre, and "Don't Forget."

At 4 p.m.—Mrs. Littlejohn will give a talk on "Early English Housewives." She will tell how our ancestors managed years ago.

MONDAY, MARCH 19

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly "Clever Ideas" Session. Myra Dempsey.

At 10 a.m.—Kay Russell, who will conduct The Australian Women's Weekly-2UW tour to Kosciusko, gives a short talk.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier, News, Interesting People, a talk by Fey Kirby, principal ballerina from "The Du Barry" (she was with Pavlova before this great star died), "So They Say" topics, "Peeps at the World" with special sound recording by arrangement with the State Theatre, and "Don't Forget."

At 4 p.m.—Mrs. Littlejohn will give a talk on "Early English Housewives." She will tell how our ancestors managed years ago.

TUESDAY, MARCH 20

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly homcraft and needlework notions. Myra Dempsey.

At 10 a.m.—Kay Russell, The Kosciusko Easter tour.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier, News, "Give It An Answer" Competition, prize, two best seats at the State Theatre. Musical Doings. By special request further memoirs of Nellie Melba. Talk by Mrs. A. J. Greenwood, of the United Associations, "Self-development." To finish the session, "Don't Forget."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly home decorating.

At 10 a.m.—Kay Russell. An Australian travel talk, the Easter tour to Kosciusko.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier, News, "So They Say" topics, Interesting People. A special talk about Bernard Shaw, during which Shaw will speak himself. "Don't Forget."

At 4 p.m.—Mrs. Littlejohn. The life story of Margaret Bondfield, famous English woman M.P. Miss Bondfield will be heard speaking herself.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly home section prize-winners. Myra Dempsey.

At 10 a.m.—Kay Russell's Australian travel talk "The Joys of Kosciusko."

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier, Highlights from The Australian Women's Weekly. Fashion Hints from Paris and Vienna. "Careers For Women." "Pharmacy As a Career," a talk by a woman chemist, Mrs. Clarke, of Lakemba.

HOST Helbrook says: A nice dairy delicacy—but buttered toast, then spread a little of Helbrook's Anchovy Paste...*

The easiest washes..the brightest washes you've ever had...or DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY-BACK guaranteed!



**ACTIVE
OXYGEN-SUDS WASH FOR YOU**

You'll wonder how, without any need of rubbing or scrubbing, Persil makes your clothes brighter, fresher than ever. Oxygen-Persil goes into the water it releases millions of busy, penetrating little oxygen bubbles. To and fro they go, streaming through every stitch and thread, loosening and carrying away every trace of dirt. "Worked-in" dirt, that violent rubbing would only force in still further, is loosened right out by the oxygen-charged Persil suds.

**YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF
TO TRY PERSIL**

Why toil and slave when the scientific Persil way will do the work for you so much more easily, thoroughly, and safely? To convince you we make this amazing "Double-your-money-back" guarantee! Need any more be said?

A MESSAGE FOR YOU!

A message for every woman who has ever stood at a washtub:

"I feel it my duty to write these few lines to you in praise of Persil. A few months ago I had a bad illness leaving my back terribly weak as I am a sufferer with my kidneys. Well I made up my mind to try Persil and believe me I was surprised how beautiful my washing looked. My husband who is a painter by trade, has never had his overalls so white, and without rubbing. I am sure it is a very great boon and I do nothing but praise it to all I know. Thanking you,

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) (Mrs.) L. R. ROSE,
17 Fawcett Street,
St. Kilda.

£100 guarantee that this letter is genuine and entirely unsolicited.

**Extra BRIGHTNESS
Extra SAFETY**

There's no clearer proof of the thoroughness of the Persil wash than the new-found brightness Persil brings. You'll say your whites have never been so white, your colours never so bright before! And by the same token, you couldn't find a safer wash for everything—from stockings to blankets. Even in hardly-warm water Persil's active cleansing is complete—so that there's nothing to harm a single thread. Experts have tried to injure fabrics with Persil—but always Persil has proved itself absolutely safe.



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**PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.,
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Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

So they say

Our Radio Poll
has now been concluded.
An analysis of the figures
appears on another page.

CITY OR COUNTRY BRIDE?

SHOULD a country man choose his life partner from the city when there are so many girls to choose from who have been brought up in the bush and know all the joys and privations of that life?

I think that often it is a blessing in disguise for a town girl to reside in the bush, as it is all new to her, and she often settles down better, or as well, as her bush sister. I would be glad to have the opinions of other readers on this subject.

Miss J. Deshon, "Baynam," Mitchell, Qld.
£1 for this letter.

MELBA MEMORIAL

HAS Melba's memorial been forgotten? This question was asked in an article in your paper (3/3/34). If so, what a disgrace to us Australians. Melba has done more for Australia's music than can ever be appreciated. She dispelled the idea that only foreigners could sing successfully, and made the world sit up and listen. It has been said that we Australians are too casual. Well, then, let's wake up in this matter. As it was Melba's wish that a memorial should be erected, surely we can accede to her own special request. Cricket followers remembered Archie Jackson, so let music lovers remember Melba.

Gwen O'Donnell, Lytton Rd., East Brisbane.

GIRL GUIDES

I WOULD like to say how much I admire the Girl Guide movement. I think the plain, sensible uniform has a levelling influence, bringing all classes of girls on one social scale, to the mutual benefit of all. Also the camps are great fun, as well as being instructive, clean, and methodically managed. As for Girl Guides being vulgar, cheeky, and wild, well, we have rowdy, laughing girls in all of our high schools and colleges, don't we?

Mrs. L. M. Olsen, Queen's Rd., Hamilton, Brisbane.

BIKE NOT HIKE

WITH regard to "Sunday Hiking" (in The Australian Women's Weekly 2/3/34) I notice that most of the replies came from persons living in cities. What about having the opinion of a country-ite. Personally, I don't like hiking on any day; in fact, it is never indulged in by any of the young people of this locality. We much prefer to ride bikes or horses.

Although I quite understand how city people would appreciate hiking, give me a good long ride on horseback for my outing.
Miss M. Pearce, "Brinkworth," via Forbes, N.S.W.

HOME TO BLAME

IT is hardly fair, Mrs. Burrell (The Australian Women's Weekly, 3/3/34) to depreciate the education offered by the three-year commercial course at a public school just because a child of thirteen—who, though she obviously needs education, can hardly have taken that course yet—uses imperfect English. The most perfect instruction is wasted unless a child is capable of benefiting by it. Faulty speech, however, is acquired in a poor home environment, and must not be charged against the school. That thirteen-year-old could probably write correct English, but home standards govern her spoken words. And nothing is harder to break than bad speech habits. I struggled with them as a teacher, and yet, though I hold honors in English, and am at pains to cultivate a flawless English style, in unguarded moments my tongue betrays my early shortcomings.

Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.

AIN'T THERE?

MY little maid, aged about 17 years, was playing at hiding a ball from my little two-year-old girl. Every time the child hunted for the ball the girl would exclaim, "It ain't there, it ain't there!" Not wishing the kiddo to acquire the girl's vernacular, I said rather tersely, "Mabel, don't you remember being told at school that there was no such word as 'ain't'?" "Of course," she replied, "I only said it for a joke, I know there ain't."

Mrs. B. E. Jenkins, "Harling," 167 McKinnon Pde., Nth. Adelaide.

Disgusted with "Disgusted"

Book Page Letters

AFTER reading "Disgusted's" letter, and your comments in The Australian Women's Weekly, of February 17, I again looked up the previous number in which the criticism of the book appeared. My former opinion was confirmed, viz. that a more fair or unbiased criticism it would be difficult to wish for. How it has been possible for anyone to take offence at it is beyond my comprehension, and I am sure, that of all broadminded readers. It is such narrow intolerance as that expressed by "Disgusted," and similar critics that makes for so much unhappiness and strife in the world.

Mrs. V. Cantwell, Wattle Flat, Vic.

Unbiased

I QUITE agree with the answer given to "Disgusted" (The Australian Women's Weekly, February 17), who would have the books reviewed on our "New Books" page first censured by a very narrow-minded dweller in Lemon Avenue. Are we babes and sucklings that even the name of a book which some prudish may choose to deem unfit for human consumption must be carefully hidden away?

We should be only too pleased to have such good, unbiased reviews given us. It is no part of a book-reviewer's duty to impose his personal likes and dislikes on us.

Mrs. J. A. Hayward, Cecil Av., Castle Hill, N.S.W.

A Useful Guide

RE "Disgusted's" viewpoint on the review of "Mary of Nazareth." Evidently "Disgusted," a nasty word at any time, hasn't thought what the reviews mean for her country sisters. How are we to judge what books we'd care to buy if we didn't have a guide, and if that guide is only going to pick here and there we're sure to choose wrongly.

By the title, any mother would choose "Mary of Nazareth" for her growing daughter. Thanks to your review I think she'd leave it on the shelf, until the daughter had grown—Mrs. M. Kempe, Post Office, Yetman, N.S.W.

Strong Appeal

FOR the benefit of "Disgusted Critic," and others, I would like to give my opinion of Mary Borden's latest book, "Mary of Nazareth." To me the book made a strong appeal, and Mary Borden's absolute sincerity makes one follow, indeed, "The way of the Cross," and realise to the full the bitterness and the sweetness intermingled of the griefs and sorrows of the two Marys.

Mrs. Healey, "Gulera," via Dalby, Qld.

A Miscellany of Letters

Praise for Artist

I WOULD like to congratulate The Australian Women's Weekly on their front page each week, and especially that of 24/2/34. What a wealth of imagination must be possessed by artist Boothroyd that he could so simply and appealingly portray the wonderful gift that is a mother's. His drawings always seem to have a wistful loveliness about them that is as real as it is irresistible. May we have many more.

Miss Joan Henry, 15 Janet St., Merveth, N.S.W.

Rich Friends

OUR own characters and the motives which cause us to seek the acquaintance should decide whether the society of those richer than ourselves is beneficial or the reverse.

We become dissatisfied with our own lot in life, and plunge into extravagances which we cannot afford. So before we realise it, we are robbed of our independence and lose our self-respect.

Whether rich or poor, the friends whose personal character is such as to have an ennobling influence on our lives, we can safely cultivate. If we value them alone for their qualities of mind and character we soon forget their worldly possessions; money will be something outside themselves, and will have no more effect on us than the beauty of their features or the color of their hair.

Miss Agnes Robinson, Clontarf, Camberwell, E6, Vic.

Mourning Dress

AS we are gradually throwing out our old-time customs, is it not time we cut mourning dress? In these days of financial stringency, it causes many a pang when one has to discard a carefully selected wardrobe to plunge into extra expense in obtaining new all-black ensembles.

We can surely feel as much for the departed dear ones in a light or colored frock as in the sombre tones.
Eleanor Perrett, Heaton St., Wallend, N.S.W.

Ideal Man

A TOKIO (Japan) newspaper recently asked the Japanese women to vote for their ideal qualities in a man. They voted in the order given for (1) Generosity; (2) Manliness; (3) Decision of character; (4) That he should not be a "woman's man."

How would Australian women vote if given the same question to answer. It would be interesting to have readers' views.
Mrs. V. Patterson, Caloundra, Qld.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



CLARK GABLE
LEFT HOLLYWOOD THREE TIMES BECAUSE HE COULD NOT MAKE A LIVING IN PICTURES—THEN SCORED A SENSATIONAL SUCCESS.



CONRAD NAGEL
WAS AN OFFICER ON THE U.S. SEATTLE DURING THE WORLD WAR



ESTELLE TAYLOR
HAD TO LIE MOTIONLESS ON HER BACK FOR ONE MONTH FOLLOWING AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT ON CHRISTMAS EVE IN WHICH SHE BROKE A VERTEBRA.

DID YOU KNOW THAT LEW CODY WAS BORN ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY?

Why They Lose Friends

Marriage Changes

IN reference to Mrs. Hocking's (The Australian Women's Weekly, 3/3/34) "Marriage and Friends" I think most newly-married girls lose their single girl-friends because of the change in themselves.

It's a very clever or sophisticated "newly-wed" who can maintain the old-time camaraderie of the girl-friend days when the unmarried girl-friend comes a-visiting.

There's a certain self-consciousness in the newly-married one; a pride in "my husband," and "our home," and new belongings, that is impossible to conceal. She has to show the visitor the what-nots and knick-knacks of the new home, and for the life of her the unmarried friend can't quite share in the thrill.

This "strangeness" in the first month or two is the rift in the lute which widens as time goes on. But let the "single" friend marry, too, and let the one-time girl friends meet again, and they'll probably be greater friends than ever. They'll be on an equal footing again.

Miss Sadie Gray, 356 New South Head Rd., Double Bay, N.S.W.

Not True

IN reply to Mrs. Hocking's query about marriage and friends—does one lose one's friends with marriage? Acquaintances, yes, but not friends.

I have been married almost ten years; my friends (and such dear ones) were at our wedding. Through those ten years we have had great sorrows, greater joys, and our full share of sickness, and always our friends (for they are also now my husband's) have shared them with us. And now this year, as every previous year, they are coming out to help us celebrate our wedding anniversary.

Oh, no, one doesn't lose one's true friends Mrs. Hocking, and old friends don't desert you when you embark on the marriage sea.

Mrs. D. Pierpoint, 83 Barton St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

A Remedy

THIS is my suggestion in reply to Mrs. Hocking's inquiry for advice on how to retain old friends after marriage.

Give your friends (not acquaintances) a standing invitation to visit you at any time, and make them feel quite at home. Show your pleasure at their visit, and never let them feel they have come at an awkward time, and if your friends make a confidant of you, never betray their confidence. Real friends are quick to respond to your moods, and true friends are true friends for ever and aye.

Miss A. Hoare, Kennedy St., Ipswich, Qld.

No Reason

RE Mrs. E. Hocking asking advice on marriage and friends. I do not see why you should lose your friends just because you are married. Often in the case it is you who forget them and not them that forget you.

Why not invite them down to visit you occasionally, and naturally they will ask you to return the visit. Be nice to them and make yourself seem as if you are still one of them. Of course hubby comes first now, but then the girl friends you still can find a little time for.

Perhaps you lack in interesting them in writing. Don't be always telling them about your home wants and ailments. Be cheerful and tell them things as if you were single again.

I have just as many single friends now as I had when I was single.
Mrs. J. Hicks, 23 Manilla St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

Old Problem

MRS. HOCKING is facing a problem that rears its head to nearly every young married woman. When a girl marries she enters into a new sphere of life, and things which are vital to her now have no appeal for her single friends. The wife's thoughts are all for her home-making, and her husband, with the single friends mostly on the captivated of some "mere male," common ground to both before marriage. Thus the friend left behind finds it hard to talk so easily of the things so near her heart, and perhaps Mrs. Hocking is inclined to think them boring. But should the friend marry later on she will be only too glad to be the closest of friends again, for are they not on the same ground once more?

Mrs. G. Philpot, Kitchener Rd., Croydon, Vic.

HOUSE PROUD

CHILDREN dread the ultra-house-proud mother. Her sharp "Don't!" scares away so many childish impulses that they are always on the alert for trouble. Men would rather be comfortable than tidy any day, and a companionable woman who will not fuss over much about ashes on the carpet, or shaving brush in the wrong place, is more appreciated than the meticulously tidy housewife.

It is a tragedy to see how many women all unknowingly sacrifice themselves, their husbands, and happiness, in fact their whole lives, to this blind worship of inanimate things. Far better to see an easily untidy home and a happy family than a home painfully tidy and a nervous, irritable woman presiding over a restlessly sullen family. I would like to know other readers' opinions on this subject.

Mrs. A. Braddon, 42 Huntley's Pt. Rd., Huntley's Point.

ETIQUETTE



IF A LADY and gentleman enter a restaurant and are met by the waiter, the lady should precede her companion to the table—who stands by his chair until she is seated. On the other hand, where there is no attendant, the gentleman should take precedence in order to select the table and draw out her chair in readiness.

MOTHER-IN-LAWS

ALLOW me to congratulate "T.S." on the very fine poem under the above title which appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly of 3/3/34.

It's a treat, after all the disparaging remarks we hear of her, to find someone who can realise and appreciate her worth.

After rearing her own, she is always willing to give a helping hand with the grandchildren, and the washing, at a time when she should be sitting back being cared for herself.

God bless her.
Miss M. Mountjoy, 173 Lutwyche Rd., Windsor, Qld.

WOMEN AND POLITICS

THE Australian Women's Weekly editorial of 3/3/34 points out very plainly a fact which is, and has been, ignored by politicians. Ninety per cent. of the legislation on the statute books directly affects the women of Australia. Quite apart from the exercise of their franchise, women exert a tremendous political power through the influence of the home. Of recent years the downfall of more than one political party can be attributed to women's influence: the party leaders either deliberately ignored feminine interests or brought down legislation which in a more or less indirect manner distinctly affected the safety and security of the home.

G. J. Lamb, 10 "Hlan Court," Wyde St., Potts Point, N.S.W.

JAPANESE GOODS

I WAS very interested in the article "Japanese Trade And The Woman Shopper." Several shops in Brisbane are at present flooded with Japanese goods, and it is surprising to see the women buying them. You will hear Mrs. So-and-so say "My son or my daughter can't get work," yet you see them carrying home Japanese goods. They are really keeping their own family out of work. Quite recently on a Queen St. fruit stall were exhibited Fiji bananas at 6d. a dozen, and the women rushed them. Yet we grow lovely bananas in Queensland, and our Australian women prefer foreign goods—I wonder why. I am a great advocate for purchasing local-made goods, and a thorough Australian.

Best wishes to The Australian Women's Weekly.
Mrs. T. Craddock, Lang St., Dutton Park, Brisbane.



• **CHICKEN FOOT** cloth (above) is the medium from which Jane Rigney contrives this easy suit for informal occasions. The colors are wine red and white, and the rap is of the Tricot persuasion.

FASHION Makes Bold with Checks and ... Stripes

Exclusive
Fashion
Pictures
from
MURIEL SEGAL.



• **VIYELLA** (at right) flannel hangs in graceful folds in this full-length wrap. A fabric, with dashing stripes cleverly designed to slim, makes the frock and the pert little hat. It also trims the coat to achieve the inevitable ensemble effect. They are from Doreville.



• **CHEVIOT TWEED** in a soft blue-grey is another Doreville notion, and it looks very trim in this tailored guise. The skirt is roomy for vigorous outdoor wear and the jacket, charmingly brief. With it the Lantex blouse is a discerning choice.

• **FEATHER-WEIGHT** woollen material is Doreville's alternative suggestion for a brisk tramp over the hills. In gaily checked design, this long, slimly-fitting coat-frock owes its charm to unusual finishing touches. At the waist there's a leather belt of the softest calf and the front fastening has horn buttons.

VIBRANT loveliness

for **FACES** now
losing something
of their former charm

Let Kathleen Court, world-famous cosmetician, charm from your face the mask that hides the natural loveliness so rightly yours. Facial Youth, amazing skin-rejuvenant, will swiftly take from 5 to 15 years off the age you now appear to be... will restore your loveliness to a degree that has to be seen to be believed.

CORRECT EXISTING FAULTS PREVENT OTHERS ENCROACHING!

Facial Youth maintains correct oil balance of every type of skin, guarding each type against all the attacks of climate, weather, atmosphere and dirt. These attacks, often sudden, are such as to throw most skins "off balance"—the result is either excessive dryness or oiliness. Facial Youth keeps the skin smooth, fresh, exquisite, light in tone—soft and supple as a spring flower. Soon after you apply this scientific cream, freckles, small blemishes, spots, yellowness, "brown tints" and skin-shine disappear; coarse, ugly pores and "crow's feet" lines yield, while other unkind acts of Nature, Diet or Time become pleasantly obliterated.

FACIAL YOUTH

Will Swiftly Remove From Your Skin any Unhappy Signs the Years May Have Brought!

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ANALYSIS PROVES THE SUPERIORITY OF THIS CREAM...

Nothing else compares with Facial Youth—it stands alone. Analysis of competing skin creams by independent scientific chemists places Facial Youth at the pinnacle of perfection—beyond hope of improvement! Get a package of Facial Youth to-day, and use it as directed. Any chemist or store can supply you. There are two forms, for day use, in tubes at 1/3d and 2/6, and in jars at 2/6d, also a special cleansing foam for night use in jars only at 2/6. Also with each 2/6 box of Golden Youth Face Powder a little Gift Tube of Facial Youth is now presented with the compliments of Kathleen Court.

STYLE POINTS from LONDON Hats and Make-Up "Go Tudor"

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

EDWARDIAN parties are the order of the day. Hostesses go to all kinds of trouble to gain a 1907 atmosphere, and the luckiest of us are able to hail hansom cabs, which are rare enough in London these days, and so sail up in grand style, clad in the raiment of the early part of the century. Debutantes learn to dance the "Maxine" with all the coquettishness of King Edward's gay days.

BUT while we go Edwardian for party occasions, we hail much farther back for everyday life and our hats are going more and more Tudor. We wear either little bonnet affairs worn well back from the face with a halo effect or else the sou'-wester type, which has the brim turned right back in front and pushed towards the back of the head.

Anyway, the reaction has definitely set in and we have left the days of hats cocked over the eyes well behind. Brows are exposed as much as possible and forehead make-up is the last word in cosmetics.

Various beauty experts agree that a much whiter powder base should be used for the forehead, so it looks as though we will all become maidens with lily-white brow. A matt, white, make-up certainly enhances the Tudor effect and it is certain the beauties of Henry VIII's reign plastered their foreheads to obtain that clear, unwrinkled purity of brow.

Evening blouses and skirts are very

much in, even for formal occasions. Perhaps this style will be more popular for winter than summer as it is most effective when carried out in velvet. I saw one of our smartest dressers, however, in a mahogany brown satin skirt, closely moulded to the ankles, where it flared slightly; the blouse was in salmon and silver lame with the usual high front neckline and a super chic satin jacket to match the skirt completed a very elegant dining-out suit, and without the coat a smart evening gown.

Princesses in Business

THE PRINCESS DE ROHAN and the Princess de Chimay, two English-born women, married into the aristocracy of France, have been showing their latest creations at the London home of the Lady Buchanan Jardine. The elastic evening sweaters were the great sensation of the collection.

They are made of "lastex," a new stretchy material carried out in rich colorings and also in gold, silver and copper shadings. These skin tight jerseys will pull over the head without ruffling the permanent, and are in-

Lacquered Plaits

... Are Popular

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe. **THE** "Alice" hair bandeau has become so popular that it is no longer chic, so society bridesmaids originated a clever variation at a recent wedding by wearing twists of blown glass filled with colored water, which looked exactly like sticks of barley sugar. Lacquered plaits are worn very much for theatres and dining-out, but plaits only slightly lighter than the natural color of the hair are chosen for other occasions.

tended, especially, for wearing with the dinner skirts described above.

They have been particularly popular on the Riviera where a chill wind is apt to blow from the Mediterranean as one strolls back from the Casino at dawn, or for supping on deck during cruise holidays, or lounging on the verandah at house parties, when evenings grow chill. This is an entirely new addition to Madame's wardrobe and really fills a long-felt want. How many women drape themselves unconsciously in their coats and wraps between dances on deck. So now, the evening jersey has come to stay.

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,
sketched by Petrov

IDEAS for EASTER Race FROCKS

THE question of what to wear to the Easter races always presents a problem. It is generally too warm for winter costumes, and too late to have cool clothes made.

This year, with Easter being so early, it is sure to be rather warm. The most practical idea is to have a frock that can be worn, later, under a topcoat, or a suit.

Tailored suits of sheer wool or heavy silk material are always useful, as they can be worn with various jumpers and blouses. There is one sketched here in black Ottoman silk. Instead of the usual hip-length jacket, there is a cape.

THE cape and dress, or cape, skirt, and blouse ensemble, was one of the leading styles of the mid-season French shows. Dark skirts and capes of heavy ribbed silks or sheer woollens have pale satin or lame blouses; the blouse either tucks in or comes over the skirt. The elongated blouse or long-fitted tunic in a pale shade over a dark slim skirt makes a new fashion point.

When the suit has a jacket it is hip length and fitted in at the waist—Vion-

net showed jackets that buttoned under the left arm or all the way down the centre back.

Chanel has a suit of dark blue velvet with revers and cuffs of blue, red, and white striped corded silk. The blouse beneath, buttoning up the centre front to the neck, is of the same material.

DRESSES should be chosen with three thoughts in mind—the winter coat, the personality of the wearer, and the places the frock must go. You should

pick dresses that are simple, dresses that are beautiful in color and material, and that have a bit of softness where it is most needed, that is, around the neck.

Paris has many ways of making the bodice of the autumn dress becoming, and there is a neckline that should suit everyone—bibs, jabots, bows, drapery, fichus, collars, scarves, and ruffles.

SLEEVES are plain; if there is any fullness it starts below the shoulder or below the elbow. Short sleeves, when they can be worn, are smart for these frocks; they are met by long gloves. There are short split sleeves, long sleeves that open at the top, and others that hang from a dropped shoulder yoke.

It is fashionable once more to have natural rounded shoulders. The only time that the shoulder is widened is when fur is used extensively.

Skirts are slim with little fullness, and the whole dress moulds the body. Lengths reach to the instep for cocktail and cinema wear. Sports skirts are the same length as last winter.

Materials suitable for Easter race-frocks are heavy crepe, slightly crinkled or deeply ribbed, Ottoman silk, and the light sheer woolls. Colors are mostly dark—browns, blues, greens, black and grey, and dark reds. Touches of a contrasting color or of a pastel shade come in the shape of bibs, scarves, etc.

The Ensemble

THE ensemble, consisting of a dress and coat, is the very best thing to buy—then you are prepared for all weathers. A dress of crepe and a light wool coat make an ideal ensemble.

Many smart Parisiennes choose ensembles in one color, with contrasting hat, shoes, bag, and gloves. The ultra-smart woman will pick a coat in one shade and a dress in another, and then let herself in for the problem of accessories. You have to take any amount of time and thought when you mix colors, but if the result is harmony it has been worth all the trouble.

Patou puts a rich brown angora coat over a leaf-green dull crepe dress. The accessories to be worn with or without the coat are brown. Schiaparelli puts a dark red tailored crepe-de-chine under a pale grey wool coat. Accessories are dark grey.

A rich periwinkle blue is also good with grey. Vionnet combines tawny red and dark brown, and the combination of a dark green dress and grape color coat is difficult to wear but very smart.

PATOU is sponsoring light wool coats with dark satin linings and dresses. The dresses are high necked, with natural shoulders, the skirts have the apron effect and are often slit right up the back over matching underskirts. Rows of buttons are placed down the back of the bodies. He uses a grey wool coat with a blackberry satin frock and lining; a pale amethyst coat with dark amethyst beneath it; a frothy grey coat with black lining and frock.

There is one rule that helps in getting colors together in peace and harmony. When the Paris dressmakers use shiny silks and wools they stick to one major, rich, dark shade with supplementary black, grey, or brown; but where rough or downy materials are used the color contrast can be striking.

Hat Trends

THE majority of hats being shown for the coming season are worn back off the face. The little bonnet and halo hat are worn well back, are generally made of velvet or satin, and are worn in the evenings and late afternoons.

Felt, antelope skin, and velvet make the new berets, which come down over one eye, and the hats turned up in front or at three-quarters on the left. These are not so much off the face. One side comes almost to the eyebrow.

Parisian designers have not by any means declared the "off-the-face" hat to be the sole winter style. There are just as many models reaching well down over the right eye, or with small helms. Crowns are not exceptionally high, but they are never plain. They are worked with pleats, ridges, stitching, and folds. Colored feather ornaments, glass initials, metal and paste brooches—one of these adorns every model.

Fabric hats matching the dress will still be made, especially in sport pull-on styles for sports wear.

The colors of the new millinery felts and velvets are black, dark blue, grey, brown, raspberry, and blackberry.



THE LADY who is so intently studying her painting memoranda is frocked in pale grey Ottoman, fashioned to look like a suit and finished with an amusing large bow of navy corded taffeta. The racegoer who is en route to the tote window displays a frock tailored to look like a coat and buttoning up the centre back. In sheer wool and deep blue, it is worn with a dark brown fox scarf. A suit with a cape instead of a jacket is sported by another punter. Skirt and cape are of fine black woollen weave and the blouse beneath of silver lame completes a smart ensemble. Sheer pale grey Angora cloth is favored by the next pretty maid in the row. Her bib and large bag and gloves are of wine velveteen. Next this is a dainty example of the new tunic mode. The tight skirt is dark brown flat crepe and the moulded tunic is of duck-egg blue heavy crepe.

AUTUMN WELTS
Enjoy the new freedom
in these flexible
Rigney Models

27%



There is sturdy dependability in this neatly perforated 3-hole Derby in brown calf, combined with perfect fitting and flexibility that give the foot freedom of a pump. 27/6.

37%



New Autumn materials make welts a necessity. The pleasing combination of black kid and suede with the finished touch of grey lizard makes an instant appeal to good taste in this open vamp shoe in either black or brown. 37/6.



For Him! There is all the distinction of the hand-made in this extended last, with broad, square toe, wide well, attached heel, and punched and grumped whole gosech and cap. In black calf, 36/6. In rich cherry tan calf, 38/6. In genuine Zebr, 33/6. In genuine Zug, with a heavy one-piece Italian sole, 39/6.

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Any Card Player

CAN MASTER CONTRACT BRIDGE IN A VERY SHORT SPACE OF TIME BY READING

'Modern Contract Bridge'
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—THE SIMPLEST, SOUNDTEST, AND MOST UP-TO-DATE BOOK YET PUBLISHED.

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The Author has long been recognized as Australia's foremost teacher and writer, and as a player of the first rank. He is renowned because of the clear way in which he expresses all his facts, and every word of the beginner is catered for in this book. "MODERN CONTRACT BRIDGE" is obtainable from Mess J.B. J.L., G.P.O., Sydney, and from all Booksellers. Price, 1/6.

Kill MOSQUITOES . . .

Safeguard Sleep



Use "FLY-TOX" in the bedroom ten minutes before retiring. That's the way to kill off mosquitoes and insure undisturbed sleep. There are many imitations but nothing "just-as-good" as the genuine, original "FLY-TOX." Made in Australia.

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There is ONLY ONE FLY-TOX

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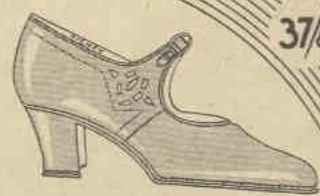
The cut-out sides in this model impart a slenderness of appearance that will delight you. Flexible welt in fine brown kid, 22/6. In black kid, 25/6.

29%



The perfect line of this last is accentuated by the plain vamp. A 4-hole tie shoe in soft kid, the only decoration a small lizard trim in Brown Kid, 31/6. Black Kid, 29/6.

37%



Different with an air of smart distinction—this welt, with a centre buckle instep strap. Made in soft brown kid, 37/6.

The best shoe shine in town, 3d.

Free shine service. We give 12 shines on every shoe sold.

Free advice on all foot troubles at the Chiropody Salon, King St. store only.

Repairs, carried out on the lasts on which the shoes were made, we guarantee to retain the shape. Like good footwear, First-class Repairs are true economy.

Complete stock of all leather, kid, suede or fabric dressings, dyes, creams and polishes.

Fabric shoes cleaned and retinted to any colour, 2/6.



MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

AN entertaining national session promises for Monday evening, March 19, when John Moore, Shirley Dale, and Marjorie Smith will collaborate in the 3LO studio.

Shirley Dale has toured extensively in Great Britain. Before leaving for Australia she sang duets with John Moore at the London Palladium, while together they have played in Australian theatres in "Music in the Air" and "Waltzes From Vienna." Mr. Moore studied at the Guildhall school of music and under Sir Landon Ronald.

Marjorie Smith ranks as one of Melbourne's most talented young pianists. She graduated at the Melbourne University Conservatorium, where she was the holder of a three years' scholarship.

This trio of artists will feature in another relay—a Nursery Rhyme entertainment—on March 22. Special attention will be paid to the compositions of the young Melbourne musician, Dudley Glass.

Sunday Afternoon Music

Station 2UW has commenced a series of concertos by world-famous composers. The next to be performed on Sunday afternoon at 3 is the Schumann Concerto in A Minor for piano and orchestra, and, on the following Sunday, March 25, Tchaikovsky's Concerto in B Flat Minor will be heard. The series is expected to last for another ten weeks.

Pouishnoff

The Pouishnoff season has begun in Melbourne, and the Russian pianist has aroused unusual enthusiasm, particularly with his playing of Liszt. He definitely is one of the most powerful technicians and most expressive interpreters to visit us for many a day. The Australian baritone, Horace

Details of the 2UW - The Australian Women's Weekly radio sessions will be found on page 16.

Stevens, also has impressed the audiences with the richness of his vocal art. Pouishnoff, I see, has been engaged for another national relay by the A.B.C. in collaboration with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra under Bernard Heinze on March 20.

French Horn Virtuoso

Apart from the privilege of hearing the Brahms Trio in E flat (Opus 40) for French horn, violin and piano we will have an opportunity in the "Foundations of Music" session nationally relayed on Sunday night to hear the French horn played by one of its most accomplished Australian exponents.

This graceful cycling of brass is an instrument of particular significance in the harmonic scheme of the modern orchestra. It is one of the most difficult to play, and in this country there are very few who can properly reveal its pure and distinctive tone.

Mr. L. Davis, who will have the horn line in the Brahms trio, was formerly deputy-master of the Hawthorn City Band. While in London in 1916 during furlough from the A.I.F. he was im-



ELSIE BROWN, who will be heard at the Australian Hall this week in "The Pirates of Penzance," which will be produced by the Gilbert and Sullivan Society.

pressed with the work of the French horn players in the various Guards' bands, and in particular was fascinated by the virtuosity of the famous Aubrey Brain of the London Symphony Orchestra.

On his return to Australia, Mr. Davis found that no one could teach him here, and set out to master this most difficult of instruments on his own account. He is now unexcelled among our local players. He is on the staff of the Melbourne University Conservatorium; is first horn in the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, and was horn leader in the last Williamson opera season.

"Con" Activities

The N.S.W. Conservatorium is, by now, well into its swing. Pending the arrival of the new director, Edgar Bainton, the orchestral schedule, of course, may only be mapped out for a couple of months, but it is good to know that among the works promised are the Beethoven "Choral" Symphony, the Tchaikovsky "Pathetic" (which has not been played by the "Con" orchestra for a long time), and Vaughan Williams' Overture, "The Wasps."

The Chamber music plans include works by Mozart, Brahms, Beethoven, Bruckner, Hugo Wolf, and Schoenberg. The first concert to be given by the Conservatorium String Quartet will introduce a Boccherini Quintet in E (Rosamund Cornford playing the extra cello), and a Dvorak Trio in B Flat. This will be on Wednesday, March 21.

Daphne Harpur

MISS DAPHNE HARPUR, well-known young Sydney pianist, has been accepted as a performer by B.B.C., London. The news came to her in the first instance from Mrs. Alice Ramsay, of "Lee Priory," Littlebourne, near Canterbury, with whom she spent her Christmas vacation. Dr. Adrian Boult, conductor of B.B.C. orchestra, wrote to Mrs. Ramsay as follows: "Miss Harpur's audition was very successful, and she has been accepted by B.B.C."

B.B.C. has since been in touch with Miss Harpur and has informed her that her first engagement will be in an Empire broadcast.

WHAT Laundries Say About PRICES

In reply to an article, in *The Australian Women's Weekly*, about rising laundry prices, the following letter has been received from the Laundry Owners' Association of New South Wales.

I have been instructed by the above Association to write and reply to the article appearing in your paper under date February 3, 1934, concerning laundry prices in the Eastern Suburbs.

The first item calling for comment is that in no case has any article been increased 100 per cent., or even 50 per cent. The usual price for the laundering of sheets in small quantities has been 3d for each for many years past, and the fact that a few laundries were doing same at 11d, when included in a dozen lot, is not a fair assumption on which to base a statement that the price has been increased 100 per cent.

It must be remembered that also in the dozen pieces which may have been done for 1/8 were several small articles, the usual price for which is 1d each. This comment also applies to servi-

ettes, and for the information of your readers I would add that when taken in its entirety the amended price list does not represent an average increase of 15 per cent. on ordinary household linen.

Your readers will further agree that it is hardly reasonable to expect a laundry to be able to collect and deliver and launder a sheet for the same price as it can either a towel or a serviette, or even a pillow-slip, and if any article should be priced higher than another, then obviously such article should be the sheet.

Local Machinery

ANOTHER item calling for comment is your statement that my Association stated that Australian machinery has not been found reliable. Such a statement never emanated from the Association, and I shall be glad if you will correct the impression which has been conveyed.

May I add that for certain classes of laundering, Australian machinery has been found to be equal to machinery produced anywhere in the world.

Lottery Share Sensation!

WHIDDON'S FIFTHS LESS THAN COST

PRIZES VALUED AT £5000
CAN BE WON: 2/-

MR. W. H. WHIDDON, former Director of the N.S.W. State Lotteries, made Lottery history last week in his announcement of the "Whiddon £5000 Double," which offers the greatest lottery value in the world.

Under his new plan, Mr. Whiddon is, for 2/-, issuing tickets which can win a prize valued at £1000 in the New South Wales State Lottery, and a prize valued at £4000 in the New South Wales Golden Chest No. 2.

"ACTUALLY through this special offer it will cost but 6d. more to secure the opportunity of winning a prize valued at £4000," said Mr. Whiddon to a representative. "Thus a fifth share which can win £1000 usually costs 1/6; another 6d., making 2/-, gives readers the opportunity of winning a prize valued at £1000 in the N.S.W. State Lottery, and a prize valued at £4000 in the N.S.W. Golden Chest—prizes valued at £5000 for 2/- only."

Over 2000 Prizes

Mr. Whiddon further announces that he will be personally responsible and undertakes that all lottery prizes will be paid over immediately on production of winning tickets.

As Honorary Director of the Golden Chest he also guarantees the value of the prizes; the ballot will take place in the Sydney Town Hall, in the presence of the police, the Press, and the public, and will be personally conducted by Mr. Whiddon.

Altogether there are over 2000 prizes with value ranging from £4000 to 10/-, and the whole of the profits are for charity.



Mr. W. H. Whiddon

Thousands Win Cash

Whilst Director of the Lottery Mr. Whiddon paid out more in cash prizes than all others, and since he created his lucky share syndicates his luck has been phenomenal. His wins include Two firsts of £5000, Four seconds of £1000, Two thirds of £500, together with hundreds and hundreds of smaller prizes.

Thousands of subscribers have benefited by this generous distribution of prizes.

Must Be Posted

It should be noted that the new offer, to be known as "Whiddon's £5000 Double," is only available in connection with the Golden Chest, No. 2, and intending subscribers are invited to complete the coupon and post it in to-day.

Readers who still wish to purchase the ordinary lucky Whiddon Shares may do so by writing to Mr. Whiddon for a fifth share, price 1/6, or a seventh, price 1/-, or he will be glad to cater for them at his office at 10 Barrack Street.

Record Run of Lottery Luck

W. H. WHIDDON has had an extraordinary run of lottery luck, and the announcement of the "Whiddon £5000 Double" forecasts more big wins. Mr. Whiddon explains a definite presentiment of luck this way.

"Last year I accepted the post of Honorary Director of the Golden Chest, in an effort to aid the hospital. Within a week I had won a prize of £5000 in the N.S.W. State Lottery. That was Lottery No. 155. In the very next Lottery drawn, I won £1000 in No. 156.

"The prizes followed thick and fast! In ten weeks I had won over £20,000, an average of £2000 per week. Since my association with charity I have won the 1st prize of £5000 twice, the 2nd prize of £1000 four times, the 3rd prize of £500 twice, a 4th of £300, and hundreds and hundreds of big prizes as well. Good luck with me means good luck to all my subscribers, and can mean good luck for readers of The Australian Women's Weekly."

Do You Want Money

I have given money to tens of thousands of people in the past, including £1000 last Friday. Here are photographs of some of the cheques.

I will give to thousands more in the future. YOU MAY BE ONE OF THESE—if you want money.

I am now offering and personally guarantee—

**PRIZES VALUED AT
£5000
FOR
2/-**

This "Whiddon £5000 Double" includes:
A Lucky Fifth Lottery Share Ticket (that can win a prize valued at £1000) and
A Golden Chest Ticket (which can win a prize valued at £4000).

I am making this unique offer in connection with the Golden Chest No. 2.

Actually I am giving the shares with this offer at less than cost, and I want to stress that these are only available with the Golden Chest, and must be applied for by post.

Though my offers in the past have been generous—"Whiddon's Double" is certainly the greatest yet given. Think of it—PRIZES VALUED AT £5000 FOR 2/-. You can't afford to miss it.

PUT TROUBLE AWAY—SEND FOR A "DOUBLE" TO-DAY AND SHARE MY WEEKLY PAY.

W. H. WHIDDON.

£1000 GIVEN on FRIDAY

On Friday, with ticket No. 2540, Whiddon gave £1000 in the 188th Lottery to—Mrs. T. H. Shaw, 53 Barwon Park Road, St. Peters.

Mrs. G. Smith, 115 Boulevard, Dulwich Hill.
Mr. W. Matheson, 9 Gordon Road, Auburn.
Miss P. O'Grady, Glenreagh, N.S.W.
Mr. H. Harmer, Annette Street, Oatley.

YOU MAY WIN NEXT WEEK

Just send a postal note for 2/- and a stamped addressed envelope with the coupon and by return mail you will receive your Lottery and Golden Chest Shares with which you can win these prizes valued at £5000.

WHIDDON'S LUCK CAN COME YOUR WAY. POST THIS COUPON IN TO-DAY!

W. H. WHIDDON,

Honorary Director, The Golden Chest No. 2,

Desk WW1, Box 3370PP, G.P.O., Sydney.

I want to win the prizes valued at £5000 in the State Lottery and Golden Chest which you are offering. Please send me "Whiddon's Double"—I understand this is a fifth Share Ticket in the State Lottery, which can win a prize valued at £1000 next week and a ticket in the Golden Chest, which can win a prize valued at £4000 later on.

Here is a postal note for 2/- and a stamped addressed envelope.

NAME

STREET

TOWN

Lure of the Circus & Gipsy Romance



By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

Will be Seen in "Red Wagon"

ALTHOUGH we have seen several films before now that have made incidental use of the circus or wild animals, we have not had previously a film dealing so intimately with circus life as does "Red Wagon," shortly to be released.

YOU will remember that one of Charlie Chaplin's best pictures was called "The Circus." No doubt you can still laugh at the bare recollection of his absurd antics when he finds himself in the same cage as a lion, or when he tries to do a tight-rope act.

Then there was the silent film that introduced the great German actor Emil Jannings to Australian audiences. This was called "Variety," and it ended tragically. However, in this picture the circus was a mere background for a powerful human drama of love and faithfulness and revenge. Lya de Putti was the woman in the case.

Among the earlier talking pictures there was "Enter, Sir John," which began in a theatrical touring company and ended with the villain's being discovered in an acrobatic turn at a circus. This provided a spectacular climax to a story of amateur detection which had several original and interesting features. One was that the part-author with Clemence Dane was an Australian authoress, born and bred in Sydney. Helen Simpson. Another was that the name part of an actor-manager, risen to sufficient eminence to be knighted, was played by Herbert Marshall, hitherto unknown Australian audiences.

Recent Circus Films

More recently we have had Clara Bow in "Hoopia," where she poses as the escaped favorite of the Sultan's harem in a show travelling through the Middle West of the United States, and ends up at the Chicago "World's Fair."

There has, too, been the delightful "Zoo in Budapest," mainly a drama of wild animals in confinement, and "Murders in the Zoo," which has imitated some of its ideas with less success. This last picture also reminded us of Chaplin's "The Circus" when Charlie Ruggles has a similar disconcerting experience to the other Charlie in cleaning out the lion's cage.

Last of all there has been the redoubtable Mae West, taking the part of a lion-tamer in "I'm No Angel."

But all these films, with the exception of "Zoo in Budapest," have used the circus or menagerie interest as part of the decoration of the picture. In "Red Wagon" the circus is taken so seriously and is so much a part of the story that it is like one of the principal actors. The little boy at the beginning of the film has "Circus First" tattooed on his arm by his father, and when he grows

GRETA NISSEN, the "Tiger Lady," of "Red Wagon," is seen against a background of the circus in which Raquel Torres is giving an impromptu entertainment to the men employed.

AT RIGHT: RAQUEL TORRES, who doubles the parts of the gipsy girl, Starlina, and, in the later scenes, her daughter, Sheba. It is her fickle nature and Joe Prince's thwarted love for the "Tiger Lady," that cause him such unhappiness.



up and becomes a circus proprietor himself he has the same motto tattooed on the arm of his little son.

Fascination of Circus Life

It is clear that the circus exerts a charm over the people born to it. They cannot be happy in a different sort of life. Any child who has rushed out into the street to watch, eagle-eyed, a procession of elephants and caravans passing into the town, will sympathise.

But it is not only the glitter of the trappings and tinsel ornaments, the blaring music of the roundabouts, and the thrill of the horses and the savage beasts in the ring that make up the life. There is the continual moving on from place to place that grips the heart of the born rover.

In "Red Wagon," besides the beautiful scenes filmed in England itself, many of them in Hertfordshire, a camera unit travelled nearly 2000 miles through Scotland, Ireland, and Wales to film scenes of circuses on the road. The famous Bostock circus figures in some of these.

For the detailed scenes Chapman's circus and menagerie was employed entire for several weeks. The animals "cast" in the picture include, besides splendidly-trained horses and ponies, a number of lions, tigers, elephants, llamas, zebras, monkeys and performing dogs. The most memorable are certainly the tigers. These gorgeous "cats" are far from being the "tamed and shabby tigers" of Ralph Hodgson's bitter poem, for though they may be partially tamed, poor brutes, they are in marvellous, sleek-coated condition.

Protests were made once or twice in London during the first release run of the picture last December. Some indignant members of audiences thought that cruelty had been shown to the tigers in the scene where Greta Nissen appears to have been mauled, and the tigers seemed to be whipped into submission. Though this sequence is startlingly

realistic, it is, however, a piece of extremely clever faking. No whips were used, or blows struck. And, of course, Miss Nissen did not undergo that terrifying experience.

Not only is the life of the circus faithfully portrayed by the authoress of the novel, "Red Wagon," Lady Eleanor Smith, who spent several months with different travelling circuses before writing it.

A Gipsy Strain

She has also introduced a gipsy element which supplies another and wilder kind of romance. When the hero, Joe Prince, is a lad, he falls in with a gipsy band, and the girl, Starlina, tempts him to stay with them, but his heart is set on "Circus First."

Years afterwards he meets her daughter, Sheba (both parts are played by Raquel Torres), and marries her, to his sorrow. The marriage ceremony performed in the film is according to the gipsy ritual, which makes the bride and groom vow to be true to each other until love has left the heart of one or the other. Then the father of the bride takes a hunting knife and, making an incision in the wrists of the pair, presses the cuts together and declares them married by the mingling of the blood.

Lady Eleanor Smith also lived with gipsies and made a close study of their customs for the purposes of her book. She has indeed a natural sympathy with the Romany folk, for there is good reason to think that there is gipsy blood in her own family.

Her great-grandfather is supposed to have been pure gipsy. At all events, her father, Lord Birkenhead, believed in his gipsy ancestry, and was proud of it.

Certain physical characteristics, such as his piercing eyes and coal black hair, and also his cast of mind and the charm of address he could employ have led many people to accept it, too.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

THE GHOUL

Boris Karloff, Ernest Thesiger, Dorothy Hyson (Gaumont-British).

HERE is as spooky a thriller as you could wish, with abundance of macabre detail, and some excellent character studies. An eccentric old Egyptologist (Karloff), on his deathbed instructs his servant to have a fabulous jewel originally stolen from an Egyptian tomb, the Eternal Light, buried with him. It symbolises to him his hope of immortality and he threatens, if the jewel is not left in his hand, to rise from the dead to recover it. However, several people, some of them with a reasonable claim, some without, are after the stone. The professor is laid away in the curious mausoleum he had designed for himself in the garden of his sinister house, and the jewel is abstracted with hair-raising results. Perhaps the tempo of the film might have been quickened a bit sooner, but Karloff is unapproachable in this sort of part. Cedric Hardwicke is his callous, unscrupulous solicitor, and Ernest Thesiger renders the old Scotch servant in masterly fashion. A delightful newcomer from the stage to the screen, Dorothy Hyson, plays the part of co-heiress with Anthony Bushell, and Harold Huth is a smooth Oriental—Civic.

THREE-CORNERED MOON

Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, Mary Boland (Paramount).

FAMILIES like the Rimplegars, whose doings are chronicled here, may be maddeningly impossible in real life, but are most entertaining in fiction. The members of this family live in easy circumstances, and a large house in Brooklyn, New York, and, much to their surprise, are suddenly exposed to the chill of the depression. What do they do? Well, the delightfully easy-going, scatter-brained mother (Mary Boland) had invested the whole of the family fortune, on the advice of "such a nice man," in Three-Cornered Moon ("some sort of metal mine, dear"). When she learns that it has vanished beyond recall, she takes a taxi home and has her hair washed. The daughter, suffering from psychologic growing pains, has previously been mourning to her soulful fiancé that she passed her "seventeenth" at 18, only to find that he has passed two sevenths already. She turns to and gets a job in a boot factory. Her brother, the lawyer's "clerk," the stage-struck amateur, and the college youth, also put their backs into trying to earn enough for the family meals. And we leave them with the feeling that though they will always pursue a rather helter-skelter course, they have more chance of surviving in this hard world than their mother. Yet, after all, Providence is bound to look after Mrs. Rimplegar. What is Providence for?—Regent.

BRITANNIA OF BILLINGSGATE

Violet Loraine and Gordon Harker (Gaumont-British).

BILLINGSGATE'S famous fish market is shown in the opening scenes of this film, with Gordon Harker in the guise of a fish porter, balancing on his head an enormous cod, and Violet Loraine in the part of his wife trolloping sentimental ditties while she fries fish and chips in her shop hard by. Though Miss Loraine is an established favorite of the music halls, this is her first appearance in films. But it certainly ought not to be her last, for she proves herself just the same lovable comedian on the screen as on the stage. An accidental recording of her voice, mixed in with romantic dialogue, in a film taken at the market, pleases the director, and, rather against her will and better judgment, she is signed on for lead in the next production. Her misgivings are not without foundation, for her family goes gay with a vengeance. Harker fancies himself in spots as a lordly business manager, the young son of an ambitious motor cyclist, crooks his knee and almost himself in speed racing, and her film-fan daughter, Pearl (Kay Hammond), has all the more time to worship at the shrine of a beautiful leading man. However, Miss Loraine trounces Pearl in an appropriate place and brings the family back firmly to earth. Harker's solo effort on the dirt track in between races is an absolute yell—Civic.

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS

Chic Sale, Diana Sinclair, Frank Albertson (Columbia).

PLENTY of racing and chasing between a light engine and two motor cars of escaping thieves works up the climax of this picture, which concerns the nefarious doings of railroad employees engaged in stealing from valuable consignments of freight. The hero

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars . . . no good.

is the son of the baffled railroad detective on his way to San Francisco, who picks up a clue to the gang's operations from a retired engine driver (Chic Sale). He stays to investigate further and nearly gets killed. But finally the bad men are brought to book. It is a pleasantly exciting piece of rapid action, garnished with one of Chic Sale's character studies.—Supporting feature at the State.

THIS DAY AND AGE

Charles Bickford, Judith Allen, Richard Cromwell (Paramount).

AS an indictment of corrupt justice in its own country, and of the system whereby gangsters are able to levy blackmail on the business community, this film is pretty strong stuff. And the title and certain passages in it rather suggest that it is to be taken seriously to some extent. If so, then it conveys a warning which we cannot afford to disregard in this country, bearing in mind that it is dangerous doctrine to instill into our youth that their only course is to take the law into their own hands when their elders fail to administer it properly. It is preferable, however, to consider the film as the blood and thunder adventure which delights schoolboys. In this class it has some novel ingredients, and is a very lively piece of entertainment. The pursuit of the gangster by the high school boys, their battling of him in the disused brick works, and their final extortion of his confession provide exciting incidents galore. It would have been better still, and further removed from actuality, if the boys had not been from the senior ranks of school life, but had been childish Jack-the-Giant-Killers, like the boys in the German film, which has so far not come to Australia. (Email and the Detectives).—Prince Edward.

FROM HEAD-QUARTERS

George Brent, Margaret Lindsay (Warner Bros.).

"CRIME" detection, as practised in New York, is brought completely up-to-date in this film, which introduces us to a police doctor's laboratory for blood analysis and examination of hairs, and also demonstrates the quite recently proved method of testing pistol bores and marks on bullets. The drama is acted by a very competent cast, too, including Eugene Pallette, who will soon be able to do the part of a stupid, cocksure police sergeant in his sleep. The plot is a trifle over-elaborated, perhaps, and one's sympathies somehow are not very keenly engaged for the distressed young heroine. Bullying methods employed by police are always rather unpleasant, as also the attitude of the newshounds, yelping their stories over the telephone. And are lawyer tools really allowed on the premises of police headquarters anywhere to mislead unfortunate accused persons? We hope not, though, of course, it is amusing for the audience. But what broke us up was the way the police lieutenant approved of a man he knows to be guilty. Crime without tears, eh?—Regent.

THE PRIDE OF THE FORCE

Leslie Feller, Hal Gordon (B.I.P.).

TO expect the most brilliant comedian to carry a show all by himself, if it is a full length film, is to demand the impossible. Leslie Feller can be very funny indeed, as he showed in a film about a North Country miller who wins a prize in a newspaper competition series and then cannot collect it because the final coupon is missing, called, if we mistake not, "The Lost Coupon." But here he is given a feeble story, full of antique jokes, with dreadfully slow and unintelligent direction and very stagey support.—Capitol.

CINESOUND Productions Ltd. intend to release complete programmes for the future, and have lately been busy at the Showground "shooting" a short feature film, to be used as support to "The Silence of Dean Maitland." The short film is a burlesque of pirates and island belles, starring Bert Elliott.

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

By Jane Anne Seymour



WHAT a marvellous furbishing up of ancestors in preparation for the Governors' ball! For days, learned men who are helping with the decorations have been steeping themselves in heraldic lore to guard against the catastrophe of letting a lion get rampant in a wrong field.

In a world of changing values heraldry still upholds the gold standard, and it makes a simply tremendous difference to your quarterings if your lion rampages round in a field of azure when he is entitled to a field of gold.

There has been a great rummaging of old trunks and family albums for facts and fancies, and everyone who has an ancestor in the family cupboard is doing him proud by going to the ball bedight in the brighter haberdashery and merrery which raged in great-grandpa's day.

Those who haven't a suitable ancestor on tap are engaged in the sincerest form of flattery and impersonating the Earl of Broadacres because they had a great-uncle's second cousin who knew the Earl well!

Pity 'tis that the gallant gentlemen and lovely ladies who are in picturesque pageantry thus being conjured up from the pages of our history could not themselves look in a while on the gay rout.

Would they envy us the strangely dazzling lights, the grotesque speed demons, the deafening noises, the baffling dances—or would they be glad enough to seek shelter from such terrifying modernity in their own peaceful shades? At any rate, how one would enjoy a chat with them!

Meantime, many an interesting scene from our fair island story is being revived. The week-end saw a picturesque group in the lovely garden of "Glen Roma," Mrs. Alfred Lee's home at Bondi, rehearsing for the "Governor Darling" set, which Mrs. Lee's daughter, Mrs. W. Butlers, is organising. Much merriment was aroused when the Governor (Mr. E. Scott, 894) presented the Misses Macleay (Pauline Spencer Parsons and Jean Gibson) with "matrimonial encouragement" in the shape of deeds of large tracts of land as a dowry, thus miming an incident which actually occurred in the past.

Mrs. Garnet Marsden is Governor Darling's lady, and Tom Hasleton is A.D.C. de la Condamine. Jim Marsden, Robert Saunders and Enid Manning completed the set, and directed by Mrs. Butlers, they marched in stately procession to the strains of a very modern gramophone, while two guests on a garden seat close by did their best to put an official touch to proceedings by assuming the roles of Sir Philip and Lady Game for the occasion.

FOR the last few days Dr. Bruce Harbison must have been feeling rather bereft, as his fiancée, Shirley Caine, who has been on holiday in Sydney from Brisbane for a fortnight, has now returned home. He hopes, however, in a couple of weeks to motor to Brisbane himself for a return visit. The engagement has only been announced a short time.

INVITATIONS are out for the wedding of Marian Hill to Geoffrey Manchee, which is to be solemnised at St. Philip's Church on the evening of Tuesday, April 3. Marian will strike a new note in wedding fashions, as she will be the first bride of the year to wear the lovely new cream "tree-bark" bridal satin for her wedding gown.

The gown is very distinguished, with long sleeves and the train cut into the skirt. The veil is of tulle, lace-edged. Marian is tall and stately, with beautiful brown eyes, and is sure to make a striking bride.

HER bridesmaids are to be the bridegroom's sister, Joyce, Barbara Wickham, Mavis Mathieson, and Marian Long, with little Pamela Aumuller (the bride's god-child) as train-bearer. Five-year-old Pam is very thrilled with her frock, which is a charming affair, petal pink, and ankle-length. The reception is to be held at the Queen's Club, and the honeymoon is to be spent touring the South Coast.

The young couple intend living at "Glendown," about eight miles away from "Berlins," the family home of the Hills, at Mores. The building of "Glendown" is not yet complete, so there are busy days ahead for its young owners.

MRS. C. S. MILES, who has been in Sydney on a visit, returned to her home in Ascot, Brisbane, last Monday. Her daughter, Gladys, before returning home, is spending a holiday at Arncliffe with Mrs. Cooper, widow of Bishop Cooper. Ethelwyn and Muriel Cooper are school friends of Gladys.

Colonel Miles, Mrs. Miles' son, whose home is in Melbourne, is on a tour of inspection in New South Wales, making his headquarters at 2 "Greenoaks," Darling Point, with his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Langtree.

ON Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Septimus Isaacs, of Darling Point, entertained about 100 friends at the Pickwick Club in honor of Enid Davis's birthday. At the party the engagement was announced of Enid Davis, who is the daughter of Mrs. R. Davis and the late Mr. M. Davis, of Bellevue Hill, to Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs' only son, Bert.

Guests included Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stewart, Mrs. J. Selig, and Messrs. H. Loenthal, M. Strang, R. Malor, and L. Norman.

ON account of the illness of her uncle, Mr. E. Radlton, of Kumbala Rd., Bellevue Hill, Miss D. Radlton was unable to attend the party arranged in her honor last week by Mrs. R. C. Simpson. This Saturday Col. and Mrs. Simpson are entertaining a number of friends and relatives at their home to eat the top layer of their daughter's, Dorothea, wedding cake. Dorothea was married recently in London, and the cake has just arrived.

ON Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Farlow, of Randwick, entertained at the Pickwick Club in honor of their daughter, Thelma.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE F. HALL are at present at Bournemouth, England, where Mrs. Hall is recuperating, as she has been very ill in London. So far they have not made any plans about returning to Sydney, as they are waiting to see how Mrs. Hall reacts to the sun.



shine on the South Coast. Mr. Hall was formerly honorary archivist to Sydney University.

AT a long table decorated with exquisite dark red roses, on Saturday last, Mrs. Heath Green entertained at the Golf Club, Rose Bay, in honor of Mrs. E. A. ("Tom") Lamb, who, with her daughter, Alix, leaves this week for England.

Guests included Mrs. Clive Teece, Mrs. Archie Bevan, Miss Jeanie Ranken, Mrs. Harry Maxwell, Mrs. Ross-Gore, Mrs. G. Macarthur, Miss Bedford, Miss Beatrice McDonald, Mrs. Fred Cowper, and Miss Kemp (who is herself going abroad in April).

JOHN BASKET, who is secretary of the English Public Schools' Association here, will have a new member for his association in Peter Stephenson, a young engineer who arrived in Sydney last week. Peter's family are very well known in Durham.



REHEARSING for the Governors' Ball to be held at the Town Hall on April 3, in aid of the District Nursing Association. Photographed above are members of the Governor Macquarie set. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Philip Game, and Lady Game, are representing Governor Macquarie and Mrs. Macquarie. Other members of this group are (from the left) Lieutenant-Commander Gifford, A.D.C., Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Secombe. The three pretty girls in the other picture have stepped out of the set arranged by General A. T. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson. They are (left) Misses Alison Bundock (Lady Teresa Lowry-Cory), Gwen Ramsay (Mrs. Beresford), and her twin sister Joan (Mrs. Lowry-Cory).

—Women's Weekly photo.

ILLNESS has made Lady Gordon call a halt to her many kindly activities on behalf of others, but she is being vastly cheered by the cheques and promises of support she is receiving for the Elsa Corry Benefit Fund.

One generous sympathiser forwards £10 as a first instalment of £50 which he intends to contribute. Madeline Clarke is hon. manager of the fund, and hopes to realise the objective of raising £1300 to send the young singer abroad.

MEMBERS of the Country Women's Association were farewelling Mrs. Hugh Munro at the Rotunda in the Botanic Gardens, and the air was filled with the sounds of many women chatting cheerily and many tea cups clattering hospitably.

Amidst it all, one lone old man sat in a corner, oblivious to the hubbub, and completely absorbed in a book. Curious, I took an opportunity to read its title. It was "The Silent Corner!"

A BASKET of roses and fragrant frangipanni beautifully arranged and finished with a blue bow was presented to Mrs. D. Scotland at the farewell party arranged in her honor by Mrs. W. Dean, of "Dilkusha," Bellevue Hill. Mrs. Scotland also bore away with her the prize for the highest bridge score of the afternoon which was held at the Overseas Club. Mrs. Scotland, with her husband, left by the "Nellie" on a holiday journey to Japan, where they intend spending some months.

GEORGE ENGLISH, who has written the music to John Cazabon's libretto, "Good Catch," and has not only orchestrated it, but will conduct it as well, is the son of Mr. George English, a well-known choral conductor in Melbourne. George's pretty sister, Dorothy, will play the part of the heroine of the show, while John's sister, Norah, has taken on the job of designing the scenery and costumes.

"Good Catch" will be presented in aid of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, at the Savoy Theatre on March 21.

LOTS of her Sydney friends would welcome the chance to the work which engages the time of Miss Howie, Mrs. Stanley Ure Smith's sister, while she is in England. She talks over the air at 1 hour, a marvellous salary, on the possibilities of New Zealand wool. Miss Howie is enjoying her Sydney visit, but will return to London shortly.

IN spite of the heat and the fact that both hostesses were being farewelled before their trip to Europe, the dance at "Moana," Cremorne, on Saturday, given by Eleanor Martin and Margaret Vyner, was very enjoyable.

Those present included John Martin, Mr. and Mrs. King Cornell and Mrs. Cornell's brother, Toddy Alcock, Ruth Allen and fiancé Charles Buchanan, Marie Holmes, who came down from Bowral for the party, Mrs. Paul Cohen, Enid and Doug Hill, Tom Skilman, Alice Nail, Tom Hall, John Cotter, and about fifty others.

To HELP the *District* Nurses' ASSOCIATION

Women's Organisations' Zealous Work for Success of the Governors' Ball

With members of so many important women's organisations and representative family groups throwing themselves so zealously into the work for the Governors' ball, the success of the function is already assured.

The Country Women's Association and the Pioneers' Club are rendering splendid assistance to the District Nursing Association, which will benefit from the proceeds of the ball. The ball is to be held in Sydney Town Hall on April 3.

THE function promises to be unique in the story of social events of this State, because of the historic interest in the many scenes from our past which are to be re-lived in pageantry by impersonators of Australia's nation-builders. In many instances descendants of our famous men and women are representing their ancestors.

The setting of the magnificent pageant—the Sydney Town Hall, transformed into Government House, Parramatta—will appeal both to the eye and to the mind. So careful has the committee been to obtain historical accuracy in details, that when Sir Philip Game wished to use one of Government House's two pairs of field-glasses recently, he was unable to find either, as members of the committee were using them to pore over old heraldic signs!

These signs, which are reproductions of those belonging to former Governors, will be placed between the arches throughout the Town Hall. The back of the Town Hall, where the stage now is, will be made to represent the outside of Government House, Parramatta. There will be a Georgian facade, with porch and windows on either side with the old

lead panes. On either side of the house a tree will be set. Down the hall there will be colonnades and arches, and at the entrance is to be a replica—at present under construction at the Tivoli Theatre, under the direction of Professor Leslie Wilkinson—of George St. So that the settings will completely disguise the Town Hall as it now is.

WITHIN this setting the pages of Australian history will be turned back, and those who have written their names upon it brought back to life. Our history starts with the landing of Captain Phillip, so it is with Governor Phillip and his entourage that the pageant will begin. There are 31 sets, as follows:

- (1) Phillip—Mr. J. Rowland Nash. (2) Hunter. (3) King—arranged by Mr. A. R. Wilkinson. (4) Bligh—Mr. Francis Bligh. (5) Macquarie—His Excellency the Governor and Lady Game. (6) Brisbane—Major Douglas. (7) Darling—arranged by Mrs. Butters. (8) Bourke—arranged by Marjorie Abbott. (9) Gipps—arranged by Lady Julius. (10) Fitzroy—Mr. and Miss Childs. (11) Denison—arranged by Miss Betty Higgins. (12) Young—General and Mrs. Herring. (13)



FOR THE Governor's Ball: Mrs. S. E. Herring as Governor Young's lady. Mrs. Herring's husband, Brigadier-General Herring, will impersonate Governor Young at the ball. Mrs. Herring is president of the Eastern Suburbs branch of the Country Women's Association.

—Rene Parfion.

Belmore—General and Mrs. A. T. Anderson. (14) Robinson—arranged by Mr. Fawcett. (15) Loftus—arranged by Mr. von Tudemann. (16) Carrington—Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Dangar. (17) Hindmarsh (S. Australia). (18) Canterbury (Victoria). (19) Ladies of Phillip Period. (20) Ladies of Hunter Period. (21) Wentworth Group. (22) Blaxland Group. (23) Stephen Group. (24) The Buds of 1800. (25) The First Mayor and Mayoress of Sydney. (26) A Century of Dress at The King's School. (27) The Home-warming at New Government House, 1842. (28) The Countrywomen of the Sixties. (29) The First Theatrical Co. of N.S.W. in the costume of "The Revenge." (30) The A.M.P. Society's Group. (31) The First Melbourne Hunt Club.

The Procedure

THE procedure will be as follows. The two A.D.C.'s of each set will enter the doorway first, placing themselves upon either side of it. Then the Governor and the Governor's wife will enter. They will proceed down the hall. As Governor and Lady Macquarie will not be present until the fifth set, only sets from six to 31 will have to pass them by. After their entrance, Governor and Lady Macquarie will proceed to their dais, and every preceding set will acknowledge them as they pass by.

It will be impossible, unfortunately, to have any rehearsal, but one cannot imagine, with so simple a plan, that any hitch could occur.

Tickets for the ball, at 15/- each, may be obtained from members of the District Nurses' Committee, or from the hon. organisers at 185 Macquarie St. Phone B3610.

The preliminary expenses of the ball will be defrayed by a second-hand shop to be opened on March 21, 22, and 23. Goods for the shop may be sent to Mrs. Lang, Campbell, "Daradan," Albert St.

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DON'T ... FORGET

St. Vincent's Hospital annual ball will be held at David Jones on May 2.

Lady Isaacs will open the 12th annual general conference of the Country Women's Association at David Jones, on April 2.

The NSW Rosemary Club are holding an autumn frolic at the Blaxland Galleries on April 14, under the patronage, and in the presence of Lady Game. Defiantes will be presented to Lady Game. Proceeds are to be allocated to the Far West Scheme, and to various other charities.

The Society of Women Writers will hold their next luncheon at David Jones on Tuesday, March 20. Afterwards the luncheon will be on the Wednesday of each week at David Jones.

On March 18, at the clubrooms, Bank of New Zealand Chambers, George St., a bridge party is to be held by the New Zealand Association.

A popular girl competition has been arranged as the next activity of the Chatswood Auxiliary Younger Set, in support of their endowed cot in the Royal North Shore Hospital. The winner will be announced at a cabaret dance to be held on June 30.

An attractive programme of songs and pianoforte solos culled from the old masters, including Bach, Handel, Mozart, Arne, Purcell, etc., will be heard at the musicale arranged at the Forum Club on March 18. Artists responsible for the programme are Miss Kate Findlay (soprano), Miss Helen Turner (pianist), and Mr. Laurence Macaulay (bass). His Excellency Sir Philip Game and Lady Game will be present. Further musicals have been arranged by the same artists for April 18 and 20.

The jubilee dinner of the Redlands Old Girls' Union is to be held at Farners Oak Hall on April 12, at 6.30 p.m. Tickets are limited. Application for them should be made before April 9 to Miss M. McAllister. A general business meeting will be held at Redlands on March 20, at 7.45 p.m.

The Life of the Party ... wherever she goes



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—(Mrs.) F.W.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

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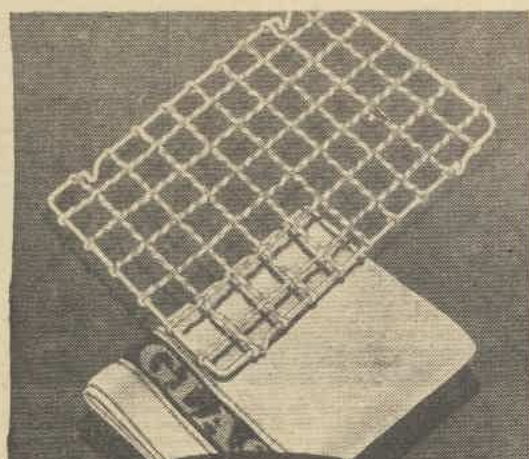
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Intimate Jottings

Cold for Tourists

IN her last letter, Mrs. W. H. Read said she hoped to catch the "Orvieto" at Naples at the end of February. She had visited Florence, Rome, and other Italian beauty spots.

Mrs. Read is looking forward to arriving at her home in Wahroonga. When she left London the city was enveloped in fogs, and the cold on the Continent robbed sight-seeing of its joys.

Very Dernier Cri

ALTHOUGH none but a modern bride could wear it and still continue to look like a bride, and a very charming one, Pauline Aldrich wore, for her wedding on Saturday last to Mr. George Cray, a cocktail frock. It was in brown, with the tops of the arms showing through slits in the material, very dernier cri, and very attractive, and having a fish-tail train.

Mrs. Cray's sister, Mrs. Clifford Bunce, had the wedding cake, a beautiful white and gold affair, with orange blossoms on top, made at her home in Bellevue Hill under her personal supervision. The wedding was solemnised at Holy Trinity Church, Dulwich Hill, and the reception was held at the home of the bride's mother.

A Christening

MRS. E. W. LOWE'S baby daughter was duly christened Virginia a few days ago. The party met at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Dight, in Elizabeth Bay.

Mrs. Lowe was formerly Winsome Dight, and this is her first child, so little Virginia has adoring grandparents as well as parents to watch over her progress.

Music Wherever She Goes

WHEN Janet Mitchell stepped ashore in London last week she had very little personal luggage to fuss about, but she had to wait while quite a few pounds were lifted out of the hold for her.

She had taken with her her grand piano which came out to Australia forty years ago as a wedding present to her mother, Lady Mitchell.

Janet must be one of the our most travelled Australians. She has lived in every continent except Africa, and has travelled more than 128,000 miles.

Back to Scone

LAST Monday Mr. and Mrs. John Farram, of Point Piper, and their son and daughter, Wilfrid and Freda, returned from a holiday to Scone. As it was "Back to Scone" Week, and Scone is Mr. Farram's home town, they entered into all the festivities, seeing the rodeo, which lasted for two days, and being much impressed by Mr. Frank Crane's horses, the concert by Mr. Ray Beatty, a former Scone boy who has since made good in "the big world," the opening of the nurses' new quarters and of the Scouts' Hall.

They also spent much time visiting old friends in the neighboring districts. With the opening of the University Freda has returned to her position as demonstrator in psychology and Wilfrid to his economic studies.

Another Designing Male

MISS Madeline Sullivan, sister of Dr. Arthur Sullivan, who arrived last week from England, has brought a marvellous wardrobe. Most of her frocks, including a glamorous trained evening gown, were designed by Edgar Ritchard, brother of Cyril Ritchard.

A Seventh Daughter

MRS. TOBY BROWN, of Binalong, now has one son and seven daughters. The seventh girl arrived last week. Mrs. Brown (nee Lander) was a step-daughter of the late Mr. O'Driscoll, so well-known in the insurance world. Mr. O'Driscoll was moved to a branch in Ireland, and took his stepson (now Dr. Lander) and daughter there in their youth.

In Ireland Mrs. Brown learnt a great deal about wool through seeing the peasants taught carding and spinning and other branches of the art.

In her home at Binalong Mrs. Brown now initiates her children and many others into the mysteries of woolcraft.

Mrs. Toby Brown's sister, Mrs. Jack Flannery (formerly Patricia O'Driscoll), also received a visit from the stork last week when she welcomed her second son at Randwick.

Off to Java

DOLLY and Betty Allard are going to Java shortly. Nancy, the youngest child of Mr. H. B. Allard, will remain at "Ole-vano," Appian Way, Burwood, to keep house for her father while the elder members of the family are away.

School in Paris

MRS. BARRETT has taken her daughter, Joy, with her to France, to put the finishing touches on her education. Joy delights in music, and she will have special instruction in it, and, of course, continuous opportunities of perfecting her French.

In and Out of Society . . . By WEP



Samarai Visitors

WHEN the Gengoult Smith-Brookes wedding was over, Betty Bunting, who was one of the bridesmaids, went to stay with Mrs. MacMickie, at "Herston," Lake Cargelligo.

A few days ago Betty received the bad news that her father had to go to a private hospital with sudden appendix trouble.

Bob and Meg are still in their flat at The Astor, so they are able to visit the patient frequently. Mrs. Bunting remained behind, holding the family fort at Samarai when her husband and family came on this latest trip to Sydney.

Trip to U.S.A.

MRS. MALCOLM MACCORMICK, pretty daughter-in-law of Sir John and Lady MacCormick, is leaving soon for a visit to her "ain folk" in the United States.

Pleasurable Anticipation

IDA WILSHIRE, who has been absent from Sydney for a number of years, is looking forward to her return. She has made a great success of her publicity work, and is coming as advance agent of "The Scottish Players."

Stars for whom she has worked in the past include Pavlova.

A Bridge Expert

AMONG the passengers the "Orsova" brought home this week are Mrs. R. W. Stewart and her daughter, Betty. They have been abroad for five years, spending a great deal of their time in Ireland. Mrs. Stewart was a splendid bridge exponent before she left, and with all the extra practice of the last few years she has become, I hear, a most formidable opponent.

Liked Australia

AS her husband was for years Governor of the Bahamas, Lady Orr loves a hot climate, and it was mainly for that reason, for she now lives in England, that she and her daughter, Clara, came out on a visit to Australia recently. It was her first experience of Sydney, and she loved every minute of it.

When not being given little parties by her husband's relatives and friends, Lady Orr borrowed Mrs. Todd's car and drove to all our show places—the Mountains, Bulli, Palm Beach, and Koala Park. Lady Orr returned in the "Nestor" last week.

Au Revoir to Collaroy

DURING their stay at Collaroy the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Alec McKay became veritable water babies, and great is their regret at leaving the seaside.

The family are returning to their station near Warren, but Mr. and Mrs. McKay intend returning here for the races.

Did You Know That—

Commander Rolleston had a new experience last week when he addressed a girls' school at Blackheath?

Mrs. L. Seaman has left her Bellevue Hill home for "time off" from house-keeping at "Guyong," Double Bay?

The Crusaders, under their founder, Dr. Howard Guinness, had their annual reunion at St. James' Church on Saturday evening last?

Mr. J. C. Watson, president of the N.R.M.A., and former Prime Minister, had such wonderful music at his party last week-end that neighbors did not mind it lasting almost till the crack o' dawn?

Trim, Cosy Jumper for Miss Six-Year-Old
Specially Designed for the
Australian Women's Weekly

Row 12: K, 14 g., 3 w., 1 g., 3 w., 21 g.

3 w, 1 g, 3 w, 23 g, 3 w, 1 g, 3 w, 9 g.
Row 13: P, 10 g, 1 w, 2 g, 1 w, 20 g.
1 w, 2 g, 1 w, 26 g, 1 w, 2 g, 1 w, 16 g.
Row 14: K, 16 g, 1 w, 2 g, 1 w, 26 g.
1 w, 2 g, 1 w, 26 g, 1 w, 2 g, 1 w, 10 g.
Row 15: Repeat row 13.
Row 16: K, 16 g, 6 w, 24 g, 6 w, 24 g, 6 w, 24 g.
8 w, 9 g.
Row 17: P, 8 g, 8 w, 22 g, 8 w, 22 g, 8 w, 14 g.
Row 18: K, 13 g, 10 w, 20 g, 10 w, 20 g, 10 w, 7 g.
Row 19: P, 7 g, 11 w, 19 g, 11 w, 19 g, 11 w, 12 g.
Row 20: K, 11 g, 13 w, 17 g, 13 w, 17 g, 13 w, 6 g.
Row 21: P, 5 g, 14 w, 16 g, 14 w, 16 g, 14 w, 11 g.

GUEST TOWELS

46 chain. 1st Row: 15 o. 2nd Row: Repeat, 3rd Row: 6 o, 1 s, 8 o. 4th Row: 2 o, 1 s, 4 o, 1 s, 1 o, 2 s, 4 o. 5th Row: 3 o, 1 s, 1 o, 3 s, 1 o, 2 s, 1 o, 1 s, 2 o. 6th Row: 3 o, 8 s, 4 o. 7th Row: 5 o, 8 s, 2 o. 8th Row: 2 o, 7 s, 6 o. 9th Row: 3 o, 2 s, 2 o, 5 s, 3 o. 10th Row: 4 o, 2 s, 3 o, 2 s, 4 o. 11th Row: 4 o, 4 s, 3 o, 1 s. 3 o. 12th Row: 3 o, 6 s, 6 o. 13th Row: 7 o, 3 s, 5 o. Turn each row with 3 ch. Repeat from commencement for length required.

around the neck, work 4 rows in rib of 1 plain, 1 purl, change to No. 10 needles and work:

With right side of work towards you, and using No. 12 needles and green wool, pick up and knit 66 stitches evenly around the neck, work 4 rows in rib of 1 plain, 1 purl, change to No. 10 needles and work:

Carefully press each piece, sew down the 4 stitches cast on at beginning of left front; join up side and sleeve seams neatly, sew sleeves into position, finish off front opening with 3 buttons. With darning-needle and a small piece of black wool sew eyes on ducks.

and 1-2 years
PAPER PATTERN,
914.

LARGE JAR
Postage extra
Write for Free Sample

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
And at Washington H. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd.,
160 Pitt Street, Sydney, and Branches.

*A
Flawless Skin
comes from within*

THE basis of all beauty is a well-regulated system—free from constipation, no accumulation of uric acid, an intestinal tract kept clean of poisons which affect the whole functioning of the body.

That is what a small dose of CARLISTA every day will do for you. You will feel the benefit from the very day you start this health-giving habit.

Who would not purchase abounding health at so low a price? There are 64 average doses in every jar of CARLISTA.

Postage extra
Write for Free Sample

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
And at Washington R. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd.,
160 Pitt Street, Sydney, and Branches.

Our FASHION Service and .. FREE .. Pattern



COAT
WX390
FROCK
WX392

WX390.—Tweed Coat. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and five-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 36, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX391.—Flannel Frock with front fastening, pockets, and inverted pleats in front. Material required, four and a half yards 36-inch or three yards 54-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarters yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX398.—Small Girl's Frock of woollen fabric. Material required, one and five-eighths yards of 36-inch. To fit size 6-8 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 4-6 years. PAPER PATTERN, 91d.

WX399.—Girl's Flannel Frock. Material required, two yards of 54-inch. To fit size 8-10 years. Other sizes, 4-6 and 6-8 years. PAPER PATTERN, 91d.



WX397

WX392.—A charming velvet Frock with Magyar bodice and three-quarter length sleeves, the under sleeves are attached to elastic bands at the top, and are entirely separate from the frock. Material required, one and five-eighths yards of 36-inch for bodice, and two and a quarter yards 36-inch for skirt, or one yard 54-inch for bodice and one and a quarter yards 54-inch for skirt. One and a half yards of 4-inch fur fabric is required for bodice. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarters yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX393.—Wool-de-chine Frock with contrasting collar and full sleeve to elbow with tight cuff. Material required, five yards of 36-inch or three yards of 54-inch, and half a yard of 36-inch sleeve lining also half a yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and a half yards. Size 44-inch bust requires five and one-eighth yards of 36-inch, or three and one-eighth yards of 54-inch and a half-yard of 36-inch sleeve lining, also half a yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at hem, two and three-quarters yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46, and 48-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR the lass in her teens our free pattern this week is a charming design and one that can be made with short sleeves and a tailored reversed collar, or with long sleeves and a high neck for cooler days. It is cut to fit size 12 to 14 years, and all hems and turnings must be allowed for when cutting.

There are patterns, too, for a selection of early winter frocks, a really practical coat and some dainty frocks for the very small folk.

WX397.—Flannel Frock for maids, with inverted pleats in skirt. Material required, three and a quarter yards 36-inch and three-quarters yard contrasting. To fit size 12-14 years. Other sizes, 8-10, 10-12, and 14-16 years. Sizes 8-10 and 10-12. PAPER PATTERN, 91d. Sizes 12-14 and 14-16 years. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated, at—

ADLAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Ace Chambers, 239 Collins St.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Wall Street.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St.



Free
PATTERN

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue.

ADLAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Ace Chambers, 239 Collins St.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Wall St.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St.

When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to: Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above address.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 17/3/34.



WX395.—Frock of woollen fabric with Magyar bodice. Material required, three and three-quarters yards 36-inch and one yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX396.—Floral Evening Gown with double sleeve flares. Material required, six and three-eighths yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, three and seven-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 2/-.



How many custard dishes do you know?

GOOD as custard is with stewed fruit, it should be remembered that there are dozens of other most attractive custard dishes. This is important, because it would be difficult to mention anything for the pudding course more thoroughly wholesome than custard, or more complete in all the essential food elements.

The creamy custard made by Foster Clark is thoroughly recommended by cookery experts, because it is as pure as any food-stuff you can get even in these careful days. Fresh natural flavourings alone are used, and for this reason Foster Clark's custard appeals particularly to folk who pride themselves on their palate.

Foster Clark's
creamy CUSTARD

Write to Foster Clark (Australia) Ltd., Dept. H.B., Raffles, New South Wales, enclosing 1d. stamp, and Elizabeth Craig's recipe book will be posted free.

• A New and Exclusive Service for "Women who care..."
Modern Muscle - Strapping, Skin-Toning Treatments.
Facial wrinkles must be avoided if you would retain your BEAUTY and YOUTH.
AND
don't forget those tired, aching feet cause lines and frowns that mar your beauty. Each client will receive Madame's personal attention.
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(Late Elizabeth Arden, London & New York)
CHIROPODY AND BEAUTY SALONS,
2ND FLOOR, SHIRLEY BUILDINGS,
Corner Pitt and Market Streets,
ENTRANCE, 61 MARKET ST., SYDNEY.
A delightful range of Day-Les Beauty Preparations on sale. Phone MA2718.

WHITE WINGS



"White Wings" Quality Food Products are all packed by Bonny Australian Girls—not imported machines.
All "White Wings" Products carry coupons of equal value. Collect these coupons and redeem them at the Coupon Parlours, 32 Meagher Street, Sydney, for valuable presents.

WHITE WINGS

Remove Superfluous Hair SAFELY QUICKLY



Just rub Wonderstoen over the hair to be removed and then admire your beautiful hair-free skin. No unpleasant odour—no itching.
Bell's Wonderstoen
If obtainable, write to the manufacturer, BELL'S PRODUCTS, BOX 5717 S.S., G.P.O., SYDNEY.

The Natural Charm
and
BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR
is your greatest ASSET
For Expert Treatment
CONSULT
SHANKLAND and PARNELL
Late of A. BROWN CLARK & IRELAND
9th Floor, St. James Building
For appointment Ring MA2420



RELIEVES
CONSTIPATION
RHEUMATISM
NERVE TROUBLES

TWENTY Exclusive NEW Designs for KNITTERS

Our Knitting Book Will Help Entrants in £250 Contest

Readers will be delighted to learn of the publication by The Australian Women's Weekly of a splendid knitting book containing twenty exclusive new designs and priced at sixpence.

Women who intend entering for The Australian Women's Weekly £250 knitting competition will find inspiration in this book, and all knitters will appreciate its wide scope, beautiful illustrations and the clear directions for making the garments it features.

WOMEN'S jumpers, cardigans, berets, gloves, a man's tailored cardigan, attractive woolies for the youngsters, and other delightful garments are included in this book. It features the very latest ideas in knitting, is an authoritative guide on color combinations and other fine points of making, taste and style. Garments knitted by its guidance will have an enviable cachet of distinction.

Some of the designs have been especially secured in London and Paris for The Australian Women's Weekly by Miss Muriel Segal, who is our representative on the Continent. Others are the work of artists and knitting experts employed by the great Australian wool firms. Still others have been made by The Australian Women's Weekly's own knitting expert.

FROM this, readers will rightly judge that no trouble or expense has been spared in the effort to present them, at the beginning of the knitting season, with a thoroughly comprehensive knitting handbook which will be an invaluable practical guide to the woman who wishes to make smart knitted garments for herself, her husband, or children.

Place your order with your newsagent to-day. Copies will be available next week.

£250 in Prizes

The announcement of The Australian Women's Weekly's wonderful £250 knitting competition has been greeted with widespread enthusiasm.

Offering £250 in prize money, comprising 157 prizes in all, it affords amazing opportunities to readers to win cash prizes.

Already, despite the hot weather, knitting needles are clicking industriously, wool is in demand, and for those who seek inspiration there is now The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book.

It will not, of course, be necessary for entrants to use one of our designs. The

ready to be sent in. Then attach four successively dated coupons to the entry.

In section 6 there is no limit or restriction of any sort as to the garments or articles an entrant may make. Simply

YOU can now listen-in to "Things That Happen," the popular Australian Women's Weekly feature, over the air from 2UW, every Tuesday afternoon between 2 and 3.

spend approximately 5/- on wool, and see what can be achieved with it.

In section 4 we have left the choice of garments to the entrant. The set for the babe must include no fewer than three garments, but the actual choice is left to the knitter.

If you are making them for one particular babe, just think out what we items would be at once practical and attractive in a tiny wardrobe.

Now try a Ti-tree oil soap

WITH AN OLIVE OIL BASE

LUXURIANT
GERMICIDAL

AND WILL *Not*
WASTE AWAY



It has remained for the makers of Trefosa Germicidal Toilet Soap to discover how to blend the antiseptic oils of the Australian bush into a soap that is marvellous for the skin and will not waste away.

IT'S A TOILET SOAP. Try Trefosa Toilet Soap this very day, and you will find that it has everything you have ever wished for in a toilet soap.

IT'S GERMICIDAL. Tests prove that the lather of Trefosa kills the typhoid germ in 30 seconds, yet it is non-poisonous and will not harm the most fragile skin. . . .

IT'S FREE LATHERING. Trefosa gives a bounteous lather, soft and soothing, because it contains the maximum of PURE OLIVE OIL. It is the perfect shampoo, enriching the hair and cleansing the scalp at the same time.

IT'S PLEASANT. Possessing the delightful fragrance of the oils of the ti-tree, the Huon pine and the eucalypt.

IT'S ECONOMICAL. Triple milled and well matured, Trefosa will not waste away—unlike glycerine base soaps which literally melt before your eyes.

TOILET SIZE

BATH SIZE

7½

1/-

E. O. FARLEY LTD. (Incorporated in the State of N.S.W.)
102 Salisbury Road, Camperdown

Trefosa GERMICIDAL TOILET SOAP
WILL NOT WASTE AWAY!



SMART VEILS

ONE of the style sensations of this week is the veil which Paris sponsors as smart to wear with the new off-the-forehead hats. Some of the veils have crystal drops placed to give the effect of single large tear drops sparkling on Madame's cheek, and others have circles of cellophane inserted on a level with one eye to give the effect of an eyeglass. Women are starting to redouble their efforts on beautifying their brows now that the forehead is much exposed again.

book has been published as a help to knitters, but is entirely distinct from the competition.

Complete details of prize-money and sections of the knitting competition will be found on page 34.

MANY readers have cut their coupons from the paper during the week and posted them to us. This is not in accordance with the conditions. Keep the coupons until the entry is

OLD SAGE

TONIC
SALTS

Gives Amazing Vitality.
Clarifies the Brain. . . .
Beautifies the Skin.

New FASHIONS Locked Up In PARIS!

Riots Affect World Trade in the Latest Designs

New fashion designs for 1934 are virtually locked up in Paris, following the riots arising out of the Stavisky frauds, in which thousands lost their savings. The disturbances have affected the world's fashion industry to a remarkable extent.

Muriel Segal, the special representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly, has already told in cable messages, how the 1934 Paris fashion displays had to be abandoned, when the riots occurred. As it was, shops were looted and some of the choicest creations were destroyed.

In the following story, which has just come to hand by air mail, she gives additional details of the extraordinary scenes in Paris, and tells of the effect on one of the world's most important activities—women's fashions.

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

PARIS.
AS I write, pistol shots crack out. Six thousand demonstrators are bearing down steadily on the Elysees Palace, the home of the President.

From my window I can see the mounted men charging through the ranks of civilians who press steadily forward singing the "Marseillaise." News flies around that the Cafe Weber in the Rue Royale is full of wounded; everywhere shop windows are smashed. Several Australians watching the scene from the balcony of the Hotel Crillon were standing next to the personal maid of a wealthy American woman. A bullet pierced her chest and killed her instantly.

At every corner and along the streets police are on guard. There is no sign of any traffic. Everyone is tense. Paris stands aguish at the situation. Civil war! Revolution!

What a strange Paris. All the cafes locked and barred; the theatres and picture halls closed; not a taxi, hardly a private car. Just the growl and shrieks and hysteria of revolution.

Lucien Lelong, the noted dress designer, has postponed the usual Press soiree. Designers, buyers, fashion-writers who collect in Paris for this week's fashion openings, have had to hurry back home.

There are no taxis to take them about, and everyone is strongly urged against venturing out after dark. Keep indoors. "Allez-vous coucher, mesdames, messieurs," the agents de police warn us as night falls.

The famous ball of the year—Bal de Petit Lits Blancs, at the Opera—is postponed.

BUYERS from London, America, Australia, and other countries were waiting in Paris to secure authentic models

created by the great designers. But the riots held up the fashion shows!

The ideas and creations that were to set in motion countless factory wheels, providing a vast amount of employment, effecting a most desirable distribution of money, are virtually locked up in Paris.

Fashion writers from every corner of the earth were gathered in Paris and ready with notebooks and pencils to send back the news which women are waiting to hear. The arrangements provided that every morning, afternoon, and evening during the display week would be occu-



JUDGE: Both your wives have a good word for you.
BIGAMIST: What is it?

pled by a "collection"—sometimes four a day—one in the morning, one in the afternoon, a cocktail show about five-thirty, and several evening shows starting at nine-thirty and ending well after midnight.

At these times the poor fashion writers

wearable and simple models an exotic note is struck by the introduction of several "Mae West" models which include huge black picture hats worn with clinging gowns and rich, trailing wraps. There are also a few suits in the new grey-beige, which is the newest shade. Belts, amusing clips, frog fastenings, pockets, much dainty use of white lingerie, collars, and cuffs, complete this very Parisienne collection.

During the first hour in Paris one is struck by several details which are only rumoured about in London. Every smart woman is wearing earclips instead of earrings in gold, diamonds, or enamel. A great deal of duck-egg blue is especially in vogue for hats. Leopard skin is enormously fashionable. Dresses give the effect of two-piece suits. Much tulle, a great deal of printed materials, black and white floral designs, hats exposing as much forehead as possible but likely to take a definite angle to the side, super-imposed berets, looking like two berets on top of each other, are popular.

Rockdale - Bexley Readers

DID The Australian Women's Weekly representative call at your home last week?

Here are the names of the lucky regular readers who gave him their opinions:

Miss Jean Pitton, Hastings Rd.; Mrs. J. H. Larsson, Priddy St.; Mrs. D. Martin, Forest Rd.; Mrs. E. Butler, Edward St.; Mrs. J. C. O'Connor, Regent St.; Mrs. E. Annett, Cameron St.; Mrs. A. Power, Rungalla Ave.; Mrs. A. M. Williams, Marshall St.; Miss E. Wise, King St.; Mrs. E. U. Jones, England St.; Mrs. E. Lloyd, West Botany St.; Mrs. K. Hamilton, Rocky Point Rd.; Miss M. Blinn, Wollongong Rd.; Mrs. N. Cameron, Bay St.; Miss Newman, Villiers St.; Mrs. J. Post, Washington St.; Miss D. Taylor, Stony Creek Rd.; Miss F. Jordan, Forest Rd.; Mrs. C. Thelin, Prince's Highway; Mrs. B. Perry, Station St.; Mrs. E. Wilberington, Rowan St.; Miss M. Hobbs, Callaghan St.; Mrs. M. Woodcock, Ringland Rd.; Mrs. J. Sims, Railway Parade; Miss U. Fox, Glenharne St.; Mrs. G. Webster, Forest Rd.; Mrs. E. Hills, Wollongong Rd.; Miss K. Meyers, West Botany St.; Mrs. E. Mills, Rocky Point Rd.; Mrs. C. Grant, Stone Road; Miss M. Hudson, Napoleon St.; Mrs. L. Allen, Frederick St.; Miss C. Powell, The Esplanade; Mrs. V. Johnson, Woll Creek Rd.; Miss H. Jackson, Willson Rd.

Creed's HUGE FINAL CLEAN-OUT

ALL SUMMER GARMENTS
TO GO BEFORE SATURDAY!
AMAZING PRICES!

At 10'-

A host of smart styles in Pique Voiles and Ray-de-Chenes. These come in pretty floral and figured patterns, in all sizes—S.S.W., S.W., W., S.O.S., O.S. Long or short sleeves. Marvellous Value!
Were Priced to 25/-
TO CLEAR 10'-

At 15'-

Many styles in smart figured or floral Frocks. Art Marocains, Creparas, Crestas, Linens, etc. Long or short sleeves in all sizes. S.S.W., S.W., W., S.O.S., and O.S. Absolutely Sensational Value!
Were Priced to 42/-
TO CLEAR 15'-

At 20'-

A grand range, including Coats, Frocks and Evening Gowns. Wide assortment of designs and styles. Very limited quantities in all numbers. All sizes. S.S.W., S.W., W., S.O.S., and O.S.
Were Priced to 49/11.
TO CLEAR 20'-

Creed's
430 GEORGE ST. SYDNEY... HUNTER ST. NEWCASTLE

TAIL-WAGGER CHATS

The Dogs of Tibet—Mastiffs & Terriers

By "PHILOKON"

MOST countries, however remote from civilisation they may be, have their peculiar breeds of dogs, few of which manage to escape introduction to these shores at some time or other. The rarer and more inaccessible they are, the more likely are enterprising people to be fired with a passion for possession.

My mind happens to be running on Tibetan breeds, because of a request just received from an influential business man to tell him what I could about several of them.

Scandinavian nations appear to be enlarging their tastes in dogs, which hitherto have been somewhat restricted. Sweden and Norway, of course, have their elkounds, and they have also fallen in love with some of our gun dogs and terriers. Probably they have better Gordon setters than England, but on the whole, having few shows, they have not the same incentive to increase the numbers.

Until several British expeditions penetrated to the Forbidden City during the present century, little was known about the dogs of Tibet, such as were seen having come by way of northern India. Occasional specimens of the biggest breed, the Tibetan mastiff, have appeared at English shows. The late King Edward exhibited a brace as long ago as 1875.

They are not so massive as our own mastiffs, and they usually have thick, heavy coats, though there are smooths as well.

I BELIEVE it is almost impossible to get the biggest and best, which are zealously prized by the monasteries and richer Tibetans. The custom of chaining them up from puppyhood increases their natural ferocity, but has the effect of crippling most of them. Sir Francis Younghusband's Expeditionary Force of 1903 had a lot of trouble with these formidable creatures, and at times had to shoot them in self-defence. It was never safe to approach a homestead without having a cocked revolver in the hand. The dogs were more dangerous than the inhabitants.

Many pondestruct dogs are to be seen running about the villages, but we are aware that three breeds, at least, may be called distinctive, and we have had all of them for a good many years.

Tibetan spaniels, usually black in color, though they may be brown or brindle, are small pets, long in body, and standing on short legs. The tail is carried over the back. Some think they were the progenitors of the Pekingese hundreds of years ago.

The Lhasa terrier, another small dog, is also to be met in Bhutan. His coat is shaggy, and the bluish head and nose are covered with hair which conceals the eyes. A few years ago some of the rare Apoc, which appear to be a variety of the Lhasa terrier of a rich golden color, were introduced to England. Lately we have recognised the Tibetan terrier as a distinct type, he being like the Lhasa except that he is taller.

Confide your Loveliness to Cashmere Bouquet

Toilet Soap
Cleansing Cream
Tissue Cream
Foundation Cream
Face Powder
Lipstick
Rouge
(Cream or Compact)
Talcum Powder
Dusting Powder
Brilliantine
(Liquid or Solid)



Colgate's
Cashmere Bouquet

Skin Beauty obtained and maintained with N° 10-10 Face Cream

A perfectly marvellous Beautifier. It allows the skin to breathe... keeps it young and vital.

N° 10-10 Beauty Products by
ROGER & GALLET
of PARIS

FRILLS and FLOUNCES for the DRESSING Table

By . . .
OUR HOME DECORATOR



THREE DISTINCT TYPES in perfectly dressed tables—each one it would seem, more charming than the other. See story for full description.

With very little effort, small expense, and only slight imagination, anyone can create one of these charming dressing tables for the bedroom.

WHETHER dreamt that an ordinary white deal kitchen table could become so exquisitely lovely as to literally transform a bedroom? But the secret, such a simple one, lies in paint or lacquer, crisp, filmy or lustrous fabric—and your own fingers.

BEFORE you proceed further, may I ask you to take another glance at the illustrations. Don't they prove the fact that taste oftentimes outweighs costliness in home decoration?

Money can do much, but there is infinite scope for ingenuity and the smallest home can, with little trouble and less expense, become such a charming, friendly centre.

It is the personal touches—those little accessories which can make a world of difference. And there is no limit to what a woman can accomplish in this way, when she makes up her mind.

Now, with reference to the necessary materials for making these lovely befrilled and delightfully feminine dressing-tables.

I have seen them flounced in almost

every stuff, and have come to the conclusion that in thin materials, organdie, dotted Swiss muslin, flowered chiffon, or lace are unfailingly successful. In thick materials, taffeta or glazed chintz is always charming, though there is not a wide selection from which to choose in this latter material—while satin or ordinary cretonne looks clumsy, and lacks distinction.

The plain narrow deal table can be cut kidney-shape, rectangular, slightly rounded out in front, or slightly rounded in, or in half-circle form. The latter you will find is the easiest of all fancy shapes to be dressed; the most adjustable when it comes to space, and the most attractive-looking in a room.

Of course, one may purchase at a comparatively small cost, dressing-tables, prepared with shelves and open drawers, all most conveniently ready to be draped. But in the country these are not available, while the small kitchen table or a flat board, 40 by 20 inches, and to which four legs can be attached—in

SILK and LACE

THE first illustration at left represents a luxurious creation at a modest cost. An ordinary 40-inch table was used. This was lacquered in a rich, creamy shade. Over a foundation of pink taffeta (taffeta is so inexpensive nowadays, isn't it?) were hung two deep flounces of pink silk lace, held in place by a narrow band of beads in a pattern of palest watergreen and cream—relic of an evening gown.

The large, rounded-top glass mirror was picked up for very little from a second-hand shop and fastened to the wall above the table.

MUSLIN OVER CHINTZ

EVER so charming, you will agree, is the kidney-shaped table (see central picture) with its draping of muslin over chintz.

The top of the table was covered with plate glass. This same type of table would look absolutely sweet dressed in two flounces of accordion-pleated organdie, held in place by narrow flowered ribbon.

For a green room a short green taffeta flounce would be a delight to the eye, this further enhanced with a five-inch ruffle, edged with gold lace.

CIRCULAR CHARM

THE guest room, or young girl's room, with soft pastel pink walls would look adorable with white glazed curtains and white organdie flounced dressing table, such as you see illustrated No. 3 (top right).

The top of the table should be lacquered black. Around the top a lining of white silk is tacked, to which is attached the organdie ruffle with a five-inch hem. The ruffle features two bands of pale blue organdie, set in ruffles of narrow Val lace. The whole is held in place by a 10-inch strip of the blue, caught with tiny artificial pink roses.

Flowered chiffon caught with satin ribbon bows is an enchanting alternative for this type of table.—E.E.G.

CLEVER IDEAS HINTS FROM READERS CLEVER IDEAS

REPEATED WASHING of bottles with water does not always remove the odor of the former contents. A very effective deodoriser is to be found in well crushed mustard seed. If this is of the black variety, so much the better. Pour a little of the seed into the bottle and then add lukewarm water, shaking well. Pour out and rinse with cold water and, in most cases, the bottle will be quite free from odor.—"Jenny," Falcon St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

A TEAN in heavy cloth, such as men's suits and overcoats, can be mended invisibly at home with a little patience. Cut a square of material, the same as the torn article, and fray out the four edges with a needle to the depth of in. all round. Then lay the patch in position over the tear and tack securely. The idea is to work every thread of the frayed fringe of the patch into the torn garment. This is how it is Stitch Carefully.

Insert a darning needle as close to the patch as possible and take up a needleful of tiny, invisible stitches. Thread the eye of the needle with one of the frayed threads of the fringe and draw the needle and thread through the material. Do this with every thread of the fringe. When finished, trim neatly with a sharp pair of scissors.—"Coral," Glenora Heights, N.S.W.

TO AVOID losing shirt buttons at the laundry, cut off each button from the shirt front and on the exact spot neatly work a buttonhole. Then take two pearl buttons and stitch them together strongly, leaving the strands loose between the buttons. Stem these strands by winding the cotton tightly round them several times. Fasten off by passing the needle and cotton three times through the tight stem. Put one button through the hole you have made and leave the other free to pass through the original buttonhole. When the shirt is soiled, remove buttons and place in the clean shirt.—"Novel," Adelaide, S.A.

TAKE A piece of hessian or crash and make an apron, measuring from the waist to just below the knees. Make a pocket in front large enough to accommodate a kneeler which can be made from an old piece of blanket or sackcloth, padded with newspaper, as this is waterproof. With the kneeler housed neatly in your apron pocket, you save a lot of time picking it up and putting it down every time you move your pail. When scrubbing is finished, the kneeler can be removed and the pocket can carry window leathers, dusters, small brushes, etc., from room to room. A similar apron could be made in cretonne or crash and embroidered with wools for use when darning socks and stockings, and when not in use for darning, hung on the back of an armchair as a tidy for magazines and newspapers.—"Mrs. J. C.," Glenora, West End, Brisbane, Qld.

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GUARD Your TEETH

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

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They mean so much to your health and your appearance

BEAUTIFUL hair is an asset, so is a perfect complexion. Well-kept hands are important, but sound, pearly teeth are life's greatest asset. Is it not worth while, then, to expend a few minutes night and morning on their care—to visit the dentist every six months for attention?

ANOTHER important question for you to consider is, "Shall I live to see my 70th birthday?"

Disease germs usually enter the body through the mouth; and this is especially true when you have unclean or diseased teeth or gums. Such germs may contaminate your food no matter how excellent it is or how carefully it is prepared.

It is thus that germs from your unclean teeth or gums enter the system.

Poisons from unclean and decayed teeth and infected gums may also enter the system by entering the blood stream, because the same blood that supplies the teeth and jaws with nourishment and carries off their waste products also comes in contact with the other parts of the body.

Watch Your Teeth!

BEAR in mind that your teeth are not always sore or painful when they are diseased.

Do not wait for pain before going to your dentist, as it may then be too late for him to save the tooth.

A blind or hidden abscess may develop in the jawbone from the cavity that you have neglected, thus causing a serious and perhaps a permanent injury to the jawbone as well as to the teeth and gums. Yet if you will consult your dentist soon enough—before the enamel is destroyed—he can often save the tooth.

It is a good plan to visit your dentist regularly every six months to have an examination of your teeth made. He will then have a chance to locate and arrest decay before it reaches its final stages.

By use of the X-ray he can find and definitely locate many hidden abscesses or buried roots.

Mothers—Note!

AS you know, your babe's first teeth come at the age of six months or

The context of this very important article was supplied by the Australian Dental Association.



earlier. When he is two years old he should have a full set of twenty temporary teeth.

It is most important that the mother should brush these baby teeth regularly with a small, soft brush.

She should remember that from the time that the baby cuts his first teeth they may be subject to decay. She

should strive to keep the little teeth and gums scrupulously clean, should feed the baby the proper foods, containing the vitamins so important for proper tooth development, and should be always on the lookout for the first signs of decay.

If the slightest sign of decay appears, the mother should take the baby to the dentist at once. The dentist can put in



USE TWO brushes for best results in brushing teeth, advises Irene Hervey, M-G-M player. One is used for the upper teeth, the other for the lower teeth, so the brush does not become "soggy."

A LOVELY girl with teeth of pearly beauty is Lona Andre, smiling out at you from the circle. She is a Paramount player.

temporary fillings, thus arresting decay. It is important to arrest this decay in the baby's first teeth for two reasons:

The first is that decaying teeth often lead to indigestion, and other so-called children's diseases; and the second reason lies in the fact that proper care of the baby teeth paves the way for healthy permanent teeth.

If a baby's first teeth become diseased, abscessed, or broken off, the resultant unhealthy conditions severely interfere with the normal eruption and placing of the second or permanent teeth.

An Emergency BEAUTY HINT

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Overseas Representative in Europe.

Here is an instructive story with a moral.

A GREAT friend of mine, with a reputation as a raging beauty, one week-end recently visited a country house and, when she arrived, she was shown to her room. For a few moments she did indeed become a "raging beauty," for she discovered that her vanity case, containing her precious beauty secrets, had been mislaid. It had been left in the train!

For only a few moments was she discomfited; then she asked me, sweetly, if I would invade the kitchen and beg a bottle of salad oil, a can of boiling water, a packet of cornflour, a teacup, a piece of linen, and a cup of milk.

She removed her frock and coated her face with salad oil, then she bent her glistening face over a bowl of boiling water, wrung out a corner of the towel in it, and applied it to her face.

Three times she did this, then dried herself and tapped in another dose of oil. More applications with the wet towel—the water was cooler now—and then the milk, patted on her face and neck gently for about three minutes, with a linen rag, until most of the tea-cupful was absorbed. The remainder of the milk she used as an eyeshadow.

When her face was quite dry, she applied her make-up, lightly and skilfully—luckily she carried rouge, mascara, day-cream, and lipstick in her handbag—completing it except for her eyebrows and lashes. A flick with her puff with the cornflour ("Always use a white powder as a foundation, before applying a tinted kind," she told me, "it gives that 'petally' effect") and a more generous application of her own daintily perfumed peach-colored powder.

She brushed eyebrows and lashes with a suspicion of the salad-oil before using the brown mascara, and there she was, as perfect as if she had just emerged from a beauty parlor.



Miss JESSICA HARCOURT, noted Australian beauty, a n d charming theatrical artiste, is another of the lovely stage stars who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

Worthwhile Beauty Recommendations

By NANETTE

"HAIR CONTROL." Is your hair difficult to control and does the wave go out quickly? Well a little Hollywood Hair Dressing will soon correct this and you will be able to retain your waves longer and easily dress your hair any way you want to. Used regularly, Hollywood Hair Dressing will stop dandruff, falling hair and will increase growth. Your chemist can get it for you.

"TOO FAT." Your trouble can be easily overcome by taking clyno berries. These little berries have a wonderful power in helping to reduce superfluous fat, and they can be taken without fear of adversely affecting the health; in fact, they improve the general health and reduce excessive fat in a natural manner. Get some from your chemist to-day.

"HEALTHY COMPLEXION." This can only be attained by using a non-clogging cream which also has power to harmlessly remove freckles, moth-patches, sallowness,

roughness, etc. Such a cream exists in the wonderfully popular mercolized wax which, applied to the skin at night, removes surface skin imperfections in a harmless, natural manner. A complexion treated to a course of mercolized wax is a complexion to be proud of and you should try this out at once. Splendid for sunburn, windchaps and skin roughness of face, neck, hands or arms.

"PREMATURELY AGED LOOKING." Grey hairs make the most youthful person look ten years older and should not be tolerated in these days as a youthful appearance is a very valuable asset, you know that. What you probably do not know is how to effectively and harmlessly get rid of these grey hairs. It was a secret once, but now most people know that tannalloy lotion is the one truly effective remedy for grey hairs. It harmlessly restores them to their natural colour, and not being a dye can be used with greatest confidence. Does not stain the scalp or pillowcase, and no one can detect it.

"SHAMPOOING." The correct shampoo for the average head of hair is undoubtedly stallax. Delightfully perfumed these stallax granules cleanse the scalp and leave hair beautifully bright and wavy.

It's worth while asking your chemist or store for The New Dearborn Lipstick

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: What is catarrh, doctor, and why do so many people suffer from it?

CATARRH is an inflammation of a mucous membrane; a mucous membrane is the delicate lining found inside many body structures, such as the nose, throat or stomach; any of these or other such structures may be subject to catarrh, but the nose is most commonly affected.

The reason isn't far to seek, since the interior of the nose is a delicate and complicated arrangement close to the surface of the body and so nearer infection.

Predisposing causes to catarrh are defective diet and not enough fresh air.

Vitamin A protects mucous mem-

as a result of some local condition such as an abnormality in the nose or throat. If this is corrected, the condition often disappears.

PATIENT: What is a goitre, doctor, and what causes it?

A GOITRE is a swelling of the thyroid gland. The exact cause is doubtful, but it undoubtedly has something to do with insufficient iodine in the diet. Iodine is generally found, of course, only in minute traces, in ordinary drinking water, and it follows that cases are usu-



..BY A DOCTOR..

ated with trembling hands, wide-staring eyes, a rapid pulse, and a liability to emotional disturbances.

This is not an uncommon condition, but the interest lies in the fact that it is a clinical picture of somebody under the influence of great fear, and shows how character and personality may depend on glandular action.

PATIENT: My small child has whooping cough, doctor; do you think that I should keep him indoors, or can he be allowed out?

IT all depends on how badly he has it. Whooping cough is one thing that we don't seem to be able to prevent, and most children get it sooner or later.

It is, moreover, one of the most serious of the childish diseases, more so, for instance, than is scarlet fever, though most people don't realize that fact.

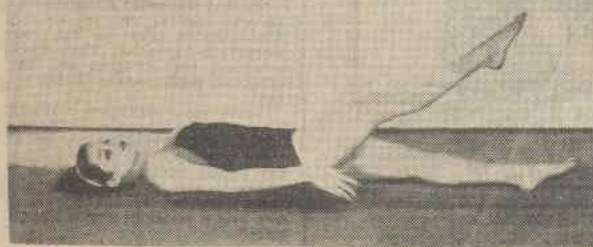
If the child is not ill enough to be in bed he is probably better out of doors, provided, of course, that the weather is suitable. There is, however, a proviso to this: it is decidedly not fair to let him run about the street and infect other children as is so often done.

The best thing is to find a suitable playmate who also has the whoop and put them together somewhere. As whooping cough comes as a sort of epidemic nearly every year in the summer, such a playmate should not as a rule be difficult to find.

An interesting fact is that the whoop often returns any time within twelve months of leaving if the child catches a cold; however, he is not then infective, and it soon passes off.

HOST Holbrook says: I mature my Worcestershire Game still age imparts a full, rich, mellow flavor.***

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



LIE flat on your back, your arms by your side. Lift the legs alternately as though walking, keeping the knees stiff and the toes pointed. Not only does this exercise keep the legs firm and shapely, but also strengthens the abdominal muscles.—Suzanne Karren, Fox Pictures.

branes; it is found in milk, butter, eggs, etc. Fresh air is very essential.

Catarrh is particularly common in the muggy coastal districts of Australia, and is quite uncommon in the colder uplands. The inflammation often starts

ally found in certain well-defined districts.

Goitres may cause no symptoms at all and the only inconvenience suffered may be the disfigurement. On the other hand, there is a type of goitre associ-



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HE found her fresh and mentally invigorating, so different from the women he knew with their artifice and tricks, their barbed and baited hooks. She never made up her face... there was not any need to, she smelt of good toilet soap and cleanliness, no exotic perfumes here, no trace of the beauty parlor.

"Don't tell me you are a London girl," he said.

"Oh, no, I'm from the country, from Copley. Do you know it?"

"I'm afraid I don't. Why did you come to London?"

"She dimpled at him. 'I ran away.'"

"You... you ran away? Why did you do that?"

"She pouted then. 'They tried to make me marry someone... the curate, you know, and I couldn't do that. You can't marry people you don't love, can you?'"

"No, no, you cannot. And I suppose you have quite a number of friends here?"

"Oh, no, I just read in the evenings, and I work all day."

"Don't you want to go back home?" he asked her.

"Not for anything in the world. I

The Bent PIN

Continued from Page 14

love the city, but it is a little lonely sometimes."

"M-m-m, yes. Now listen, I am going to take you to a theatre to-morrow night. I don't suppose you have been to one yet?"

"Are you? No, no, I haven't. Oh, are you really?"

"Yes, he laughed, 'I really am. Now, tell me your address and I shall call for you. I think we will have dinner first.'"

"She told him. She was all trembling with excitement... she was really going to a theatre with a fine gentleman... and she loved him so."

To-morrow evening seemed a million years away, and she would be an old, worn woman before it came. For the rest of that day and all the next she lived in a dream, a dream of rosy clouds.

"It came at last. It was the most wonderful evening of her life, and for him, perhaps the most interesting. Her

frock was very simple, just a plain white muslin that made her look more a child than ever. She talked incessantly; she hardly seemed to pause for breath. Clive leaned back in his chair and laughed, he really couldn't help it, he was enjoying her tremendously. But she was silent in the theatre; she sat with clasped hands and rapt gaze. In the interval she whispered: 'Do you think I could ever be like that?'"

"They drove home in a carriage, but she was a little sleepy from the unaccustomed lateness of the hour and the excitement of the evening. Clive was very gallant. He assisted her into the carriage and sat beside her as stiffly as though she were a queen—he treated her as though she were one, and not just a little milliner's assistant... but then Clive was a gentleman, and that makes a difference, don't you think? But Susan was very tired, and hardly more than a child; she felt so safe and happy with him that she just curled up against his shoulder and went to sleep. Clive could hardly believe his eyes. Carefully, very carefully, he bent

forward to look at her. Yes, she was certainly asleep, and smiling so contentedly as she slept, her cheeks flushed, her sweet lips slightly parted. He was amazed; never in his life had he had an experience quite like this.

"When the carriage stopped at her address he said quietly, 'Wake up, Susan, here we are.'"

"She opened sleepy eyes. 'Oh, so soon? I'm sorry if I slept, but you didn't mind, did you?'"

"No, of course I didn't mind." He thought about her all the way home after he had left her; he thought about her all the next day. There was no subterfuge, no trickery about her, she was not pursuing any premeditated plan of action, with an idea of captivating his heart; she did not angle with a well wrought hook, she used a simple bent pin...

"A FEW days later he came for her again. She had been feeling a little unhappy because she had not heard from him, but when she saw his tall figure standing on the threshold of the shop her heart started pounding madly in her breast and the color mounted to her cheeks. 'Oh!' was all she said.

"He laughed. The child was so obvious; had she not subtleties? Even he scarcely realised that it was her very lack of them that he found so attractive. He said: 'To-morrow is Sunday, you don't work or go to church or anything like that, do you?'"

"Oh no!" she told him. Susan did go to church on Sundays, but she believed he was going to ask her out, and not for worlds would she have risked missing that. Of course that was just what he was going to do.

"Suppose we drive out into the country, take our luncheon?" he suggested. "I could call for you about eleven. Would you like that?"

"I'd love it." And, of course, she clasped her hands to say it, and her eyes sparkled. He would have expected any other girl to say casually, 'Oh, I suppose it would be all right.'"

"Then that is settled, then." He shook hands very formally with her when he left, and after he had gone, Madame Corson took the opportunity to say to Susan, 'I would be careful if I were you, child.'"

"What do you mean, Madame? Of what should I be careful?"

"What a child you are, to be sure. Gentlemen don't run round after girls of your station for nothing, that's why I say, watch your step."

"Thank you, Madame, I will." But Madame never saw the twinkle far back in Susan's eyes, or the little confident set of her lips as she walked away. Susan was angling with a bent pin... but she knew how to throw a line. She was a woman.

"On the Sunday she wore a felled white organdie and a parasol she had borrowed from a girl in the shop, and round her throat a narrow ribbon of black velvet. Clive was enchanted. 'You look as though you have stepped out of a fairy tale,' he told her. She dimpled at him and lowered her eyes demurely.

"I am glad if you like me."

"It was a wonderful day for those two. Susan was so completely in love, and Clive so delightfully entertained. They were going home when he said to her: 'Have you ever been in love, Susan?'"

"Yes." It was said in the quietest of voices.

"With whom, pray?"

"She looked right into his eyes and said, 'You.'"

"He was half prepared for that, but still it amazed him. 'Hush, you mustn't talk like that. Never say those things, Susan.'"

"Why?"

"Well, it... it isn't correct. If people didn't know you they might misunderstand." Then, being a man, he took her in his arms and asked, 'What is it you like about me?'"

"Everything," she said, nestling against him, "just everything."

SILAS WARRINGTON fell silent. His pipe had long gone out, and his back was rather stiff from lying on the damp grass. He sat up and rubbed it reflectively.

"Is that the end?" Jonathan asked. He was thinking that the story was not nearly so good as the penny-dreadful in his pocket. There was not a climax, and Jonathan did like a climax—a good, rounded finish to a yarn.

"Pretty near," said Silas. "Of course they got married before very long. Young Clive Warrington was too wise a fish to fall for the tested baits and the barbed hooks. Even if he did nibble, he had had sufficient practice to get away... but the bent pin was new, and it certainly caught him properly."

JONATHAN began to wind in his line. "The trout aren't biting," he said, "I think I'll have my lunch."

Silas looked round at the old mill, grim and silent, hung with cobwebs and shadowed with memories. But the boy was speaking again...

"How do you know the story, if it is true?" he asked, suspiciously.

"I?" Silas was emptying out his pipe. "Oh, I know it well enough. I'm the curate she didn't marry."

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For YOUNG Wives ... and MOTHERS

Prevent Baby From
CATCHING COLD

BY
MARY TRUBY KING
Daughter of Sir Truby King,
Authority on Baby Welfare.

WHEN baby is five or six months old, his mother will begin to take him about more, wheeling him out on her shopping errands or taking him visiting.

So long as baby is in the fresh outside air, and is cosily dressed, there will be little chance of his catching cold.

The danger lies in taking baby into a stuffy atmosphere and then wheeling him out again into cold air or winds.

AVOID taking baby to talkies. The atmosphere in most picture theatres is not of the healthiest, and the close proximity of those who may be suffering from colds or other catching diseases is definitely dangerous to baby.

If you must take baby visiting, make sure that no one with a cold or any sickness is allowed to nurse baby. It is best to leave baby in his pram on the verandah or in the garden till you have finished your call. Do not let baby be handled too much, as this is bad for his nervous system.

As far as possible avoid taking baby into a crowd. In trams and trains keep away from other passengers to avoid the possibility of baby being subjected to sneezing or coughing. The older baby grows the less liable he will be to pick up germs, but he should never needlessly be exposed to them.

The healthy baby who catches a cold

See that his little feet are not projecting from the shawl while you are carrying him.

The baby who is suffering from a cold does not need any medicine unless such is ordered by your doctor. Fresh air, sunshine, and plenty of boiled water to drink are the best medicines—and the cheapest!

Should baby feel hot to the touch, take his temperature. This is best done in the rectum. If it is above normal, keep baby in bed and get medical attention. Do not let baby be lifted from bed till the temperature has been normal for at least 24 hours. Every mother should learn how to read a clinical thermometer correctly.

Do not worry if baby does not put on so much weight while suffering from a cold. He will go ahead well once his cold clears up.



THE TYPE of cot recommended by Sir Truby King. It can be placed on a proper stand or between two chairs.

quickly throws it off, especially if the following measures are taken:—

Give baby more drinks of warm boiled water between feeds; see that he has more fresh air than usual, but keep him out of direct draughts; do not neglect his warm bath every day, but see that the room in which it is given is warmed beforehand and that baby's clean, warmed clothes are at hand before you undress him; do not press him to take his food if he does not seem to want quite so much as usual; see that he is warmly clad—especially his feet, legs, hands, and arms.

Before each feed clean baby's nostrils thoroughly with cotton wool twisted firmly round the end of a used match and dipped in warm olive oil or vaseline. If you have no olive oil or vaseline, use salt and water—one teaspoon of salt to one pint of water. Clean the nostrils again before putting baby to bed at night, and at any other time when they seem to be stuffed up.

Have paper handkerchiefs for baby while he is suffering from a cold, and burn them when used.

With a medicine-dropper, drop three drops of warm olive oil into each nostril daily.

SHOULD the cold be bad, or should there be difficulty in breathing, call in a doctor at once. Delay in this matter may result in baby developing bronchitis or pneumonia. Remember that "a little cold in a big person may bring on a big cold in a little person."

If the mother or nurse has a cold, she should wear a gauze mask over her

FOR
TRUE DELICACY
OF FLAVOUR
DRINK
Goldenia
Tea

B382



LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
NEURALGIA
HEADACHES

All YIELD to the
QUICK ACTION of

'ASPRO'

THOUSANDS have testified to the efficacy of 'ASPRO,' and thousands more have proved by use that 'ASPRO' definitely soothes away the excruciating pains of Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headaches, etc. It quickly stops the pain. There is no waiting or delay; furthermore, 'ASPRO' is safe, and it does not harm the heart, digestion, or stomach. It can be taken by anyone, anywhere, at any time, and the reason why 'ASPRO' has such a large number of uses in every home is because, after ingestion in the system, it is an internal antiseptic—an anti-pyretic or fever reducer—an anti-periodic—a powerful germicide, and a definite solvent of Uric Acid.

Let your slogan be:—
GET 'ASPRO' AND GET RID OF PAIN.

Acted Wonderfully for Lumbago & Rheumatism

16 Bay Road,
Kewwick, South Australia.

Dear Sirs,

My father has suffered for a number of years with LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM in a severe state, being in bed 8 or 9 weeks at a time each year. Some time ago he tried 'ASPRO' Tablets for relief, and they acted wonderfully.

During the last 11 years he has taken very many Tablets, but he enjoys better health and does not get a return of severe pains nor any ill effects from taking your 'ASPRO'.

He continues to take 'ASPRO' Tablets daily and would recommend anyone suffering from LUMBAGO or RHEUMATISM to try 'ASPRO' Tablets, as they give such splendid relief.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) L. WOLSEY.

12 Months' Sciatica Stopped in a Fortnight with 'ASPRO'

27 Marine Parade,
ST. KILDA,
June 28, 1932

Dear Sirs,

For nearly 12 months I have been suffering with Sciatica, and could hardly walk with the pains in both legs. I was recommended to take 'ASPRO,' which I did, night and morning, with the result that in a fortnight the pain had practically left me, and I was able to walk about in perfect ease.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) B. L. HARRIS.

576/34

Obtainable at all
3 9 1 3 4
ASPRO Chemicals and Pharmaceuticals

THE HUB

offers 6d Value

4 Ply Wool

Made in Australia by
The "X" Knitting Mills
at Sydney's Lowest Prices!



A New Season's product AT LAST YEAR'S LOW PRICE! We are not allowed to use the maker's name in this Advertisement, but you will recognise the quality as being identical with one of Australia's best 4-ply Knitting Wools. The range of shades is equal to anything you have seen this season—here are some of the many shades offered:—Red, Navy, Orange, Lemon, Sage, Lido, Sky, Marone, Chocolate, Reseda, and Black. Usually 6d.
HUB PRICE, Per 100 Skein

4-Ply Scotch Fingering

Another Bargain from the same Mills—and unbeatable for value, is this 4-ply Scotch Fingering Wool at last year's low price! A quality that is renowned for its fine texture and long-wearing ability. Available in every conceivable shade as well as a wide range of heather Marls. Don't miss this! Usually 8d.
HUB PRICE, Per 100 Skein

Compare these Prices, too!

4-ply Wendy Wool

4-ply Wendy wools at last year's low prices. A wonderful range of shades to choose from. 11 1/2d
FOR, Skein

Silk and Wool

"BUNBEAM" 2-ply Silk and Wool, in pastel tints of Salmon, Lemon, Eau-de-Nil, White, Rose, Cornflower, Sky, Shell Pink. 5d
FOR, Skein

2, 3, and 4-ply

"BUNBEAM" 2, 3, and 4-ply Super fingering. Full range of shades. 8d
FOR, Skein

Baby Wool

Lincoln Mills Merino Baby Wool. Pink, Sky, and White. 9d
FOR, Skein

Knitting Pins

6in, 8in, 10in, 12in. Erindol Knitting Pins in sizes 8 to 12. 2 1/2d
Usually 6d. FOR, pair

Fixed Price Knitting Wools

Golden Wattle

Lincoln Mills 4-ply Golden Wattle Wool. Latest tints including Mimosa, Dava Grey, Bittersweet, Beige, Benchman, Green, Dark Cocoa, Lilac, and various others. 7d
FOR, Skein

Paton's 4-ply

Paton's 4-ply Rose fingering in all the colors of the rainbow. 8 1/2d
FOR, Skein

P. & B. Wools

Paton and Baldwin's 2, 3, and 4-ply Super Scotch fingering in shades of Lemon, Rose, Salmon, Sage, Reseda, Scarlet, Marone, Gold, Orange, Eau-de-Nil, Royal, Sage, Light and Dark Grey, Chocolate, Beige, Fawn, Sky, Shell Pink, and delightful fancy mixtures. 10d
FOR, Skein

Ground Floor Items!

With a Thrilling Price Appeal

Ladies' and Mado's Dress Shields. Silk covered. Sizes small, medium, and large. 1/-
FOR, pair

80 yard machine Twist. English make. All shades. Usually 2d. 2d
FOR, reel

Premiere super stranded embroidery cotton in a range of 10 shades including Black and White. 1d
FOR, Skein

Embroidery cotton-holders. Hold seven shades. Usually 6d. 4 1/2d
FOR, each

The HUB Limited
393-5-7 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

Under Cover

ANYONE who has lived in Queensland in the summer-time knows what a treat we have with flies. I called on a neighbor the other day to congratulate her on the arrival of a new baby, and was shown the mite lying on a bed protected from the flies and mosquitoes by an outside shining meat dish-cover—V.L.O.

Butter Vanished

IN the Brisbane office of a shipping firm I was shown a box, which was shipped to London some months ago with 56lb. of first grade butter from one of the leading Queensland factories. When the box was opened in London it was found to contain a sugar bag full of sand, cement, gravel, and mortar. The box was returned from London to demonstrate the magic effects of a sea trip.—C.G.C.

Cheaper

THE other day I came across a North Coast dairy farmer greasing the axles of his wagon with butter. I was astonished at such extravagance, and inquired the reason. He informed me that axle grease cost 1/4 per lb tin, and as he was only getting 8d. a lb for his butter, he thought he might as well save the difference.—C.G.C.

"Where There's a Will"

A VICTORIAN girl was born with a deformed right arm, yet for years she worked at dressmaking. In sewing she wraps the material round her right arm and stitches with the left hand. Now she is a shop assistant and wraps and ties parcels with great facility. A turn of the string around her right arm holds it firmly, and with the other hand she tucks the paper and ties the string. Thanks to a sensible mother who insisted on the child overcoming her physical disability, the girl is now quite capable and happy.—"Flam."

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

Ruse Failed

THERE are no larger contributors to charitable purposes than the big breweries, but to save imposition, all appeals are considered by representatives of the various companies in conference.

The other day a separate appeal was made by an organisation to several breweries for a donation for a function about to be held. Each firm approached was informed that "our Organisation has decided in future to use no other brand but that made by your firm."

When the appeals came up for consideration at the representatives' conference, it is not surprising that no donation was made.—J.J.

Her Good Deed

HE was a hopeless derelict, his clothing a heap of rags, boots almost worn off his feet, and he was soundly sleeping in the park. I saw a lady passing by, and her attention was attracted to the human wreck. She did not look as if she had much of the world's goods herself, but she opened her purse, took out 4/-, and, without waking the derelict, placed it gently on his chest and tip-toed away. Her blushes when she saw that her good deed had been noticed would have done credit to a schoolgirl.—L.W.

FULL DETAILS of Our £250 Knitting CONTEST

Sections, Conditions, Entry Form

Following are the full details of The Australian Women's Weekly £250 knitting contest.

SECTION 1.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize .. £30
2nd Prize .. £25 10 Prizes of .. 10/-
3rd Prize .. £25 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 33 Prizes valued at £60.

This section will be open to all entrants. Each garment must comprise a color scheme of not less than four distinct shades. (Shades in mail wool will not be considered as constituting a color scheme.) Knitting, design, originality, and general effect will all be taken into account in the judging.

SECTION 2.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize .. £30
2nd Prize .. £25 10 Prizes of .. 10/-
3rd Prize .. £25 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 33 Prizes valued at £60.

This section will be open only to those who have not previously won a prize in any knitting competition. Any design may be used, and entrants' attention is directed to the book published by The Australian Women's Weekly featuring with directions, the latest designs from overseas.

SECTION 3.

Man's Cardigan or Pull-over

1st Prize .. £30 2nd Prize .. £25/10/- 10 Prizes of .. 10/-
Total of 12 Prizes valued at £255.

SECTION 4.

Baby's Outfit

1st Prize .. £10
2nd Prize .. £5 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £20.

To comprise not less than three garments, including a frock or coat.

SECTION 5.

Pull-over or Cardigan for Children Between 8 and 14 Years of Age

1st Prize .. £20
2nd Prize .. £15 10 Prizes of .. 10/-
Total of 12 Prizes valued at £220.

These garments will be designed mainly for school wear, and entrants can evolve attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 6.

Best Outlay of 5/-

1st Prize .. £15
2nd Prize .. £10 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £220.

Best Outlay of approximately 5/-. The Judges will award the prizes in this Section to the garment or garments which, made from the stipulated outlay, represent, in their finished state, the best value for the money. Any garment or garments, will be eligible for entry in this Section. Sets of sweaters and scarves, ladies' fingerie, men's socks and ties, baggy-tights or dressing jackets; an endless variety of garments may be evolved by the enterprising knitter for 5/-. The market value of the garments, together with the standard of the knitting, will be the guiding factor in judging this Section.

SECTION 7.

Lady's Singlet

1st Prize .. £15
2nd Prize .. £10 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £220.

Artistry of design will be regarded as a special feature in this Section. Fine lace stitches, touches of hand embroidery, or applique can be used.

CONDITIONS AND ENTRY FORM

1. A dated entry coupon will be published weekly in The Australian Women's Weekly during the progress of the competition, and each entry must be accompanied by four coupons of successive dates.

2. The name and full address of competitor and the number of the section in which the exhibit is to be judged must be printed in ink on calico and sewn firmly to the garment.

3. Each entry must be entirely the work of the competitor, but any number of entries may be sent in by one competitor. Each entry must comply with condition 1.

4. Entries must be handed in or posted to the head office of The Australian Women's Weekly in the competitor's State, namely:—N.S.W.: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St., Sydney.

Queensland: Shell House, 201 Ann St., Brisbane.
South Australia: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.
Victoria: Age Chambers, 229 Collins St., Melbourne.

Entries close on June 15.

5. Insufficiently stamped entries will not be accepted. If an exhibit is to be returned by post, the competitor must send sufficient postage to cover cost.

6. An official receipt for each exhibit will be supplied to each competitor, and must be produced when application is made for the return of the garment at the close of the competition.

7. Every care will be taken of the entries, but The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept any responsibility for goods lost or stolen in transit. Entrants are advised to send parcels either by rail or by registered post.

8. Entries may be pressed, but must not be washed or cleaned.

9. Judging will be done by experts, and the results will be announced as soon as possible after the closing of the competition. The Judges' decisions will be absolutely final.

Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Competition

ENTRY FORM

Please accept my entry for The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Competition, subject to the conditions stated above, by which I agree to abide.

M

Address

Section (No. of Section)

17/2/34

Health and BEAUTY Personality and PEP!

all go together, and are really inseparable, for bad health destroys the other three. No woman can be in bad health if she takes a daily glass of sunshine in the form of

CENOVIS IRRADIATED MEDICINAL YEAST

This yeast bears the same relation to other yeasts as talking pictures do to silent ones. It is the greatest health gift to men, women, and children that science has to offer. Nursing mothers will find it invaluable, for it increases lactation and stores up vitamins in the child. Growing children should be given a teaspoonful of irradiated yeast daily. It is more important from a vitamin and nourishment point of view than all other foods combined, and not only that, it protects children against disease, for nothing is a greater enemy of bacteria and intestinal parasites than irradiated yeast, because the yeast actually carries the ultra violet ray in addition to its other anti-parasitic qualities. Whilst Cenovis Yeast is not an aperient, it is a sure cure for constipation and other digestive troubles, and gives quick relief in all types of piles by normalizing the digestive organs and relieving pressure. It is a proved specific in rheumatism, arthritis, insomnia, all skin and blood troubles including blood pressure, rickets and malnutrition in children, fever, loss of vitality and premature aging, and many other complaints which take their origin in the digestive system. Cenovis Medical irradiated yeast is obtainable from Chemists only.

1/6, 2/9, 5/-, 8/-

CENOVIS BEAUTY YEAST FACE PACKS

are now available, and are meeting with universal approbation. The delightful freshness and skin beauty following their use, will make them popular with all women. They have been enlarged and sell at 1/-.

CENOVIS BAKING YEAST

will remove all your bread baking problems. There is no finer or more economical baking yeast in the world, and it is guaranteed to keep fresh and active for 12 months. Full range of recipes enclosed in each packet. Ask your chemist or store-keeper to supply you.

Packets 1/6, 2/6, 4/6, 7/6

ALL CENOVIS YEAST PRODUCTS ARE MADE BY THE CENOVIS-WERKE G.m.b.H. OF MUNICH, GERMANY, and are distributed throughout the Commonwealth and New Zealand by the

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PINK'S BUILDING, 6 ELIZABETH ST., MELBOURNE.
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HE CUTS HIS TEETH SO EASILY...

The fever and restlessness is always allayed by Steedman's Powders. They keep baby's habits regular and they're cool. Give them regularly during teething, and up to the age of fourteen years.

"Hints to Mother" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Box 494A, G.P.O. Sydney.
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DRINK HABIT—COMPLETELY OVERCOME

BEYOND CONTINUOUS SUCCESS! ACT NOW!

Don't wish that your husband or son did not drink—ACT! Eucray is transforming drinkers into sober men every day. There are daily testings in its success. Why suffer the awful effects of drunkenness a moment longer? EUCRAY will sober the drinker and bring happiness to your home if you USE IT. EUCRAY is guaranteed harmless, and can be given SECRETLY or voluntarily. NOT COSTLY. Call or write to-day for Booklet, with Testimonials. DEPT. B. THE EUCRAY CO., 297 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

FREE SAMPLE

BETTER WAYS with BATTER

Fritters, Pancakes, Popovers so Light, so Tender, and Tasty made this way—Try Them

"Betty Batter bought some butter,
For to put it in her batter,
And it made her batter better than the bitter butter. . ."

AND so through my mind runs the old tongue-twister rhyme of my youth when I set out to write about the most universally popular dishes of young and old. The recipes given hereunder are simple, easy to follow, but I would ask you, one and all, to read the foreword carefully so that outstanding success will be yours in the serving of these light, wholesome and tempting dainties.

EGGs are of more importance than butter when making a successful batter.

The standard proportion for a plain batter is 1 egg, 4oz. flour, 1 cup of milk, but more egg can be used to advantage. Always use a wooden spoon when mixing batters and choose a cool spot. Add the liquid gradually to remove all lumps. Beat well in order to get in as much air as possible. Moreover, it should stand for at least one hour—longer if possible—as each grain of flour must swell, burst, and ferment to render it more digestible.

The quantity of liquid depends on the quality of the flour as that item absorbs more moisture than others. The consistency depends upon the purpose for which it is required. The batter for fritters must be thicker than for pancakes if it is to be used for coating.

See that there is sufficient fat to well cover the fritters, and it is most important to have it at boiling point—that is, a faint blue haze rising from it.

An enamel pan is best for frying pancakes, and it is a wise plan to melt a little butter in the pan, and then wipe it out before frying the first pancake. Also to wipe out the pan with kitchen paper after each pancake has been cooked as the smallest piece of burnt batter will spoil the remainder of the pancakes.

Sweet pancakes and fritters are served sprinkled with castor sugar, and savory ones are garnished with parsley and lemon.

COUNTRY FRITTERS

One egg, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons chopped onion and ham, salt.

Sift the flour into a basin. Beat the egg, and add it to the milk. Add the egg and milk mixture gradually to the flour, and beat well with a wooden spoon. Allow to stand for one hour.

Put a little butter into a pan. When melted, spread about half a tablespoon of the onion and ham mixture over the pan. Cover with some of the batter. Brown on both sides. Turn on to kitchen paper, and roll up. Serve with hot carrots. This mixture makes about five or six fritters.

PANCAKES

One egg, 4oz. flour, 1 cup milk, sugar, and lemon, 1oz. butter, pinch salt.

Sift the flour, and salt into a basin. Beat an egg, add to the centre of the flour. Mix well, add some of the milk, and make to a smooth paste. Beat well about eight minutes, add the remainder of the milk. It is better not to add the remainder of the milk until just before cooking—about one hour. Melt some of the butter in the frying pan. Pour in enough batter to barely cover the pan.

HOME-MADE Ginger-Beer

WE have many requests for a recipe for the above. Here are two excellent recipes:

One and a half ounces cream of tartar, 3oz. ginger, 3lb. sugar, the juice of 2 lemons, 2 gallons boiling water.

Bruse the ginger well. Mix all the ingredients together, stirring constantly while the liquid is cooling. When cool add 1 teaspoon yeast, the white of 1 egg, stirring well. Let it stand for 12 hours, bottle and cork tightly.

No. 2 Recipe

Five pounds white sugar, 1 pint lemon juice, 1 lb. honey, 1 lb. bruised ginger, 5 gallons water.

Boil the ginger for 1 hour in 3 quarts of water, then add the sugar, lemon juice, and honey, with the remainder of the water. Strain through a cloth. When cold add the white of an egg, and a small teaspoon lemon essence, and a small teaspoon essence of ginger. Allow to stand in a cask four days, then bottle.

By MARGARET
SHEPHERD
Instructor to
Leading Hospitals

hours. Drain the pineapple slices well. Whisk the egg whites stiffly and add to the batter just before cooking.

Have a deep pan or saucepan of fat at boiling point (a blue haze rising). Coat the pineapple rings with butter, and fry a few at a time until a golden brown. Drain on kitchen paper, sprinkle with castor sugar, and serve at once.

BAKED APRICOT PUDDING.

Small tin of apricots, 3oz. flour, 1 cup milk, grated orange rind, sugar, pinch salt.

Sift the flour and salt into a basin. Make a well in the centre. Drop in the egg, and mix it with a little of the flour. Add half the milk gradually, and mix into a smooth batter. Beat it well and allow to stand an hour or longer. Turn the apricots into a strainer and drain well. Grease a pie dish with butter. Turn the apricots into the pie dish, add the grated rind to the batter, and pour it over the fruit. Bake for 45 minutes in a moderately hot oven. Add a small amount of sugar to the apricot juice and simmer slowly until it thickens slightly. Serve with the pudding.

SCRAMBLED FRITTERS

One tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon castor sugar, vanilla essence, or a dash of rum.

Sift the flour into a basin. Beat the egg and sugar well together. Add the milk to it. Then add gradually to the flour when a paste. Beat well with a wooden spoon until smooth. Allow to stand one hour. Just before cooking add the flavoring.

Melt 1oz. of butter in a frying pan. Pour a thick layer of the mixture in the pan, and stir well as you would for scrambled eggs to break up the batter. When a golden brown remove and serve with stewed fruit.

APPLE FRITTERS

One egg, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon castor

sugar, lemon juice, or rum, 1 or 2 apples.
Sift the flour into a basin. Add the egg yolk and mix well, adding the sugar and milk gradually. Beat until the mixture is smooth. Leave for one hour, then add the flavoring, the stiffly-beaten egg white folded in, also the apples peeled, cored, and cut into rings. Have a quantity of fat at boiling point (a blue haze rising). Drop each fritter into hot fat, and when a golden brown, drain, on paper. Pile on a hot dish. Serve with lemon juice and castor sugar.

PRUNE PANCAKES

Eight or nine fritters. Use the batter as for apple fritters. Soak the prunes overnight. Stew.



PREPARING
apricot pudding
and (left) delicious
pineapple
fritters.

and when soft, stone, and cut in slices add to the batter, and fry in a well-buttered frying pan. Brown on both sides. Serve with castor sugar, and powdered cinnamon.

CHEESE AND MINT FRITTERS.

One egg, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 tablespoon finely chopped mint or parsley, 2 tablespoons milk, pinch salt, paprika.

Beat the egg and stir into the sifted flour. Add the milk. Beat well until a smooth batter. Stand aside for one hour. Just before cooking, add the grated cheese, and mint. Melt the butter. Pour in one tablespoonful of the mixture. Lightly brown on both sides. Sprinkle with paprika, roll up, and serve hot with green vegetables or tomato sauce.



POPOVERS—so named because they rise well and pop right over the tins in which they are baked.

Half-fill the moulds with the batter. Place in a hot oven, and bake until they are high and well-browned—about half an hour.

PINEAPPLE FRITTERS

Slices of tinned pineapple, 1 cup warm water, 1 dessertspoon salad oil, 2 egg whites, pinch salt, 3oz. flour, a quantity of frying fat.

Sift the flour with a pinch of salt. Make a well, and pour in the oil in the centre. Make into a smooth batter with the warm water. Beat well with a wooden spoon, and allow to stand 12

BEST RECIPES

£1 Every Week to Be Won!

Perhaps you have discovered a new and most delicious way of serving an otherwise ordinary breakfast or luncheon dish; or, you have come across a splendid recipe for a cake or pie—just like mother used to make! Send us the recipe. It may win you £1.

Here are this week's prizewinners:

SARDINE CIGARETTES

Take a few sardines and scrape them; have some pieces of paste, roll out very thin, cut into pieces 3 inches long and 1½ inches wide, just large enough to wrap round sardines. Roll up each sardine in a piece of paste with edges wet to join nicely. Fasten the ends. Brush with egg, roll in crumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Drain, and serve hot, or, before rolling, dip each sardine in grated cheese or curry powder, and, when ready, sprinkle with cheese. These are delicious for supper.

£1 prize to Mrs. W. J. Cooper, Borelton, S.A.

CHOKO JAM

Ten large chokos, or twelve smaller ones, three small lemons, four pounds of sugar, two ounces of dry preserved ginger. Cut up the chokos very small, or put through the mincing machine; cut the lemons into thin slices; put all into an earthenware or enamel dish, in layers, sprinkling a little salt between each layer. Leave all night and drain off the liquid in the morning. Put a cup and a half of water in a preserving pan with the sugar, when it is coming to the boil, put in the chokos, lemon and ginger. Boil slowly for about four to five hours. Any other flavoring could be used instead of lemon—plum or apple could be substituted, but in that case would not be cut up until ready for use.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Spain, Ruthven St. North, Toowoomba, Qld.

RABBIT DELICATESSEN

An uncommon and most delicious way of serving rabbit.
Two pounds rabbit with bacon to taste. Put into juve and steam three hours. Take out of

H. O. H. Holbrook says: For the Bridge Party let me suggest some Holbrook's Queen Olives. They are always popular.***

STUFFED APRICOTS

Take some halves of apricots, dry them, and stuff with cream of rice flavored with vanilla, so that the rice is shaped to form the other half of apricot. Brush over with a beaten egg, roll in fine white breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat. Serve with apricot sauce.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Varnaby, 6 Bayview St., Williamstown Beach, W.10, Vic.

Lima Beans Cutlets

1½ cups cooked Lima beans, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons finely-chopped onion, 1 cup blanched and finely-chopped almonds, 1 egg, salt, pepper to taste.

To cook the beans: Soak in sufficient boiling water for 12 hours. Strain the water off, add fresh cold water and simmer gently 25 minutes, or until soft. Strain. Mash the beans and add salt, pepper, almonds and onion which has been lightly fried in the butter, adding the butter also. Sprinkle paper with a little flour, and shape mixture to represent cutlets. Place on a greased dish. Brush with a little melted butter, or good fat, and bake 10 minutes in a hot oven, or until a golden brown.

MOTHER
HIS HEALTH
IS IN
YOUR
HANDS



YOUR baby is dependent on you for the nourishment which keeps him alive. For his sake you cannot afford to take any risks with your food.

Let the experience of other nursing mothers help you. For generations they have relied on Robinson's "Patent" Groats to keep them healthy—able to feed their babies naturally and well. You may be quite sure that you are doing your best for baby if you take Robinson's Groats regularly while you are nursing him. And let it be his first food after he is weaned.



Robinson's Patent Groats

ROYAL EASTER SHOW

26th MARCH TO 4th APRIL, 1934

NINE DAYS—SIX NIGHTS

Australia's Premier Exhibition

Agriculture, Live Stock, Horticulture, Machinery, Motor Cars, and all Classes of Manufactured Goods

Hunting, Jumping, Trotting, and Wood-chopping Contests Day and Night

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS on evenings of 27th, 29th and 31st March, and 3rd April:—

INTERSTATE TEAMS' CAMP DRAFTS

QUEENSLAND v. NEW SOUTH WALES (Men)

QUEENSLAND v. NEW SOUTH WALES (Ladies)

EXHIBITION OF CATTLE-THROWING AND TYING
STEER RIDING

ADMISSION: Outer Gates: Adults, 2/-; Children, 6d. Grandstands Extra

MEMBERS' SUBSCRIPTION:

Inside County of Cumberland, £2/2/- per annum.

Outside County of Cumberland, £1/11/6 per annum.

No nomination required.

Endeavour House,

33 Macquarie Place,
SYDNEY.

G. C. SOMERVILLE,

Secretary.

SKIN DISEASES

MARRICKVILLE CHEMIST'S AMAZING SUCCESS WITH
NEW SKIN-DISEASE TREATMENT

Remarkable Results With So-called "Hopeless" Cases

A succession of simply amazing cures of many types of skin diseases has been effected by a Marrickville Chemist, Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., Ph.C. Notice was first drawn to Mr. McHugh's new treatment some time ago, when he absolutely cured two cases of eczema of long standing which had been given up as absolutely hopeless.



Mr. J. J. McHugh,
M.P.S., Ph.C.

When these cases were inquired into, it was found that Mr. McHugh had been curing such cases for a number of years without it being publicly known.

Two outstanding cases recently were the complete cure of a frightful leg ulcer given up as hopeless 20 years ago, and the permanent cure in four

weeks of Eczema, from which a Marrickville girl had suffered for years (after treatment by four Sydney skin specialists). On every hand patients of this brilliant young chemist rejoice at the amazing success of the treatment.

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GREAT FUN for ETHEL

Continued from Page 11

AT first she had been apprehensive lest George should, like Aunt Matilda, imagine that a few whitebait was all she would care about. But now she looked on the situation in a new light. George had left her. She was entitled to leave George. Nobody could expect her to sit solemnly here and see the rotten programme through again. She would slip out and take herself to some place where she could eat what she wanted. She rose, collected her possessions, and departed cautiously. She knew the sort of place; a chop-house she remembered quite close by, in which the proprietor's idea of window-dressing was represented by a plate of raw steaks fringed by lettuce and tomatoes. She re-discovered it, and, after only a momentary hesitation, strode in, took off her gloves, and sat down near a fire.

A little waiter with an apron round his middle came up and bobbed at her.

"I want," said Ethel, "first, a carpet-bag steak. You know what that is, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am; what is it?"

"It's a large fillet steak, slit in half, filled with oysters, and shut up again on a hinge. And then I shall require a piece of household bread, floury potatoes, and . . . a pint of stout."

The waiter wrote this on a tablet.

"By the way," said Ethel meaningly, "I'll have the stout at once."

Then she sat back to wait, with a confident smile, until she realized that one thing was lacking.

SHE was a country bachelor girl and was disposed to enjoy her private life as it pleased her. In Aunt Matilda's presence she was necessarily polite, but in private she had a weakness for reading at meals. Realising that she would have some time to wait for her steak, and toying with the idea of adding to the evening's bliss by getting her feet up, lighting a cigarette and reading the evening paper, she discovered that there was no paper in the restaurant. So she rose and went to the door to look for a boy.

Not seeing one immediately, she walked along to the corner of the street with a reassuring signal to the watchful waiter. Here she glanced about her; and although she still saw no newsboy, she did see George, who had evidently returned to the cinema to make sure she was still all right, and had, of course, not found her. The moment he espied her, he bounded out into the traffic. The vortex swallowed him for a moment, but he reappeared eventually, dodging about the nose of a sports car, whence he reached her side, puffing hard.

"What have you thought of me? I shall never forgive myself. I can't explain it all now, but when you hear the story later you'll see that I did have some excuse."

"I was just going to have a bite. You needn't worry about me, if you're busy."

She did not state what sort of bite it was to be, because she did not want George, with misguided humor, to caricature her idea of fodder to Aunt Matilda.

"If you can hang on just a little longer, I'll give you dinner," George declared, "and a jolly good dinner too. But at this moment I want your help. Look here, hop in this taxi with me, and I'll tell you what's been happening. Thank goodness I spotted you."

A taxi pulled up at the kerb. Ethel seemed about to speak, but came to the conclusion that she had better hear the story first. A moment later she was being boosted into the taxi by George, who waved to the driver to proceed as he climbed in after her.

Ethel thought of her uneaten steak, her untasted stout and her unpaid bill, and was worried for a moment; but good breeding saved her from displaying mere discomfort of the mind.

"I've been searching London for a missing bridegroom," George said.

He looked upon her closely, wondering how far he could really trust her. Apple cheeks and ample build go with sincerity. He continued: "There is a girl. You wouldn't know her, but I admire her . . . awfully. I heard this evening that she's eloping with a man I know."

"You want to stop it?"

"Well, I'd like to, but that isn't what I'm doing. I've been asked to find the man and give him an important message. They were supposed to go off in this girl's car, but it's out of action, and he has to make other arrangements. So far he doesn't know it. In fact, the girl has been phoning all over the place to try to get hold of him, but in vain; and at I know the fellow and his habits, she begged me to look for him in the various Turkish baths and hostels and pubs, where he might be expected to be concealing himself, and explain things to him."

"Can't you find him?"

"I've just done so. I'm told he's at 'The Wooden Shoe,' giving a farewell party to his friends, and so I've got to go and dig him out."

"You needn't bother about me, I assure you. I was just going to have some grub. You go and tell him, and I'll meet you afterwards."

"No, I want you to come," said George, "for a reason. You don't know Teddy as I do . . . or his friends. If I were saying good-bye to Teddy's friends, I wouldn't make it the occasion for a party, I can tell you. Anyway, when I get inside, they'll all want me to stop, and they won't take a refusal. Once you get in a crowd like that, they're damned persistent. I want to be able to say I can't stay because I'm with a lady."

"Oh."

"If I only say it, they won't believe me. So I want you to come in with me and show yourself."

"And you think when they've seen me they won't want us to stop?"

George had seldom felt himself to be so tactless. It is only fair to say that this idea had not been present in his mind, although he realised now that she must think it had. He himself could see the force of it.

"Don't be ridiculous. I don't mean that at all. You and I will be going on somewhere else, and when they see that I really am with someone and have only just dropped in to speak to Teddy, they'll let me go again. It's simply to save a lot of argument with people I dislike."

"Well, how do we get in?"

"Oh, I'm a sort of member."

"Then couldn't we have food there?" Ethel spoke wistfully, but George discouraged this at once.

"Good heavens, no! I've quite made up my mind where I shall take you, and we shan't be long. I want to take you to a really decent place."

Ethel looked glum.

The taxi pulled up. Out stepped George and handed Ethel out after him. He paid and led the way determinedly down an alley, up a flight of stone steps, along a passage, through a little door, and then paused on a sort of landing where a man in evening-dress was sitting at a table. George signed a form, paid something, and led Ethel through.

"You don't mind, do you? It's a comic sort of place."

At first sight it would have been easy to set Ethel down as the partner of a policeman in plain clothes. She cast a keen eye round the tables.

George gestured, and then led the way across the floor, but stopped.

"You don't want to meet them, do you? Sit down here. They've seen you, and I'll simply get Teddy to one side and tell him. Then we'll go."

Ethel was obedient. She sat down and arranged herself. Then she watched George's passage. He had reached a table from which there rose noise and laughter; his arrival was greeted with a chorus of excited rallery.

Ethel knew she was being pointed out, and tried to look unconcerned, and therefore she did not at once see what was happening at the table.

MEANWHILE, Pauline, in her own home, had been carrying things off. At dinner not even her own mother had detected anything unusual. But then her mother did not really know her very well. Afterwards there was bridge, though Pauline simply could not concentrate. Not long since, George had rung up to say he had found Teddy at last. Faithful George was going to lend his car, and had gone to fetch it; he would call for Pauline first. She was to nip out at a fixed time, and meet him up the road; then he would drive her to the cross-roads, where Teddy would be waiting, and would hand over the wheel and tootle off.

"I may have a girl with me," he had added. "But she's been with me all the evening, and you won't mind her. It's Ethel."

At last Pauline found herself dummy, and she rose casually and left the room. Upstairs she collected a suitcase ready packed, and hurriedly changed her frock; then she stuffed money and cigarettes into the pockets of her leather jacket, swept her hair back from her forehead, and softly went downstairs. She had a rakish suede hat under one arm, and once out of doors she pulled it on. Then she hurried down the road, and round the corner.

George's car sure enough was there, and standing by the kerb; as she came up with it she heard the engine running. The door was opened, and she scrambled in beside George, who took her bag. The car slipped into gear and off up the road. George turned to look at her, and Pauline looked back in a way best described as "cuddly."

"You've been an angel."

Please turn to Page 37



What a nurse says:

Nurse Hannon, mother of this smiling youngster, says, "Having seen the wonderful results obtained with Roboleine in various children's hospitals in England, I gave it to my own boy when he was nine months old. I felt that it would be giving him a fair start."

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"O H-A-H," said George. But, I say, this is Ethel. Pauline turned and smiled; she wasn't shy; she was too sure of herself or that; her smile was frankly friendly. "I'm afraid I've been a nuisance all the evening." "That's all right," said Ethel. "I've enjoyed it." She was a little limp, but Pauline was not to know whether this was usual in her or not. They drove in silence for a time. The cross-roads weren't far off. Pauline said suddenly: "Was Teddy worried?" "Not when I told him you could have my car." "You had a terrible job to find him, didn't you?" "It took some time, of course. Is this the spot?" "Yes."

The car stopped. George sat for a little while like a chauffeur, then shut the engine off and looked at his watch. "He's never punctual," said Pauline. He's such a happy-go-lucky chap." George didn't answer. Ethel sat at the back holding herself together round the middle, hunched in a corner. They waited for a fair time. Nobody seemed inclined to talk. Pauline was sitting with one leg under her, staring past George, through the wind-screen and p the road. George occasionally took thoughtful glance at Pauline, and at such times his heart felt full and empty. At last Pauline said: "Are you quite sure he understood?" "I'll go and ring him up. We'll see what time he left 'The Wooden Shoe.' I'll walk along to that call-box round the corner. You wait here in case he comes."

WHEN he was safely out of earshot, Ethel spoke. She did not unwrap her arms. "George wouldn't tell you. But I will." Pauline looked round. "Why? What?" "I'm modern enough," said Ethel.

A Bachelor's Philosophy



"IF I HAD to choose between two evils, I would marry the one with the most money."

and spoke doggedly. "I believe in good times and the liberty of the subject. But there's one thing I'm against. I may be squeamish or straight-laced in that respect, but I do not believe in men who are intending to elope at half-past ten appearing one hour earlier in a night club . . . soused."

She used the word advisedly and courageously, emphasising it as the only one that suited the occasion. "Nor," she said, as an afterthought, "half-soused."

Pauline was looking pale and cool, and yet a little shaken.

"George tracked this Holden fellow down, and tried to make him understand the message. He did get that much straight after a lot of repetition, but it didn't worry him. He said he couldn't afford to hire a car and put down a deposit, and you had better go by train to-morrow. George said he'd end his car, and even then he couldn't get Teddy Holden, or whatever his name is, to fetch it himself. George had to go, and as his car was at Putney I went with him. He wanted to call in on the way back and pick this fellow up and stick his head in a trough or something, but I wouldn't let him, and as I couldn't trust him not to, I had to stick with him all the time. He kept on saying, 'Don't forget it's for Pauline,' and I said, 'Yes, and don't forget I'm a woman.'"

Still Pauline didn't speak. Ethel went on:

GREAT FUN for ETHEL

Continued from Page 36

"George couldn't make his mind up whether to get him sobered up by force—in which case he was afraid the fellow might come over drowsy once you were off, and go to sleep at the wheel—or whether to stop your going at all. He was afraid you might think he had some other, deeper motive. I said that was 'punk.'"

She was still in the same position, arms wrapped round her like a cholera belt, expression pinched with hunger.

"I said I'd bet the chap had never let you see that side of him; he'd been too clever; but it wasn't too late. As one woman to another, I wasn't going to let him send you off into the blue not knowing what everybody else knew about the fellow."

After a moment Ethel said: "He wanted us to stop and feed there with him, and George was inclined to do so, simply to keep an eye on him, but I said: 'No fear; leave him to stew in his own juice. I'm not hungry when I sit with men like that.' Afterwards I said to George that we'd go and have

a bite together and discuss how best to break the news to you; but he wouldn't have that either. He said you'd got to have his car to time. There was a chance the fellow might recover and be on the mark in time in spite of everything. And so I had to go without my dinner to keep him company, and see he did nothing silly."

PAULINE'S eyes were fixed on Ethel's; her lips were apart; her leather coat was open and her neck showed white as alabaster, smooth as satin.

"Do you mean to say he was . . . tight?"

"If you prefer the word." Still Ethel kept her arms close.

"It isn't many men who'd do what George has done this evening."

"I know."

George was returning. He appeared at the open door of the car and looked in anxiously.

"I don't know what you'd better do. I can't get him on the phone."

"You mean he can't speak?"

George didn't answer; he had one foot on the running-board.

Pauline said: "I'll go home, then, I think."

"Perhaps you'd better." He looked as though the whole calamity were his fault.

"You feel a bit of a fool, of course," said Pauline, "running off and then sort of running back as though you'd caught your coat in the door. They'll want to know where on earth I've been."

George got in, and they drove back to within walking distance of her house. Here she got out and took her case. Suddenly she looked up at George.

"I wanted to go away, George dear, because I shall have a screaming fit if I stay here much longer."

"I understand."

"George, can you come and take me out to-morrow?"

"Yes, of course. What time?"

"Come early. Can you take me for the whole day? Can you?" He caught his breath.

Pauline said:

"I don't know what I'm going to do, but before I do anything I think I'd like to talk to you about it and find out what you suggest."

She didn't say good-bye to Ethel. She only leaned inside and kissed her.

When she had gone George sat extremely still. Ethel said gruffly: "I suppose you know what to suggest?"

"Oh yes, I know what to suggest all right."

"Suggest it, then," said Ethel.

"Right." He was biting at his underlip. He turned to look at her. "And now you're going to get some dinner. You must be starved."

"I'm afraid I'm just too late," said Ethel in a small, still voice. "Aunt Matilda will be out of the theatre just before eleven, and home by a quarter past. She won't like it if I'm not in by then. I must go home."

George stared.

"What . . . without anything to eat? Why, what on earth will Aunt Matilda think?"

Please turn to Page 38

"Not yesterday's, Sally!"

I'M A 'CHANGE DAILY' GIRL, NOW"

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The first list includes one item in each department, and for a wardrobe to last a year, many of the items would have to be multiplied.

Lingerie	£9 2 6
Hose	1 0 0
Shoes	3 15 0
Day purse	3 0 0
Hat	6 5 0
Gloves (street)	1 17 6
Street suit	31 5 0
Blouse	3 15 0
One-piece dress (morning)	18 15 0
Afternoon Dress (silk)	25 0 0
Afternoon coat (velvet)	22 10 0
Sport coat (cloth)	18 15 0
Evening gown	37 10 0
Evening coat (no fur)	15 0 0
Evening gloves	3 15 0
Evening purse	2 10 0
Evening handkerchief	1 2 6
Nightgown	2 5 0
Dressing gown	6 5 0
Mules	1 2 6

Total

Next comes furs, which, fortunately for the husbands, do not need replacing so frequently. Here is a list for the best-dressed woman:—

Two fox scarves	£37 10 0
One fox muff	18 15 0
One sport fur coat	62 10 0
Evening fur coat	625 0 0
Evening fur cape	25 0 0
One cloth coat, fur collar	60 0 0

Total

Then there are beauty necessities, enough to last a month, which includes everything from eye shadow to muscle oil. These amount to the comparatively small sum of £34/10/-.

Jewellery will cost the well-dressed woman anything from £20 to £100,000. Costume jewellery will cost anything from £10 to £200.

These prices were taken from twenty-five recognised Paris establishments in an attempt to estimate the cost of every item in the well-dressed woman's wardrobe.

Approximately it would cost the best-dressed woman £1080 to rig herself out with clothing, according to this estimate—and that's not allowing for any reserve in the wardrobe.

WHEN a Girl ELOPES

Continued from Page 8

"I GOT your note,"

Jeremy asserted. Edwilda stared at him. She wasn't able to take this, and all it implied, in.

"I got it this morning," said Jeremy patiently. "I woke when you put it in the letter-box. I hustled some, got the car out and raced you to London. But I didn't know how to stop you. I—I just had to hope that Crabbe would show himself up in time... I had the hell of an afternoon waiting for your 'phone call."

"But I didn't know... how could you know... that Tony was a man of that sort?" said Edwilda.

Jeremy smiled a little. "Well, for one thing I wasn't infatuated with him. I was in love with you," he replied. "I was worried about him for ages. Then when I saw the note he'd sent to you..."

"You saw that note?" Edwilda asked.

Jeremy smiled wryly. "Men say a criminal always makes one mistake that gives him away," he said. "Your mistake was—enclosing Crabbe's note to you with the letter you sent me. Maybe I understood it better than you did. Anyway, it let me see not to trust too much to your note. I had to come after you... but I thought that maybe, if you loved him enough, he'd be on the level after all. I had to wait. After all you've a perfect right to marry the man you love."

"BUT I don't want

to," cried Edwilda, suddenly, impulsively. "It's you I want to marry. Jeremy—dear, dear Jeremy, please take me back. I don't care if you beat me or scold me or anything, only please take me back."

"Why?" said Jeremy. "Are you—marrying me for my money still? Or do you love me?"

There was a long, long interlude after that. At last Edwilda said sadly, "I wish we didn't have to spoil this thing by going home and explaining. I believe my family will be shocked." "Naturally," Jeremy said dryly, and felt that remark sink in. When he thought that Edwilda looked properly chastened, he gathered her close to him again with one arm. With his other hand he brought from his pocket Edwilda's explanatory letter to her family.

"I know the ways of romantic young ladies," he said. "On my way I went round to your house, saw Betty, said we were spending the day together, wouldn't be home till late, and that the note you'd left on your dressing-table explaining things was a bit out of date. I sent her to fetch it—explained I wanted it as a souvenir. She thinks we're a couple of romantic young fools," he added serenely.

"Romantic—yes," said Edwilda. "And I'm very much afraid that I've been a fool. But, Jeremy—you're marvellous, you think of everything." (Copyright)



"Would you like something light, madam?"
"Oh, that don't matter, I've the car outside."

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A LEVER PRODUCT

GREAT FUN for ETHEL

Continued from Page 37

"SHE won't know, but I promised to be in." George's face became scarlet.

"But I took you out, I deserted you for hours, and ever since you left the picture-house I've been lugging you about with me."

"Oh, that's all right. I'm glad it's turned out as it has. I've not been bored. I've been too interested in the prospects. You may not know it, but I had a carpet-bag sneak on order when you met me at the corner of the street, and I made a little bet with myself on the chances of ever getting back there to eat it."

Aunt Matilda beamed as they walked in.

"Nice children! Well, what did you see? Were they good pictures?"

George had not the foggiest idea, off-hand. He looked at Ethel pleadingly.

Ethel said: "Yes, we had a lovely time. It's been a really jolly evening."

"There's hot milk and a biscuit for Ethel on the tray."

Ethel dumbly gazed upon this preparation, and then she turned away to see George out.

"Leave me a cigarette, old man. I haven't any."

ETHEL was in her dressing-gown; it was a heavy garment of discoloured blue. She had been sitting by a gas-fire, smoking the last of the three or four cigarettes George had pushed into her hand. And now she was aware that there was a suspicious silence everywhere. Came a pause and a tiny speck of gravel hit her window. She rose and walked over to draw the blind and raise the ash. It was George Scribner.

He threw her up a ball of string, and when she caught it he signalled her to let it down again. Then he tied a basket to the end of it and, full of curiosity, she hauled this up. Goodness knows by what bribery or at what club he had obtained it, but there was half a bottle of Heidsieck oysters, half a bird, and bread and butter in a paper serviette. She turned to look down at him with a most extraordinary expression, and he looked up and kissed his hand.

And then he took off his hat to her and went.

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—Women's Weekly photo.

Thorough Preparation of the Soil is Necessary for Sweet Peas

... says the OLD GARDENER

HERE is nothing more beautiful to the eye or sweeter to the scent than a bowl of lovely sweet peas. This article will tell you how to grow brave, strong plants that will yield a riot of colorful blooms during the winter months.

OH, good morning, Miss!

I have just stopped along the street to give some advice to a lady on the RIGHT way to plant sweet peas. She was asking me whether it was too late or too early for planting.

You want to know that, too? Well, in all districts sweet peas can still be

planted, Miss, but, of course, early planting is always advisable where frosts are most severe.

A good, free, open, well-drained soil is the most suitable.

Some gardeners do not advocate trenching, but it IS advisable—whether it be sandy or heavy soil.

In sandy soil a trench should be dug to the depth of about two feet, the sand removed, and layers of well-rotted cow manure placed in the bottom of the trench, and the top filled in with good loamy soil.

Sweet peas are deep rooters, and by the time the roots reach the manure in the bottom of the trench the flowers are beginning to make their appearance, and that is the time they need plenty of food to assist them along.

Remember, the deeper the roots go down, the longer and stronger the flowering stem, and larger the flowers.

In heavy clay soil it is advisable to dig down to the subsoil. This should then be loosened and a good layer of lime added. The lime when in action pulverises and sweetens the subsoil and benefits the flowers in every way. Sweet peas are lime lovers.

Do not use cow manure in heavy soil—stable or horse manure is more suitable.

See that the position selected for your sweet peas is a well-drained one. If the trench becomes waterlogged fatal results will follow.

The north-east is the best position, running the rows north and south.

Sow the seed one inch deep. A good sprinkling of bonedust will give them a necessary start. Keep them watered at intervals, Miss, remember that.

When active growth appears, select the plants to be retained at intervals of about six inches, remove and transplant the surplus.

On each plant retained select two of the stoutest and healthiest stems. Cut away all other growth and train the remainder up the wire-netting or supports, which should be six feet high. All side shoots should be nipped out as they appear. Nip off all tendrils.

Cultivate from time to time, and apply plenty of mulch. A good top-dressing of lime is most beneficial and also checks diseases and insect pests.

The following varieties can be recommended for beauty of color and sturdy growth: Versailles (pale blue), Glitters (rich, reddish orange), Albury Beauty (orange salmon), Laura (deep lavender), Madonna (giant white), Moonstone (blue), White Swan (large white), Concord Daybreak (cream edged), Fair Maid (bluish pink), Bluebird (clear blue), Mauve Beauty (royal mauve), Grenadier (brilliant scarlet), Thalia Mott (large crimson), Niagara (pink).

HOGST Halbrook says: Many dainty favorites can be made with Halbrook's Anchovy Paste. In 1 1/2 or 2oz. jars. 4/6d.



For all Sports Wear

The fastidious woman relies upon the subtle touch of the Keston Brassiere to accentuate and safeguard her natural beauty. Keston gives comfort and allows her complete freedom of movement. Wisely she wears a Keston Brassiere, knowing that only when feeling and looking her best is she able to play her best.

Keston Elastic Straps may be obtained separately at 6d. per pair.

KESTON BRASSIERES

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At all Leading Stores.

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Made in Australia

FOR 48 years this handy Cake has done the best job!

Cleaning windows and mirrors the world over, for 48 years, and still doing it better than anything else. That's the record that Bon Ami Cake has made for itself.

Bon Ami not only cleans quickly, easily and well but, what is fully as important, it doesn't scratch and dull the glass.

There are many other things that this scratchless cleanser brightens and shines! Clean your windows and mirrors with Bon Ami—then try it on your baths, sinks, pots and pans, linoleum, etc.

BON AMI

—sold in Powder form, also.

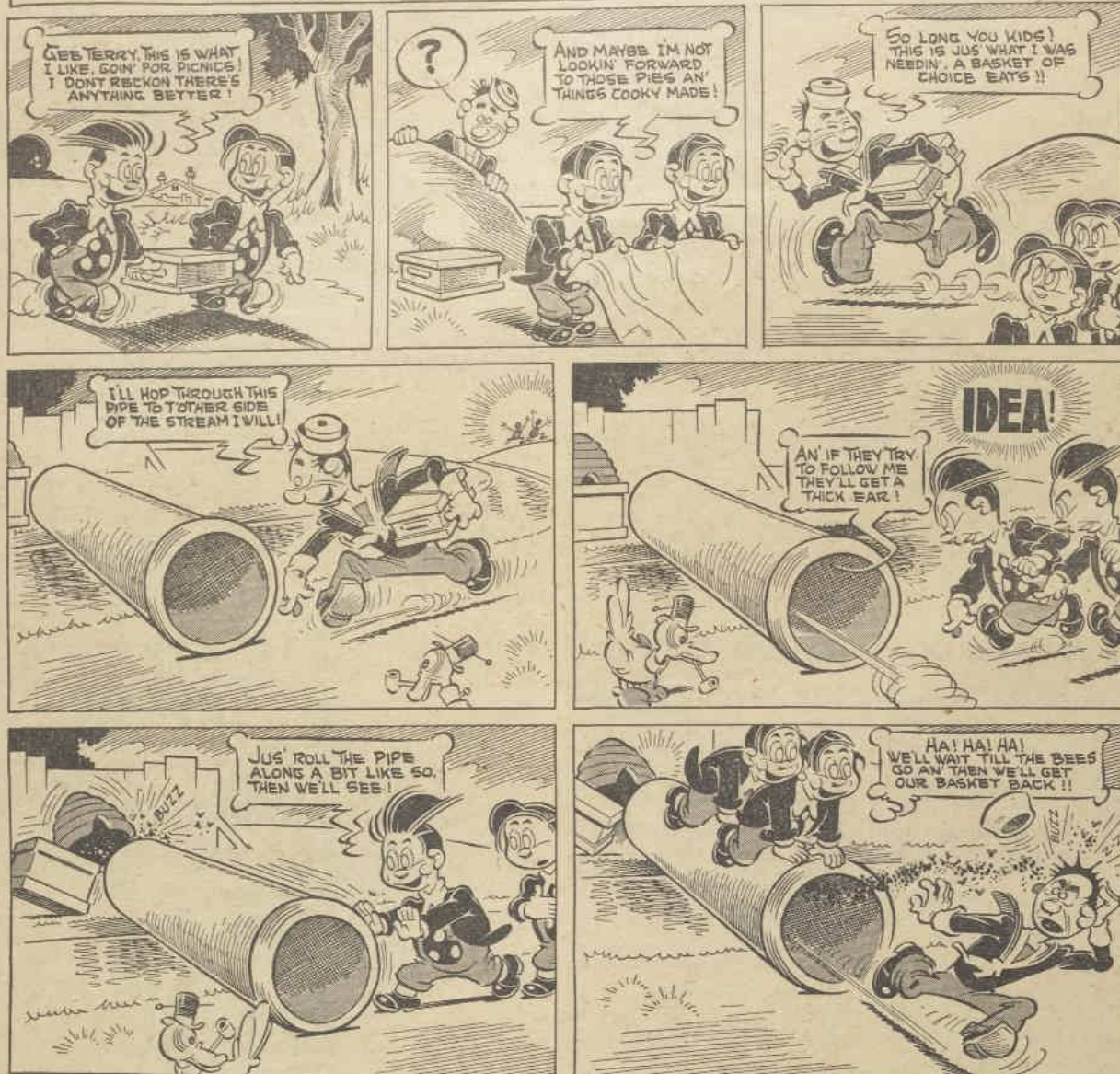


"Hasn't Scratched Yet!"

Pictures Worth Framing. Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the front page of The Australian Women's Weekly may be had from this office for 2/.

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

C. Marshall.

FRED was ever so excited one Monday morning. For at eleven o'clock sharp he was going with Wunderlust for a trip to Holland.

The hours seemed to drag until that time, and, as he had got up very early, he was practically all ready by eight o'clock.

As the little hand of the Big Ben moved from ten to eleven, Fred's heart beat quicker.

It was just a quarter to eleven when Wunderlust came in and spoke to Fred. "If you're ready now, there is nothing to prevent us starting right away—only fifteen minutes before I said, but nevertheless we may as well be on our way," he said, looking at his watch.

While packing some parcels into the back of the aeroplane, Fred tripped and hurt his ankle a little. But he didn't say a word about it to Wunderlust for fear he would have to remain behind to bathe it.

The parcels were to be distributed to numbers of small Dutch boys and girls who had all at one time or other been lost; and whom Wunderlust had found and taken to their homes, much to the joy of their parents. These parents had always wanted to thank the person who had found their children, but Wunderlust never looked for, or wanted, gratitude so he always crept away unseen.

WUNDERLUST and Fred were now in the plane. They travelled very fast at first, but then slowed down a little as they came into a thick fog. They seemed to stay in this fog for hours, then



THE SAD LITTLE DUTCH BOY

like magic, the fog lifted and they were once more in a beautiful azure sky.

"See that long pole with a round thing on the top," said Wunderlust, pointing a finger in the direction of a pole.

"Where? Yes; I see it," answered Fred peering over the side of the plane.

"That's where we land," went on Wunderlust. "Just on the right-hand side of that pole."

The words had scarcely been spoken when the plane landed.

Wunderlust, with the help of Fred, soon got all the parcels out of the plane.

"Umh, while I'm taking these presents round you can have a good look about, Fred," said Wunderlust.

"Can't I help you carry some," said Fred, rather disappointed that he could be of no use to Wunderlust.

Wunderlust decisively. "Just you go for a walk. I won't be very long away." And, in so saying, Wunderlust walked away.

FRED had heard about the little boy who had saved his country by pushing an arm through a hole in a dyke, so the dyke was the first place that attracted Fred.

After he had seen the dyke, he came across a little boy on the roadside, who looked very unhappy.

"What is the matter," said the good-hearted Fred, "is there anything I can do?"

"No, I don't think there is," said the Dutch boy. "You see, I am very lonely. I am an orphan, and have no sisters or brothers. All I have is a very old Grandfather, who is very poor. And, as I am too young to work, he looks after me, and I am really nothing but a nuisance."

"Don't say that," said Fred, puzzling out what he might be able to do. "I will ask a very wonderful old man named Wunderlust if you can come to live with us. I'm almost sure he'll let you."

"Do you think he might take me?" asked the little boy, overjoyed with the prospect of going with Fred.

"I think so. I know you will like where we live. We live in Magic Land," went on Fred.

"Magic Land! I'm sure I'll love it," said the Dutch boy.

Just then Wunderlust came along. Fred quickly told him about the little Dutch boy, and not only did Wunderlust take him to Magic Land, but took his old Grandfather as well.

(Another story about Fred next week.)

Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,—

I had a great big mail this week, and it took me ever so long to choose the best letter. But at length I decided on one that was written by Ethel McGowan, Princes St., Suva, Fiji. After you read the following extract I am sure you will agree that her letter was worthy of the 5/- prize.

"Every Easter we go by launch to the island of Ovalau, fifty miles from my home. A launch race takes place from Suva to Levuka, in which we compete. All boats start at daybreak. Usually at the beginning of the race the boats are together and we have the opportunity of exchanging messages of goodwill. On the banks of the Wainabohasi and Rewa Rivers, through which we pass, are many native villages. Canoes laden with bananas and other tropical fruits are to be seen going to the Suva markets."

Wouldn't it be great fun, Pals, to do what Ethel does every Easter? She must have a wonderful time, don't you think?

Good-bye, Pals, until next week
Cheerio,

From your Pal,
CONNIE.

Just Chatter

FRANCES STRACHAN, of Port Pirie (S.A.), is fond of swimming. Iris Stone, of Curamba, writes a very interesting letter. Mona McGregor, of Bankstown (N.S.W.), has just turned fifteen. Ray Crocker, of Rockdale (N.S.W.), is a clever painter. Alice Cunningham, of Brisbane (Qld.), is coming to Sydney this June.

Jean Godley, of Harwood (N.S.W.), has a beautiful pony. Jean Howell, of Coalstown, Lakes (Qld.), is fond of painting. Dorothy Whiddell, of Homebush (N.S.W.), has travelled a great deal. Lashy Allen, of Yalpool (Vic.), is very fond of reading. Kath McAlister, of Queen St., The Rocks (N.S.W.), would like a pen-friend about 12 or 13. Millie Gull, of Railway Station (Qld.), lives on a sugar cane plantation. Mabel Harrison, of Watson (N.S.W.), is very fond of hiking. Doreen Dean, of Tottenham (N.S.W.), likes reading riddles.



INTRODUCING Leslie Wheeler, of Haberfield.



HERE IS A pretty drawing of a little girl who reads every word of our paper and enjoys every minute of it.

FOR FUN & FANCY

"Now," said the teacher in the middle of a geography lesson, "where do we get the best apples from?"

Chorus: From old Smith's orchard.

Prize Card to Janet Courtland, 23 Henry St., Gordon, N.S.W.

There was an old woman of Pirie. Who valued old condiments highly.

When no one was looking. She used them for cooking.

"It's wicked to waste," she said drily. Prize Card to Frances Strachan, 14 Pearce St., Port Pirie, S.A.

Father: Why do you want to be a musician, my boy?

Boy: Because then my work would be all play! Prize Card to Dorothy Martin, 205 Darling St., Dubbo, N.S.W.

What is more wonderful than a horse that can count?—A spelling-bee.

What is the best way to get fat?—Buy it at the butcher's.

Prize Card to Betty Williams, 177 Tyler St., E. Preston, Vic.

GO CAREFULLY

By PHYLLIS SELEMS

Never heard a moving bus. A tramcar or a train.

Or else, perhaps, you won't be there To try such tricks again.

Never try to sprinkle oil On any fire or flame.

Or else, in school the teacher Won't be calling out your name.

Never take a match or light Where there's a smell of gas.

Never when you're bathing Swim near tangled reeds or grass.

Never stand beneath a tree When storm and lightning rages.

Look before you leap and you Will live to ripe old age.

Prize of 5/- to P. Selems, 20 Edward Rd., Enfield, N.S.W., for this clever verse.

Teacher: What excuse have you for coming late?

Pupil: I had to run so fast I hadn't time to think of an excuse. Prize Card to Tony Watkins, "Padua," 5 Acton St., Croydon.

PAINTING RESULTS
Gwen Hill (12), 15 Fern Av., Pullarton (S.A.), and Betty Winn, 7 Gulliver Av., Ross Bay (N.S.W.), tied in "Coloring the Joker Competition." Both will receive a prize of 3/-.

Prize Cards for next best are awarded to Joyce Barry (14), "Everton," Brighton St., Burwood (N.S.W.), Winifred Neilson, Utangan Rd., Mkenah (Qld.).



HERE IS the White Rabbit, all ready for you to color. You can use paints, chalks, or crayons—whatever you prefer. A 10/- prize will be given for the prettiest entry received before March 22. In Paramount's production of "Alice in Wonderland," Skeets Gallagher takes the part of the White Rabbit.

W A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 5

WHEN, with their offer, the orchestra played a waltz, Clive Freeman led Jenny on to the floor. He danced well, but with a certain old-fashioned formality unusual in a man who in these days would still be considered young.

Clive Freeman himself recognised range stirrings in his blood. He began to think of Jenny as a girl rather than a proposition. Never before had he held her slim figure in his arms. Never before had he heard her low, sweet voice so effortlessly eloquent. Never before had he seen her in a little mauve frock of flowered nylon. Tonight everything seemed a little different from usual. His long hard years of self-discipline grew dim, the caution he had learnt in the world of high finance became unimportant. These things were being drowned in light and noise and champagne, and an atmosphere of casual gaiety. If Jenny had been a guileful temptress she could not have chosen better.

Yet nothing of all this could be read in Clive Freeman's discreet behaviour as he led her back to their table. "I like a waltz," he said, and his voice had a lightly mocking tone. "No one ever so romantic as the 'city gent.' To me a waltz suggests handsome gardeners in mutton chop whiskers and ladies with yards of murmuring rakes and moonlight Strauss and 'days that are no more.'"

She looked at him in surprise. "I never knew you could feel like that about—about—a waltz," she stammered. He laughed. "Confess you never suspected I could feel much about anything."

"Oh no," she made polite denial.

"It's my business training. A poker face may be worth a million any day to a man in my profession."

"I see—but it makes it a little difficult for your friends to know what you

are thinking out of office hours."

"You know what I think of you, Jenny," he said more seriously. "I think a very great deal."

"I shouldn't—honestly I shouldn't. I'm not worth such a solemn thought, though you might," she added a little wistfully, "you might like me just as I am—all a bit anyhowish. But don't think a great deal of me. I couldn't live up to it."

"Why, Jenny, it implies respect and trust and good-will. You could live up to all those."

"Not respect," she laughed. "It makes me feel like a grandmother."

A shadow passed over his face. "I see," he said shortly.

She thought that he was hurt. She had been tactless emphasising the difference in their ages. She hastened to make amends. "I'd rather you liked me," she said warmly. "I like you. It sounds a lot friendlier."

"Perhaps we both mean the same thing, Jenny."

"I hope so," she said a little solemnly. She thought it awfully important that they should mean the same thing and know just what they meant. He moved a little closer.

"Listen, Jenny dear. . . ."

Unreasonably her heart was pounding. He laid his hand over hers. She shivered. She looked down at his big white hand, soft yet firm, at the carefully manicured nails and the large signet ring. She was frightened. Not yet—not yet—said her heart. She was not ready. She must think. With swift decision she dropped her bag, drawing her hand away the instant he released it. He bent to pick it up and was a moment longer than was necessary. Perhaps he was being tactful again, giving them both time to recover.

"Thank you so much. Stupid of me," she said, covering her confusion by repowdering.

"Got everything?" he asked, helping her out.

"Yes, thanks. Isn't it getting very late? I believe I ought to be making for home. I've been late so many nights this week. I swore to Mum I'd be back early."

He made no demur. Instantly he called for the waiter and paid the bill. Ten minutes later his taxi dropped her outside the door, and during that ten minutes he had covered her embarrassment with much tactful small talk.

"Good night, Jenny."

"Good night—and—thank you so much."

SHE ran up the dark stairs. There was no one in the flat. She flung her hat on the bed. She looked at herself in the glass. She was white and trembling. Her knees gave way and she sat miserably on the side of the bed. These things were not so easy as she had thought. She had talked a lot of nonsense in the past. It was all very well in theory, but now she was frightened. If she went through with this it must be to the bitter end. She had got to play the game, and that meant more than presiding over Clive Freeman's dinner-table and bearing his name. Was she ready to face up to the whole obligations of marriage? Oh God, she was frightened! After all, it was all for life—all her life. It was a long, long time. There were sixty minutes in an hour. 24 hours in a day, and three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. Her mental arithmetic stopped aghast. The trouble with it all

was that Clive Freeman was a better man than she had realised. You couldn't cheat a man like that. Perhaps if she could find his "point of view" as Mum advised—perhaps then it would be easy. Oh God! She shivered. She was cold in the hot little room on which the summer sun had blazed all day long—cold to the very heart.

She heard Eve's step in the hall and pulled herself together.

"Hello, Jenny, you're back early. Where is Don Freeman, the bold company director?"

"He's gone home."

"So early?"

"Yes."

"Had a lover's quarrel?"

"No."

"All right. Keep smiling. Take example by Toni Gerrard. Yesterday one of the stage hands nearly dropped a flat on him, and all he said was, 'Cheer up, next time you'll get your man.'"

"Oh, I'm sick of hearing about Toni Gerrard."

"My—what's poor Toni done?"

"Poor Toni! Nonsense. Rich Toni, popular Toni, 'the admired of all admirers'—and now will you shut up about him. I'm going to have a bath."

Jenny banged out of the room, crossed the corridor, and shut the bathroom door. She turned on both the taps. They made a splendid row. No one could hear you sob your heart out while the taps were running.

Clive Freeman took the taxi on to his great empty house in Fitzjohn's Ave. The butler opened the door with an air that was devastatingly correct, said "Good evening, sir," in impressive tones, closed the door, locked it, and departed with dignity to the dim recesses of the basement.

On the highly polished mahogany dining-room table the silver salver held the heavy cut glass decanter and the tumbler to match. Even the syphon had an ornate silver stand. It seemed almost impossible that human hand had cut such neat dull sandwiches as lay in the folded napkin on the Crown Derby plate.

The big room furnished with heavy Victorian solidity looked reproachfully at Clive Freeman. He was indulging in temperance. He was nursing a desire to fill the cut glass decanter at the oil painting of "Siesta at Bay."

Clive had known this room nearly all his life, for his father had bought the house when his only son was a little boy, and after his father's death his mother had clung to it for sentimental reasons. When she died there could be found no purchaser for the unwieldy place, with its basement and its high stairs, and Clive had continued to live in it alone.

The years of his maturity had been kept busy consolidating his father's fortune, but when his mother died Clive realised that he was both rich and lonely. A wife, he presumed, was an obvious solution, and he set out on his search in the same methodical way that he would have looked for any other extension of his business. He considered the eligible women whom he knew, the daughters and sisters of his business colleagues, and he decided emphatically against them. All his life he had been surrounded by solid business people. He wanted a change.

So he set about looking for a wife in the most unlikely places, and in the course of his leisurely researches he discovered Jenny. A nice little girl. He had liked her from the first. As he grew to know her better he liked her more. And now to-night—to-night he knew that he loved her.

Please turn to Page 42

The Schoolboy's Smile

AND THE REASON FOR IT

ARNOTT'S FAMOUS MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS make the school lunch worth while.



Always ask your Grocer for Arnott's and be sure you get them!

"No sweet
to-night, thanks!"



"But
it took me
hours to make!"

MOST men who have been used to heavy, hot puddings are getting into the habit of saying "No sweet." Often it is heart-breaking to the wife who has worked a long time to make it, wasted precious ingredients in the recipe. Try Hansen's Junket for a change—it is light, easily digested and the perfect finish to a hearty meal. Soon his remark will be: "What sweet? Junket? GOOD!"

Be sure you use Hansen's for perfect results.

★ Lemon Junket with Apple Whip.

1 Hansen's Junket Tablet, 1 quart milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup thick apple sauce, 1 egg white. Prepare junket as instructed on tube, flavour with lemon. Chill. When ready to serve, beat egg white until stiff, add apple sauce and sugar. Beat together and put on top of junket.

HANSEN'S Junket TABLETS

* Sold at all grocers and chemists.



Are you 'reducing'?
Radox will help!

BEAUTY experts recognise Radox as an indispensable factor in any method of weight reduction, for whether you rely on diet or exercise, these Radox baths (extra strong for reducing) are a decided help towards the attainment of slimmer lines. And the Radox way is so very simple. Twice a week add the necessary quantity of Radox to your hot bath (complete instructions are included in every packet). Once you have reduced your weight to normal, a Radox reducing bath now and then will help to keep your figure slim.

At all Chemists.

RADOX
8 oz. packet 2/6

A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 41

HE picked up the decanter, but he did not bring it to the "Stags at Bay." With a trembling hand he poured himself out a drink. He loved her and he knew very well that if she ever agreed to marry him it would be out of tolerance, because he was gentlemanly and well-to-do, and because she needed all the material things that he could give her. And she would be polite, faithful and probably unhappy. He poured himself out a very strong drink. Why the hell hadn't he stuck to the women of his own world? Then they could have done the loving and he would have been the kindly, tolerant, faithful party to the bargain.

But Jenny—funny, frightened little Jenny—dear, sweet little Jenny—damn it, why did he have to love her? That wasn't in the schedule. That wasn't a legitimate risk. That was one of those "acts of God" always excluded from all insurance policies. He sank into the big leather armchair and buried his face in his hands. Jenny—Jenny—She thought him so sedate and sober, so incapable of romantic feeling—silly, short-sighted, lovable Jenny.

When she looked into the window of Chez Fleurette next morning Jenny positively blinked. It was her day to come on duty late and the window was already dressed, and there in the centre of the display was the bouquet which she had sold the previous evening to Toni Gerrard. Of course he had said that he would not be back for two or three days. Christine could say the flowers had faded. Still it had an element of risk. And the bracelet? Of course that had been extracted first.

When she was in her overall Jenny took the flowers out of their vase and looked at them more closely. The bracelet was certainly gone.

"Pam, when the dresser brought these back I suppose the paper was off them?"

"I didn't see. Whose were they? Only Madame was here last night."

"They were Miss Beaumont's," said Jenny absent-mindedly. She must try to sell them to-day or remember to keep them out of the window tomorrow. Toni Gerrard might be back and he could not fail to recognise them, and he would be hurt beyond measure.

Madame came in to complain that certain vases had not been properly washed. When she had finished Jenny plucked up the courage to ask about Toni's flowers.

"Was the paper off that bouquet when it came back, Madame?" and she pointed to the window.

"The paper—let me see—yes, it was off—why?"

"Oh, that's all right then," said Jenny.

"Well, rearrange those La France roses, they're too stiff," and Madame turned on her heel.

Christine was disgusted at Toni's birthday present. She did not consider flowers, no matter how many of them nor how expensive, at all an adequate appreciation of her charms. Meanwhile Toni had dispatched his business quicker than he expected and when next day Christine had met him at the station the birthday disappointment still rankled and she was in a rather sullen temper.

"Well, Beautiful," he said, as he handed her into his car, "how's everything with you? I've been all over England looking at Dixon's alleged swans—all geese. What's the use of a head of gold if it's coupled with a Lancashire accent?"

"You didn't find anyone?" she asked, not that she cared.

"No one. You got my birthday gift?"

"Oh yes, Toni," she said with the faintest touch of asperity. "Your lovely flowers. I must confess, Ada said her cousin had just been taken to hospital. She cried so all over me that I let her take the flowers to cheer the cousin."

"Good. Now, let's see how the bracelet looks on you."

"The bracelet?"

"Yes."

"What bracelet?"

"Don't say you didn't find it?"

"No. Where is it?"

"Why it was round the flowers. You couldn't miss it. It showed the moment you took the paper off."

"Oh," Christine was speechless, trying hard to think of the best means of extricating herself from this mess.

"Didn't you see it?"

"No."

"But you must have."

"I never took off the paper, Ada."

Then she stopped. Ada would have to drop out of the story. She would have to tell Toni some of the truth. At all costs she was determined to recover the bracelet. She thought for a moment as to the best way of putting her case.

"Toni," she said softly, and slipped her arm into his and moved nearer. "I've been lying to you."

He was puzzled. "Then you did find it?"

"No. I'll tell you exactly what happened. It was my birthday, you know, and I was excited. Flirtatious. I love a celebration, an occasion, don't you?"

Then I was terribly disappointed when I found that you were going to be away that day of all days. Damn foolish, wasn't it? I did want you to take me out somewhere—somewhere noisy and gay where I could forget the passing of the years. It can be grim if you think about it. So I was all worked up and temperamental about the whole thing and then I went down to the theatre and found you'd gone, and not said good-bye or phoned me or anything. I was frightfully hurt. So when I saw the flowers, I thought you'd forgotten all about my birthday and that you'd just sent me flowers like you so often do—and I wouldn't even look at them! Shocking attack of temperamental, Toni! I sent them straight back to Fleurette."

"My dear!"

She leant back smiling adorably. It was a good story. She thought she had told it very well, too. She drew a long breath when she had finished. "Women, Toni, are really more trouble than they are worth."

"I don't think so," said Toni, pleased with the idea that she should have cared so much whether he remembered her birthday. "We'll go straight to Fleurette and rescue the bracelet."

"You think they'll still have it?"

"Of course. They're sure to take the paper off and then they'll see it. Why, Jenny knows it's there. She fixed it for me."

"Jenny? Oh, I know, the brunette with the innocent eyes. Cunning little mink I expect. I only hope no one has stolen it, Toni."

"Of course not. How could they? Why if only travelled from my dressing-room—all done up tight in glazed paper—to Madame's shop." He leant forward and gave the chauffeur instructions.

"Toni, I'm glad you didn't forget."

"Beautiful, was it likely?"

The fawn car stopped outside Fleurette's. The bouquet had disappeared from the window. Jenny had relegated it to the back of the shop. Madame greeted the new arrivals with her best smile and hastily concluded her business with a customer.

Toni leant confidentially across the counter. "Madame, a minor tragedy has occurred."

"HE was so very lovely; and she died."

And those, who knew her not at all,

Meet once a year by that strange place, her grave,

As though they think, the fools! to find her there.

And one will say in too sweet mourning voice,

To-day she would have been, I think, "so-old."

And in another year "so-old" again,

Until at last they take her youth away,

a pear-shaped blot. So the paper had come back. For a moment she was puzzled. So Madame—

"Why don't you tell us where it is?" said Christine, interrupting her speculations.

Jenny raised her eyes slowly, trying hard to think what to do. "I don't know where it is," she said, playing for time.

"Come, that's nonsense," said Christine.

Jenny reflected that even had she wished to do so it was no use accusing Madame. No one would believe her, and she would lose her job. "I didn't see the bouquet after Mr. Gerrard took it till I saw it in the window next morning."

"I took it in," said Madame, "your maid brought it over. There was no paper on it then."

So the blame was being shifted to Christine's maid. This made things more complicated. Christine herself, however, repudiated this suggestion.

"That's nonsense, Ada's been with me all my life."

"Ah, Miss Beaumont, the most scrupulous maid is sometimes tempted," said Madame graciously.

"Well, Ada isn't," Christine was emphatic.

"One can never be sure."

"Yes, one can," Christine snapped back. "As a matter of fact," she hesitated a second and then the words came out in a rush, "she wouldn't like it known, but Ada isn't just my maid, she's a poor relation."

Christine was obviously speaking the truth. She had been forced into the admission by Madame's insistence. Jenny suddenly remembered the man in the tweed cap, who had stood outside the theatre studying Christine's photograph. Was he, too, a "poor relation?" She was sure that he was something more than a casual passer-by. Christine for a second had lost her habitual assurance. Why? After all anyone might employ a "poor relation" as a personal maid.

Madame was still trying to prevent discord. "Perhaps, Miss Beaumont, since your maid is out of the question she took the paper off the flowers out of curiosity, dropped the bracelet without noticing it, and it has rolled into some corner of the dressing-room."

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After a long, tiring day walking or standing, it's a wonderful relief to come home and bathe the feet, then apply Rexona Ointment. Rexona has a wonderfully soothing effect, it quickly relieves the pain and takes away all signs of fatigue.

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To be continued

The Final SWIMMING Carnival!

THE final interclub carnival for the season to be held under the auspices of the N.S.W. Women's Amateur Swimming Association, that of Clovelly Waratahs' annual gala, takes place at Joojee Aquarium on March 24.

The chief event of the evening will be the "Dunningham" interclub treble medley relay scratch race. In this race nine competitors aside are entered. They swim 50 yards, alternating backstroke, breast-stroke, and free-style. The

Good Wishes

By Radio Phone

DURING the recent Radio Exhibition in the Town Hall, Sydney, Miss Peden, secretary of the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association, conversed with London by telephone. A message was received by Mr. Crossley, of the London Post Office, to be transmitted to the England Women's Cricket Association to the effect that Miss Peden, speaking on behalf of N.S.W., was delighted that an English team was to visit Australia. She could assure them that Australians were eagerly looking forward to their visit.

ace has been named after Mr. Dunningham, M.L.A., who last year presented an annual trophy to the club for minor events.

A race which creates more interest than some of the senior events is the 25 yards scratch race for girls under 10 years of age. It is expected that Stewart, from the Bondi Club, aged 7; W. Loughman, Clovelly Waratahs, aged eight; and B. Brown, of Eastern Suburbs Club, aged nine, will be among those competing.

BASEBALLERS' REVUE

On Tuesday, April 10, the Nestles Club will produce a revue, the proceeds of which will be donated to the Baseball Association to help defray the expenses during the interstate matches.



CREW TO REPRESENT SOUTH AUSTRALIA at the forthcoming Interstate rowing events in Sydney. From left to right: Gwen Steed, Dean Bradley, R. Dorman and A. Hill.

MANAGER'S Duties are MULTIPLE

By RUTH PREDDY

The position of manager to a girls' touring team is an appointment of which the majority of people have a very erroneous impression.

It is an all-too-common idea that a manager has only to pay a few bills and otherwise have a good time.

If this were all, a manager would have an easy task, but actually the manager undertakes a great responsibility and has every day crammed with a myriad of duties to be done.

Firstly, a manager must look to the good behaviour of the team. In this way the selectors are helped, because it is their duty to see that only players, who will uphold the dignity and honor of the game, are chosen as representatives.

The next important duty of the

manager is to see that the team is punctual in keeping its appointments. If it should happen that some invitations cannot be accepted, then the manager must be diplomatic in her manner of declining.

Another of her duties is that of creating harmony in a team. Often in a matter of this nature she has to combat outside influences as well.

Minor Duties

The minor duties that fall to a manager's lot include that of nurse, dresser, banker, sewing mistress, masseuse, running a sort of intelligence bureau and tourists' department, of organising meetings within the team, and often of fulfilling some position in connection with the game while the team is playing.

She must keep an account of expenses, and, on her return, furnish her association with a financial statement and a general report on the tour and of the hospitality received. The only time the manager is not solely in control of a team is during actual play, when the captain takes full responsibility.

Champion and Runner-up

MISS ODETTE L E FEBVRE (left), holder of the N.S.W. title, and Miss Mae Corrie (right), whom she defeated in the finals last season. The champion is a natural golfer, winning her title a few months ago. Her form in the coming season will be watched with interest.



Season Opens For Golf Associates Next Month

Next month the golf season opens for "associate" golfers of New South Wales. Each year a marked increase in the number of women members is noticeable in all the clubs.

WITH the advent of so many interesting championships between April and October, it is anticipated that the influx of new members to the clubs will be even greater than in previous seasons.

Country Week, which always attracts a large number of entries, will take place in Sydney from June 21 to 29. Immediately that competition is finished, the State championships will be played. These will commence on July 5, and it is expected that many of the country players will be competitors in this event.

Associates from all parts of Australia will be interested in the Australian championships, which will be played in Sydney this year, at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, Rose Bay.

Miss O. Kay, of New Zealand, who won the national championship last year, is at present in London with Miss Galsford and Miss Barnes-Graham, who are also New Zealanders. Many English people, besides those in Australia, confidently predict that this team from New Zealand will be the first to take the British women's golf trophy overseas.

The New Zealand team won the Tasman Cup in Melbourne last year and, as soon as the Australian championships are completed, a team will be selected to visit New Zealand in an endeavor to regain the Cup from the present holders.

WOMEN'S MATCHES... Should be Called "Tests"

By RUTH PREDDY

Whether the prospective matches to be played between a visiting English women's cricket eleven and our Australian women's eleven shall be called "Test" matches is, at present, a keenly-debated subject.

THERE is absolutely no reason why they should not be called Test matches. The word "Test" has always applied to cricket matches between England and Australia, at least since 1877, when the first combination match, as it was then termed, was played.

Prior to this three teams from England had played matches in Australia, though these were not termed Test matches.

The first Test match in Australia was played in Melbourne in March, 1877, and the first Test match was played in England in September, 1880. Both matches were completed in three days.

When the women's English team plays its matches in Australia it is presumed that there will be three Test matches. Two days will be allotted to the first two matches, and, if no decision is reached in that time, the third or final match will be played to a finish.

The hours of play will be exactly the

same as those now played by the men in their Sheffield Shield matches, 11.30 to 1.30, 2.15 to 4, and 4.15 to 6.

In the recent interstate matches played in Sydney the players were on the field just three-quarters of an hour less than the times laid down for international play by the men's associations.

In view of the fact that the women have the stamina to play the long hours without any injurious effect; that the game is played in the proper manner, and with the dignity customarily associated with cricket, there is no possible reason why the matches in which England will meet Australia should not be called "Tests."

BASEBALL Premiership Interstate Selection

When the Arnotts baseball team so successfully defeated the Parramatta nine last Saturday on the former team's home ground at Homebush, they annexed the summer baseball premiership.

Arnotts' team has played splendidly throughout the season and remained unbeaten. To Parramatta goes the honor of being "runners-up" for the season.

ALTHOUGH arrangements have not yet been finalised as to where the interstate matches will be played, the N.S.W. women's baseball officials have officially announced that the matches will take place from April 17 to 21.

The State selectors, Misses Jones, Gore and Thane, have requested the following players to be present at Arnotts' ground, Homebush, on Saturday next, so that they may have an opportunity of watching their play with a view to interstate selection:

M. Collins, A. Clarke, W. Harrison, J. Campbell (Vikings team), N. Burke, N. Devonshire, B. Casey, K. Meecham, N. Television (Drummond), B. Taylor, G. Taylor, D. Thompson, E. Cooper, J. Wilson, E. Griffin (Nestles), K. Alexander, D. Blake and E. Pritchard (Golden Eagles), K. Drennan, E. Barnes, T. McCarthy (Arnotts), D. Kelly, N. Croden, I. Dillon, T. Howell, G. Glover (David Jones), and the Parramatta District team.

The New South Wales interstate uniform will consist of navy blue plus fours, white shirts, blue socks, and cap.



MRS. F. J. DAVY has proved a very successful manager of hockey tours.

SKITTLES

THE Sydney v Melbourne skittles match will be played on March 19 at the German Tivoli Club, 649 Victoria St., Abbotsford.

The visiting team arrived on Monday, and a practice match was arranged on the same day.

These tournaments are held every year, and a match in which a men's team meets a women's team will be a feature of the programme.

The Melbourne team includes Mesdames Zachariah (president), Witt (secretary), Seeburger, Bonball, Byer, and Miss Deitrich.

BASEBALL FINALS

SEMI-FINALS in the baseball fixtures were played last Saturday. The finals will be played on Saturday, 17th.

The State team is hard at practice, coached by Mr. Vic Miller. The N.S. Wales opponents will not find it so easy a matter to steal runs as they did in their last encounter with Queensland.

The girls have certainly improved, and the match versus The Rest will be a good test of their strength. This match is scheduled for Saturday, March 24, at the Domain.

Queensland will wear their all white uniforms, and The Rest will don Too-wong's navy blue plus fours and saxe blue shirts.

2UW Coupon

RADIO listeners submitting entries to The Australian Women's Weekly features must attach this coupon and post their letters to Box 137CC, G.P.O., Sydney.

For full details of 2UW doings, see page 16.

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